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EARLY LIFE & LETTERS
OF
JOHN MORLEY

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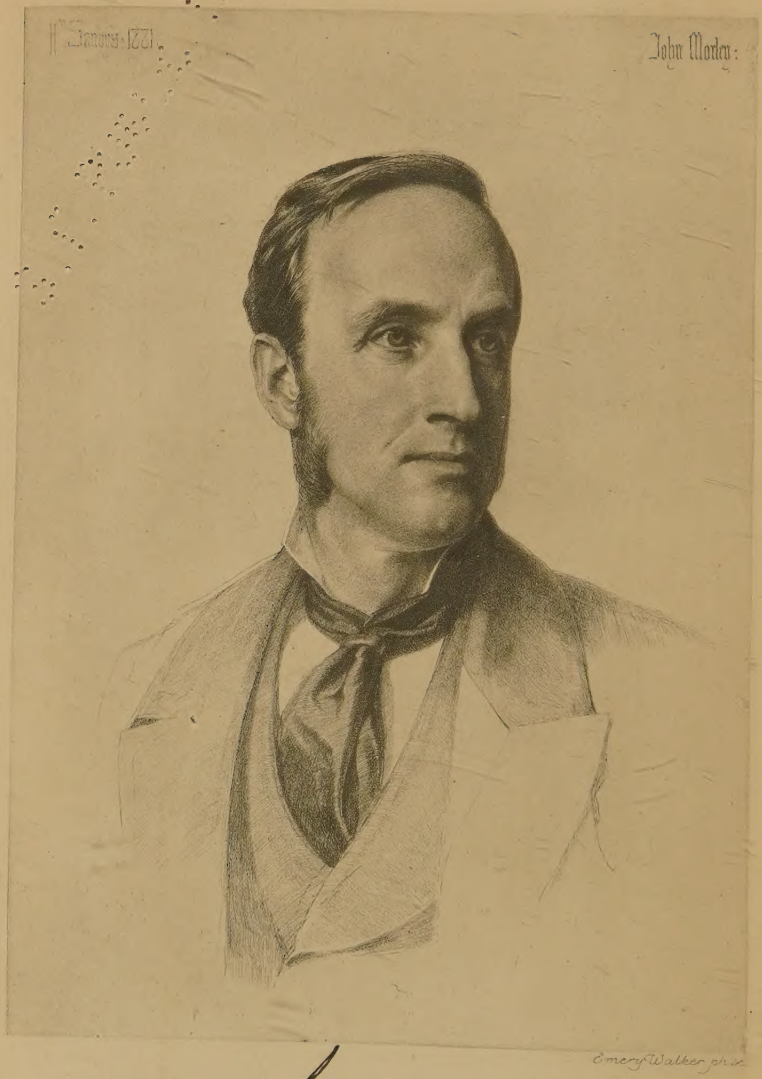

John Morley (1881)

From a chalk drawing in colour by Frederick Sandys

EARLY LIFE & LETTERS
OF
JOHN MORLEY

BY

F. W. HIRST

IN TWO VOLS.
VOL. I

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1927

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
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PREFATORY NOTE

To my friend Godfrey Harrison I am deeply indebted for permission to use Morley's letters to his father, and to Mr. Henry Gladstone for granting me the privilege of access to the Hawarden archives. To Lady Courtney I owe Morley's correspondence with her husband and also a diary, which has enlivened several political incidents in his career. The Newcastle chapters were composed with the help of local materials generously furnished by Mr. E. T. Nisbet from his collections and recollections, and of a correspondence with Dr. Spence Watson which his daughters were so good as to place at my disposal. In correcting the proofs I have been greatly assisted by Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. Guy Morley, and my wife. My brother, W. A. Hirst, has contributed some interesting details about Morley's early work for the newspapers.

To this imperfect list of obligations I have to add the invaluable encouragement of my friend Sir Edward Boyle, a most sagacious critic, who has abounded in helpful suggestions at every stage of a difficult journey.

F. W. H.

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INTRODUCTION

Though begun with the encouraging approval of Lady Morley and of Miss Grace Morley, this book is not in any sense an official biography. Lord Morley in his last will left his private papers to the full discretion of his nephew, Mr. Guy Morley; it was only when the latter requested a form of words which would define and limit his responsibility, that he added an injunction against their use for a 'superfluous' memoir. My friend, Mr. Guy Morley, allows me to add that Lord Morley in the last year of his life referred more than once without any sign of disapproval to the book he felt sure I intended to write about him; and though in talks with me he never alluded to it, he was rather fond of discussing his own past and often gave me hints about the part he had taken in almost forgotten controversies. One of my reasons for writing this book is a conviction that his fame will endure, and that his countrymen have a right to expect from one who enjoyed his intimate friendship some account of his character and doctrines.

At Oxford I belonged to a group of Liberals who found sustenance in John Morley's writings and speeches. Judge then of my elation when in 1898 he invited me to help him in exploring the archives at Hawarden for his *Life of Gladstone*. From that time onwards I was treated as a member of the family. He struck me as the greatest man I had ever met, most inspiring of politicians, most fascinating of talkers. I never changed my opinion,

or wavered in my admiration for his politics, even when he failed, as I sometimes thought he did, in action. It was my good fortune to see him constantly. He liked to hear political or city gossip, and in ordinary times he would expect a visit from me at least once a week. He used to regard me as a political disciple, bestowing his confidence with a generous freedom which I was careful to deserve. It is true that I was only familiar with him during the last twenty-five years of his life. But the days and years of a mind so sound and true as his are 'bound each to each by natural piety'. To have begun by writing of the Morley I knew—of the Liberal Statesman, cautious, responsible, slow to action—without a preliminary study of an earlier Morley—dashing journalist, ardent rationalist, impetuous radical, critic of church and throne—would have been to ignore the philosophy of his own favourite poet and his own fine examples of the biographic art. It happens also that in some respects—at least to those who are more interested in the free unfolding of a character than in the generally guarded utterances of a responsible Minister or Opposition Leader—the spring and early summer of Morley's life provide an excitement and a stimulus which the softer harmonies of autumn cannot give. In the vigorous polemics and fiery idealism of his earlier writings and letters we recognise the true apostolic Morley, whose voice was rarely heard in later days.

Of his two volumes of *Recollections* I may have something to say hereafter. Here I will only observe that in reading the proofs for him I was much disappointed that some of the most momentous chapters in his career were so lightly passed over. He tried to repair one or two of these omissions, but confessed that his memory was at fault and that he could not make good the deficiency from his papers and correspondence. He disliked accumulations, and was in the habit of burning many letters which history would have wished to preserve. Not that I seek to diminish the value and charm of

Morley's *Recollections*. They are the musings of an old man nearing eighty, stored with ripe wisdom and mellow experience; but manifestly defective as a record of one who may rightly be counted among the greater worthies of England. We must remember too that they were written during the agony of war, when he sought relief from the miseries of a mad world in recounting happier days. He might have taken his motto from the Venetian sundial: *Horas non numero nisi serenas.*

Lady Morley survived her husband by only a few weeks; but she gave me in that time new proof of an affectionate regard, and added to her many kindnesses by encouraging me to write about her husband. She told me some of his eccentricities and discussed his old friends—George Meredith, Joseph Chamberlain, Frederic Harrison, and above all Lord Courtney, who was her favourite among these four. She promised to help me as far as she could; but death came. Fortunately Miss Grace Morley was alive and well. She had religiously preserved in tin boxes until his death most of her brother's letters from the time when he went to Oxford; but after his death she began to destroy them. I found her one afternoon reading over again a batch of letters. She told me she meant to burn them all, as she had already burnt the early ones, because there were here and there sentences meant only for her eyes, written sometimes in moments of dejection or irritation. I begged her not hastily to destroy what ought to be public property; and her nephew Mr. F. W. Morley pressed this view on her. Eventually, after taking out a few relating to family matters, they passed over all her unburnt letters to me to use at my discretion. I felt as I went over them that these letters to his sister were often intentionally written as substitutes for the jotting down of events and opinions in a diary. But during the war, when he began to put together his *Recollections*, he seems to have forgotten all about their existence; and they

went on sleeping in their boxes. Miss Morley also told me many little details about her brother's early boyhood and life. She lived to read my first chapters, and I have more than one letter expressing her pleasure and satisfaction.

While we were at Hawarden together, and on many subsequent occasions, Morley used to discuss with me the art of biography. It was his favourite form of composition. Biographies, letters, reminiscences of famous men and women he devoured with extraordinary avidity, preferring them, I think, as a rule, to history, philosophy, or poetry. Certainly in later years they lay more often on the little table beside his arm-chair in the study at Flowermead than any other kind of literature. He was sometimes shocked by the indiscretions of modern imitation Grevilles, and by the fictitious conversations, tasteless gossip, or unfounded libels upon the dead in which the worst of them abound. Once or twice I have heard him contend that the most satisfactory form of biography is a well-edited correspondence; but I never heard him regret his responsibility either for the biographies he himself wrote, or for those which he edited with so much skill and success for his friends of the Macmillan firm. In the case of Matthew Arnold, who had especially desired that no biography should be written of him, Morley made public his approval of the family's decision to print two volumes of correspondence, and his comments would certainly justify a far more copious selection of his own than is included in this work. "Those", he wrote, "who looked for a grand literary correspondence, rich in new instruction, fresh inspiration, profound social observation, will be disappointed, and they deserve to be; for Arnold was one of the most occupied men of his time. Those on the other hand who had the happiness to count him among faithful and affectionate friends, and to whom his disappearance leaves a truly painful void in familiar haunts and meditative hours, and those others who know his books only,

and could wish to know something of his personality, will not be disappointed at all, but will be grateful to the relatives who have consented to give to the world these memorials of a fine genius, and an admirable and most attractive character." A few years later Morley commissioned his friend Herbert Paul to write a Memoir of Matthew Arnold for the English Men of Letters Series. Nor was this the only case in which he ignored a biographical embargo; for, though Thackeray had enjoined his children to suppress all inquiries into his life, Morley put Thackeray into his Series, entrusting him to the competent charge of Anthony Trollope. On the whole I feel sure that he would at almost any time have agreed with a lady who, whenever her distinguished husband expressed the wish that no memoir of him should appear after his death, used to reply that this was not for him but for his family and friends to decide.

In his old age he took a lively interest in biographical work, and liked to be consulted, as he was by Mr. L. V. Harcourt about the Life of his father and by Lady Courtney about the Life of her husband. He held that the biographer of a statesman should be not merely personally but politically sympathetic, and was wrathful when the Life of an anti-Imperialist Liberal was confided to a Liberal Imperialist,—so wrathful that, like Lord Loreburn, he declined to assist the enterprise. In the case of the Harcourt Life he was most generous in supplying letters and other aid, as Mr. Gardiner's admirable text amply testifies. He hated anything like a hugger-mugger of the truth, or a smoothing out of the facts, or a glozing over of real controversies on critical issues of national policy. He was thoroughly English, too, in holding that the lives of good men and true should be a means of edification. To commemorate them worthily is the high function of the biographer who has power to immortalise in sublime prose the character of an Agricola or a Turgot.

Personally, I think I detect a slight flavour of irony in his application of the word ' superfluous ' to any future memoir of his own career. He must have known that the public would expect, and would have a right to demand, what he professed to regard as superfluous. How could he hope to escape an ordeal to which he had submitted so many of his predecessors and contemporaries—of whom not a few will rank far below him in the roll of English politicians and men of letters ?

That he would have detested a cumbrous biography furnished out with insignificant domestic details and small talk, I feel very sure. I have myself had more than one salutary experience of his editorial blue pencil. But I hope that the book, which he knew I intended to write about him, however far it falls short in execution, may not be in scope and intention altogether unlike what he might have approved. In this hope I am confirmed by the verdict of a friend to whom Lord Morley handed over his Diaries for perusal before writing his *Recollections*. He would not have wished, any more than Mill, that the tribute of an intimate friend and political disciple should be uncritical. It was Dr. Johnson, a master of the art, who warned us that, " if the biographer writes from personal knowledge and makes haste to gratify the public curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity and tempt him to conceal if not to invent ". But Dr. Johnson also believed, as Morley did, in contemporary work. " If a Life be delayed till interest and envy are at an end," he wrote in the *Rambler*, " we may hope for impartiality but must expect little intelligence ; for the incidents which give excellence to biography are of a volatile and evanescent kind such as soon escape the memory and are rarely transmitted by tradition." Moreover, one may add, every year that passes after a man's death diminishes the number of friends and admirers who would have found a peculiar gratification in perusing a record of his life. I have often heard Morley

himself say that if a Life is to be written, the sooner it is taken in hand the better.

Length he deprecated. We have had of late far too many large Lives of small people. I remember how reluctantly he decided that his *Gladstone* would have to be in three corpulent volumes instead of two. But that decision, as every one will agree, was right. There are in every age and country a few rare spirits about whom a contemporary had better err on the side of too much rather than too little. No one will regret that Boswell leaned, intentionally, as he avowed, to prolixity in recording the doings and sayings of his hero. How happy we should be to possess a full-length portrait of Bacon by an Elizabethan Boswell, or of Clarendon by a Carolean Lockhart. But the wonderful gift of seizing the distinctive features of a personality and conveying them to the reader is vouchsafed to few. The art of biography, like the art of the portrait painter, is indeed widely practised, but with what moderate success the history of literature tells. We have far more speaking portraits than living lives of famous Englishmen.

In these volumes Morley's letters tell their own tale. The bold outline of his opinions, his ardour in controversy, his eager search for truth, his passionate assaults on error, his ironic moods and fitful tempers, find animated expression in private correspondence. I have not thought it an act of piety to bowdlerise opinions because they were presented with exaggerated violence in outpourings to an intimate friend, or because they were afterwards modified or laid aside. No one delighted more than he did in the publication of good letters ; and it is the first mark of a good letter, as he asserted, that it should be for the eye of a friend and not for the world. The sentiments of a familiar epistle must be judged and measured as we judge the delightful freedoms of a lively talker. We apply to them a different criterion from that which we should apply to a signed article or to a letter intended for publication.

There was in Morley a fiery spirit which would burst out quite suddenly in a conversation if something stirred him, like a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky. Those were moments to be remembered. In this sketch of his early opinions and career I want him to stand out in the free vigour of manhood—ambitious, public-spirited, with strong sympathies towards the weak and oppressed, with an inclination, often irrepressible, to rage violently against some views and institutions which he afterwards tolerated.

I had at first intended to confine myself mainly to an account of Morley's opinions and political actions, especially from 1898 onwards, when I enjoyed his intimate confidence. But the acquisition of so many letters, and the assent of those who had a moral right to be consulted, including his lifelong friend, Sir Frederick Macmillan, led me to extend my purpose when I found there was enough material in his own correspondence, and in writings that had not been re-published, to justify an attempt to portray his early character and work.

This book is complete in itself. It treats of the less-known period of Morley's life, when his thoughts found free expression, untrammelled by the burdens of responsibility as a Cabinet Minister or Opposition leader. He has been described with remarkable unanimity by eminent colleagues and opponents, and indeed by nearly all who knew him, not only as a great man, but as perhaps the most interesting political thinker and statesman of his time with the exception of Disraeli and Gladstone. He belongs indeed to a small company of famous Englishmen who have distinguished themselves in the double field of politics and letters ; for he may be mentioned in the same breath with Bacon, Clarendon, Bolingbroke, Burke, and Macaulay. His political doctrine unites the traditions of the philosophic Radicals and of the Manchester School. Disciple of Mill, biographer of Cobden, friend of John Bright, favourite and most trusted colleague of Gladstone in his two last Administrations, he

held in later years a unique position as the philosophic guide of English Liberals. This book will help to show how he came by his opinions, and entering the combat crossed swords with his adversaries the Philistines and Reactionaries, the Whigs and the Tories, the Militarists and Imperialists, as author, editor, publicist, and platform speaker.

* * * * *

A forward glance at Morley's opinions after he took office, first as Irish Secretary, then as Secretary of State for India, would show how his character stood the strain of Cabinet responsibility and how his principles emerged from the critical tests to which they were exposed. The subject is fascinating, and the temptation to add a score or two of pages by way of epilogue was almost irresistible. On the whole, however, it seemed better to wait until I had time to arrange my material and to present it in a more complete and satisfactory form. But those who derive pleasure from these pages and admiration for the man they reveal, may rest assured that the convictions slowly gained by hard reading, reflection, discussion, and controversy were always tenaciously held, nor ever discarded or disowned in hours of trial and discomfiture. Beneath a fine tolerance and affability in the society of friends from whom he differed, lay a stern fidelity to unfashionable principles, a grim loyalty to desperate causes, which more than once outweighed all other claims and interests. The blood of the martyr was in his veins. Politics, with all its second bests and compromises, was for him a religion when great moral issues had to be faced. In those times he did not flinch, but was ready and willing to testify. His articles of faith were few and simple—trust in reason and in the reasonableness of mankind, a profound love of peace, a sturdy belief in personal liberty, in the virtue of self-government, in public economy, in free trade. Even those who reject them all can esteem his sincerity, and admire his favourite

saying that great thoughts come from the heart but must go round by the head.

How firmly the anchors of his faith held to the very end is proved by his last political will and testament to Arbroath. His old friend and chairman, the late Sir Francis Webster—to whom I was indebted for the correspondence—wrote to him for guidance in the spring of 1923. Lord Morley had just relinquished the Chancellorship of the University of Manchester, pleading "the fulness of the time and the growing weight of years". The letter, in the form of an address from the Arbroath Liberal Association, of which Sir Francis Webster was President, ran as follows :

Old friends who fought the good fight with you in days gone by note with much regret that the onset of years with the waning of physical strength is compelling you to relinquish positions of usefulness and honour.

We remember with pleasure and gratitude your devotion to Liberal principles and your great-hearted defence of these in times of difficulty such as we are now experiencing. Our desire now is to send you a message of remembrance and of affection, together with the assurance that your example is ever before us in our efforts and in our determination to maintain and develop the Liberalism of Hume [1] and Cobden as handed down to us in the great Watchwords—Peace, Retrenchment, Reform, Non-intervention, and Free Trade. In the troubled years through which we have passed and are passing these sound like forlorn hopes. But if the World is to resume an onward course of progress and prosperity, better rallying-ground will hardly be found.

It may be desirable, if local jealousies and antipathies can be overcome, that a Federal body with executive powers and authority may have to be formed in Europe to impose its will and to ensure peace. Peace and security are the foundations of the people's hopes.

In the encomium written by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs when Cobden died, he said—"He is above

[1] Joseph Hume, the Radical economist, once member for the Montrose Burghs.

all the representative of those sentiments and those cosmopolitan principles before which national frontiers and rivalries disappear." As his biographer and the supporter of his ideas we address these words to you in the hope and assurance that his wise counsel and his high aspiration may yet prevail.

It is the earnest hope of your friends in these Burghs that you and Lady Morley may be spared for some time yet to enjoy a happy and prolonged eventide, and to see the return to power of those principles and ideas which it was a large part of your life's work to promote.

Lord Morley's reply came from Flowermead, April 10, 1923 :

My dear Webster—I have left your kind letter too long without answer. Much of it warmed my heart in dull days, as many a dozen letters from you have done the very same. Only my brain is not quite so ready to respond, and the problem you have set forth in such masterly style [is] no common demand upon serious thinking. I have tried my hand as seriously as I could, but the result would not come out as ripe and illuminating as I thought it might until I took pen and ink in hand. Besides that, I feel more and more that the weight of time and years, as to which I have just given the public my too-frank confidence, are fatal to my playing the part either of oracle or crusader. By my words to Manchester I have discounted myself in both lines.

Your point—public recognition of good service in the stricken field—is different ; and I need not say how, without pretending to be indifferent or cool, or to think too well of your generous discrimination and analysis, yet such a piece of truly splendid commemoration might inspire younger candidates for place in public work. The only thing that discourages one is the lack, at the moment, of a group, or even many individuals of clear head, persistent industry, and public promise. The moment will pass, as such moments in our history have done before.—Your affectionate friend, J. M.

It seemed, therefore, as if the appeal of his Arbroath friends for light and leading might bring no further response from their old member. But it had rekindled the spirit, and there was still enough physical energy left to complete what must have been, I think, his last literary composition, as it was certainly his last political utterance to any public body. Mr. Guy Morley tells me that it cost his uncle many hours and even days of effort, and that the manuscript, written with a trembling hand, was altered many times before a fair copy was ready for despatch. It ran as follows :

My dear Webster—Few words are needed to assure you all of my heartfelt appreciation of the generous salutation from my former comrades in the battlefield. It was good fortune to me to be chosen for captain over your Liberal regiments. Present party designations have become empty of all contents, impressive nicknames with no recognisable meaning in real things or political acts, bottles with bits of the old labels, but with no inspiring liquor left.

History abounds and superabounds in the irony of diplomacy. The most malicious democrat, Bismarck said, can have no idea what nullity and charlatanry are concealed in diplomacy. But the contrast between the promises, pleas, and confident anticipations on the lips of the rulers of the world—even some of them then quartered in Whitehall—when they opened the war in 1914, and the results in which they have been overwhelmed, looks like the most savage irony in the history of civilisation.

I am glad that you have reproduced from forgotten sources the words describing what marked Cobden to observant contemporaries as one of the foremost statesmen of his country or his age—as representative of the sentiments and principles before which national rivalries disappear. It was the power and authority of the authors of diplomatic practice and tradition that confronted Cobden's sovereign principle of the interdepend-

ence of the nations of the world. This was his broad, guiding, and far-reaching contribution to their progress. It was the antagonistic principle that landed us in the thankless war of 1914. Your reference to a Federal Body is only another sign of an aspiration rapidly growing into a demand, whether executive power be an associated element or not.

The shattering of parties has been accompanied by the multiplication of endless political schools—some with ardent brain and attractive pen—others seem whimsical and fantastic. But a school and a party are very different things, not seldom directly opposed in times like these, when men feel free every day in the week to play in theory and ingenious invention with parliamentary institutions and, in your own phrase, to seek a rallying ground in political revolution or economic transformation.

Questions of hours, wages, strikes, holidays, sanitation, and still more boldly questions between parliament and property, are taking the place in active political interest of old political interests like ballot, electoral qualification, Second Chamber, and the rest. The social question has at last come out in a light familiar enough elsewhere in Europe. The League against the Corn Law started in 1838, and in 1857 we were startled to find Mill, our chief teacher, coming out with this: "Hitherto (he said) it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number to make fortunes."

It was not to be supposed that loud voices and urgent claims should not be heard from men and women in this unhappy case, even if it be a good deal too high pitched.

Sociocracy, an ugly word for the service of society, seems to be beginning to take the place of democracy, aristocracy, plutocracy, and all the rest of the governing forces of our political history.

You may remember some words of Lord Bacon inscribed on the stone mantel by the fireside in my library,—" The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." Three or four centuries before Bacon one of the most masterful of Popes was fond of quoting the verse,—" Misericordia, pity and mercy exalt themselves over and above judgment and the letter of the law." To nobody in the world would it be less congenial than to myself to quarrel with this thrice and four times blessed temper. But the taxes and duties of customs have a harsh sphere of their own, where a cool and industrious head is not any less needed than a good heart.

Carlyle put the case too bluntly when he told us that the fundamental question between any two human beings is, " Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me ? " This is only an extreme form of mercantile competition.

The riddle of the hour has confronted us in the canvass and the polling booths. Vastly extended State expenditure, vastly increased demands from the taxpayer, who has to provide the money. Social reform regardless of expense, cash extracted from the taxpayer, already at his wit's end. When were problems of plus and minus more desperate ?

How are we fairly to measure the use and abuse of industrial organisation ? Powerful orators find liberty the true keyword. But then I remember hearing from a learned student, that of liberty he knew well over two hundred definitions. Can we be sure that the haves and the have-nots will agree in their selection of the right one ?

We can only trust to the growth of responsibility. We may look for circumstances and events to teach their lesson. New sociocracy may be trusted, before it is too late, to find Adam Smith and his *Wealth of Nations* wonderfully useful and instructive after all, and Peel's noble panegyric on Richard Cobden uncommonly well justified by two or more generations of experience.

Individualism may be trusted to save its own sterling value, and nothing will deaden the inspiration of Oliver Cromwell's sublime commonplace—"What liberty and prosperity depend upon are the souls of men and the spirits—which are the men. The mind is the man." And if it be not too arrogant to explain the words of the Protector by including in what is vital in the mind of a man, courage and clear sight. In all this your new Association will be sure to have its manful share.—With all respect, now and always, yours most faithfully,

MORLEY OF B.

During the peace negotiations at Versailles and for some time afterwards Morley had felt that the world was not likely to be regenerated by a peace founded on force, however much it was embellished by moral rhetoric. But from this, his last legacy to Liberals, it seems that he had begun to look more hopefully upon the aspirations for an international government that are incorporated in the Covenant of the League of Nations. At the same time his opinion of the war policy is expressed with a force and a precision which leave no room for doubt or ambiguous construction.

The confusion of parties, the shiftiness of leaders, the distrust and apathy of electors, were constant themes of conversation at Flowermead. The veteran's scorn for those empty bottles with the old labels still sticking to them was never concealed. His anxieties for the immediate future turned on public finance, industrial depression, unemployment, the heavy load of debt, the oppressive taxation, and other dismal legacies of the war. In his talks with me about the possibility of restoring a real Liberal Party his favourite parallel was from the period following Waterloo. What, he used to ask, were the regenerating influences which in the course of thirty years released England from tyranny and starvation? Were they not the philosophic Radicalism of Bentham and Mill on the one hand and on the other the

Manchester school of Cobden and Bright? If so, should we not at first look for salvation to a political school inspired by idealism and public spirit, rather than to statesmen discredited by the war and distracted by personal feuds? England, he maintained, would always be the home and nursery of liberal thought and liberal doctrines. His confidence in the future of democracy, if only it could be fortified against reactionary right and revolutionary left, if only it could be permeated by liberal ideals, never failed or faltered. In time he felt sure the need would bring the men, though he did not pretend to be able to discern at the moment any group of active thinkers with the right views, or with the zeal, ability, and energy to enforce them.

BOOK I

BOYHOOD AND APPRENTICESHIP

"His delight
Was all in books to read them or to write."
CRABBE.

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth
When thought is speech and speech is truth."
SCOTT.

CHAPTER I

BLACKBURN AND CHELTENHAM

In the characters of most famous men may be discerned traits, instincts, inclinations, and prejudices imprinted on their minds by the associations and surroundings of early life. Once during the discussion on Mr. Gladstone's 1860 Budget an old Whig muttered: "Oxford on the surface but Liverpool below." Those who knew him well and learned from intimate converse his philosophy of life would readily substitute Blackburn for Liverpool and apply the saying to John Morley.

He was born in hard and hungry times. A long depression of trade, relieved by a few bright intervals when crops were unusually good, had afflicted England since the Peace. The illuminations and national rejoicings that celebrated the victory of Waterloo were soon followed by a dismal collapse of trade and credit. England, almost submerged by debt, was distressed by a multitude of taxes—vexatious, unjust, and oppressive—levied on all the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, but chiefly designed by the great territorial families, who still held sway, to bolster up agricultural rents. So cruel was the burden of the corn laws, so harassing were the innumerable duties and impediments on foreign trade, so wretched was the lot of our half-famished labourers in town and country, that the thirty years between 1816 and 1846 must be put down as the most miserable chapter in the modern annals of British industry. Over and over again starvation invaded the

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homes of the poor, and no class suffered more than the weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire. There are still in those parts plenty of old folks who can tell you how their fathers and mothers 'clemmed' in Corn Law times, when the price of flour was prohibitively high and cloth was unsaleable.

Blackburn, where John Morley was born on Christmas Eve, 1838, had its full share of suffering and discontent. The town is situated at the junction of the Darwen and Blakewater valleys, in a sheltered hollow bounded on the north, south, east, and south-west by bleak hills, from whose summits on a clear day extend noble prospects of Ribblesdale, the Irish Sea, and the great Pennine Range. It is an ugly jewel in a fine setting; but to a commercial eye that cluster of smoking chimneys reveals the machinery and skill that clothe millions upon millions of the human race in all quarters of the globe.

Blackburn has few visible antiquities. Most of its existing factories, houses, and shops are less than a century old. But we can trace its dim origins back to a station on the Roman road from Manchester to Ribchester. Under the Saxon and Danish kings Blackburn was only a hamlet, named after a small stream, the 'blake' (or yellow) burn; but Blackburnshire, or the Blackburn Hundred, was one of the six divisions of Lancashire. In Elizabethan times 'Blackburnshire' was fairly populous, as we know by the large quota it contributed to the Queen's military levy. During the Civil War the town supported Parliament against King Charles. In August 1648, marching to the Preston fight, Cromwell crossed the river Hodder by an old bridge, now a ruin, well known as Cromwell's bridge. It is only a few miles from Blackburn, and our schoolboy must often have seen it on his walks. There is a tradition, mentioned in Lord Morley's *Recollections*, that on his way to Preston Cromwell slept a night in Blackburn parish church. Already in Cromwellian times many hand-loom weavers plied their craft with yarns of wool or flax in the

JOHN MORLEY'S BIRTHPLACE AT BLACKBURN

villages and farms of Blackburnshire, and early in the next century Blackburn 'checks', consisting of a linen warp and a cotton woof, gained wide repute.

After 1750 calicoes began to be manufactured in the town, and there followed a mighty expansion of the cotton trade, responding to the discovery of steam power and a multitude of ingenious inventions. Of these, not the least important was the 'spinning-jenny', devised in 1764 by James Hargreaves, a native of Blackburn. When his invention and that of Arkwright, the Preston barber, had been followed and completed by Crompton's 'spinning-mule', the weavers—hitherto dependent on distaff and spindle—were provided with an abundance of cheap yarn. Most of the inventors had little honour or reward in their own day. They made the fortunes of manufacturers and incurred the hatred of the cottagers, whose spindles and hand-looms they superseded. In 1766 a Blackburn mob wrecked the house of Hargreaves and drove him out of the town, burnt Peel's mill, and broke all the spinning-jennies they could find. Another native of Blackburn, John Osbaldeston, inventor of the weft fork, died in the workhouse when John Morley was making his way in London (1862). These inventions, besides giving Blackburn and Bolton pre-eminence in weaving and spinning, promoted the local manufacture of textile machinery; and in the 'sixties of last century a Blackburn power-loom had won some celebrity. The first power-looms were introduced in 1825; but in the following year the hand-loom weavers broke into the sheds and destroyed every power-loom in the neighbourhood of Blackburn. I remember with what keen interest Lord Morley read *The Town Labourer*, by his friends Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond, where the tragic story of the industrial revolution and of the long desperate fight against machinery is told in dark but glowing colours. But the new age of coal and steam and smoky factories had arrived. The tall mill chimneys rose apace, the hand-looms rusted, the weavers flocked into

the town, and Blackburn's population grew from 5000 in 1770 to 27,000 in 1831, and again to 63,000 in 1861.

In those days it was an ignorant and turbulent town. "The population of Blackburn", wrote Morley in 1878, after a fierce outburst of rioting, "has quick feelings; it has the defects of its qualities, and the same temperament which renders them the most indomitable workers in the whole country may expose them to gusts of uncontrollable passion." In the very year of Morley's birth a torchlight meeting of Chartists on Blakey moor, where the Technical School and Hall of Sessions now stand, alarmed the gentry of Blackburn, and the elections of 1841 were followed by an uproar, during which the Old Bull Inn was gutted and the military called out. Morley remembered bodies of men surging down King Street and Penny Street after an election brandishing their picking-sticks and striking right and left. The condition of Blackburn as he recalled it in his boyhood seemed "something very like savagery". Some idea of what he meant may be gathered from a handbill sent out in 1844, when the Mechanics' Institute was founded. Blackburn was then, it stated, the most backward town in the kingdom. Out of every hundred men only thirty-nine could write their own names, and only eleven out of every hundred women, whereas in London eighty-nine men and seventy-six women could read and write.

Who can wonder that art and socialism have looked with disgust on the grimy beginnings of industrialism? Blackburn's ugly growth had few redeeming features. Its churches and chapels, an Elizabethan Grammar School, and the Market House, opened in 1848, helped a little to relieve the smoky squalor of the town in Morley's boyhood. Some fine Georgian houses survived in King Street to recall a better period of architecture; a few older and more picturesque houses were still standing in Church Street and Darwen Street. The narrow, irregular, ill-lighted streets were paved with cobbles which rattled to the tune of clogs hurrying to and from

the factories. But the green fields were close at hand. The town had not yet begun to mount the hills. What is now Corporation Park was then Pemberton Clough, a pretty glade with a few deserted quarries running up to the heights of Revidge, a favourite climb.

John Morley's birthplace, a plain, substantial house of red brick, stands at the corner of Clayton and Heaton Streets, in what was at that time (1838) the best residential quarter of the town. Though born and bred a Lancastrian, he was by descent half Yorkshireman, half Northumbrian. His father, Dr. Jonathan Morley, a surgeon, came from the West Riding. His mother, Priscilla Mary Donkin, belonged to a shipowning family in North Shields. She was all her life an ardent Wesleyan, or, as her daughter Grace used to say, a ' John Wesleyan '. Dr. Jonathan Morley sprang from Mytholmroyd, a hamlet in the wild Calder valley, not far from Sowerby Bridge. The doctor's father, Jonathan Morley, senior, and his Uncle Henry were in a small way of business. They made woollen cards, and were also cotton manufacturers, supplying the material to hand-loom weavers, and selling the finished cloth in the Halifax Piece Hall. Jonathan, senior, lived all his life at Mytholmroyd. A zealous Wesleyan, he subscribed in 1806 to the building of the little chapel there, and was one of the trustees. He died in 1840, and is buried in the chapel ground beside Grace Morley, his wife.[1]

In the *Recollections* John Morley describes his father as a man of strong character, exacting, though capable of delightful geniality, a moderate lover of his profession, a born lover of books. He taught himself Latin and French. After setting up at Blackburn, Dr. Morley began to attend the parish church. Of his three sons, Edward, the eldest, who afterwards succeeded to his

[1] Mr. Hugh Kendall of Sowerby Bridge, whom I have to thank for some of these details, adds that Jonathan Morley, junior, left Mytholmroyd to be apprenticed as a medical student to a doctor in North Shields, where he found his wife, Priscilla Donkin.

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father's practice, was a man of exceptional ability, abounding in local patriotism, which displayed itself in the encouragement of sport, and especially of football. John came second. William, the youngest, died in India, leaving three children, one of whom, Guy, was adopted by John Morley. The only daughter, Grace, two years his junior, was John Morley's playmate in childhood and favourite companion for many long years. To her he imparted his joys and sorrows, his hopes, ambitions, anxieties, and disappointments. She was lively, sensitive, high-spirited, and independent, with a temper as quick and responsive as his own. She delighted in his successes and showered upon him love, sympathy, encouragement, and admiration.

During Morley's boyhood politics in Blackburn were exciting enough. The discontent of its starving weavers in the Hungry Forties found vent in violence and in a Radicalism verging on Revolution. In 1842 the 'plug-drawing' riots brought in the soldiery, and half-a-dozen men were killed or wounded. In 1844 Blackburn demonstrated its sympathy with O'Connell and the Irish Repealers. Free Trade had a hard tussle against ignorance and prejudice. In that same year, when an anti-Corn Law lecture was given in the theatre, the Chartists actually carried an amendment "that the repeal of the Corn Laws would be detrimental to the interests of the working man". But the teaching of Cobden and Bright and Fox of Oldham now made rapid headway. The new gospel of cheapness and plenty began to prevail over the established doctrine of law-made dearth. Chartism offered constitutional changes; but an economic cure was obviously needed for an economic disease; and it was left for Radicals of the Manchester School to establish the connection between commercial depression and the dear bread of the Corn Laws, which left the labouring classes no sufficient margin for boots or clothing or the other necessaries of decent life. In 1845 the anti-Corn Law League held

successful meetings at Blackburn. Next year the town started on a new career of prosperity and business with a double event. Sir Robert Peel, whose father was a native of the district, carried the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the railway to Preston was opened; so that cheap food and cheap transit reached Blackburn at the same time.

Meanwhile, little John Morley had been sent to school. Close to his home was the old Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, a one-story stone building which stood on the Rector's Glebe in the 'Bull Meadow', and has now, after many vicissitudes, passed from the Spiritualists to become the local headquarters of the Independent Labour Party. Here he learned his alphabet. At eight or nine he was promoted to attend Hoole's Academy, a noted private school in King Street, which attracted boarders from many parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, as well as day boys from Blackburn.

William Hoole, proprietor and head master, was an Independent in religion and a Liberal in politics, a man of great public spirit and energy, who took a leading part in local administration, and held many offices, including the Mayoralty of the Borough. He was not only one of the most influential, but also one of the most accomplished men in the town. A fair scholar, with a good knowledge of Latin and a modicum of Greek, he aimed chiefly at fitting his boys for a commercial life. Like Lord Palmerston, he insisted on good handwriting. A Hoole Academy boy, it was said, could always be told by his excellent penmanship. Perhaps it was here that Morley learned to write so fine a hand.

"Mathematics", so one of Hoole's pupils recalled in after days, "was the chief feature of the curriculum, with French, history, and a smattering of science." Twice every Sunday the boys were taken to the Independent or Congregational chapel. "Every day in the week we were obliged to commit to memory five or six verses of Scripture, and on Sundays to repeat the whole. We

were certainly familiar with Scripture and could repeat whole Epistles." The "puritan nonconformity of Lancashire" made a strong impression on Morley. Long afterwards he paid tribute to its corrective influence in his native town :

"Although the theology of a town like Blackburn", he wrote in 1878, "is of a narrow, unhistoric, and rancorous kind, yet one must give even this dull and cramped Evangelicalism its due, and admit that the churches and chapels have done a good service through their Sunday Schools and otherwise in impressing a kind of moral organisation on the mass of barbarism which surged chaotically into the factory towns. Lancashire theology does not make a man love his neighbour; but its external system promotes cleanliness, truth-telling, and chastity; and the zeal of the clergy of all sects, however much we may wish that it had been connected with a more hopeful doctrine, has been a barrier, for which civilisation will always owe something to their name, against the most awful influx the world ever saw of furious provocatives to unbridled sensuality and riotous animalism."

Though the religious dogmas implanted at home and at school withered at Oxford, his knowledge of the Bible often stood him in good stead on the platform; and though he repudiated the theology, it may be that in public life we shall find him a more faithful exponent of Christian ethics than some orthodox statesmen. At more than one crisis he stood for the Sermon on the Mount when conventional religion forgot it.

In some recollections of Hoole's Academy, published in the *Blackburn Times*, we learn a little of John Morley as a schoolboy. It is related that he "was quiet and reserved, but a favourite with masters, ushers, and lads. He was very studious, and whilst others engaged in games he would walk about the playground reading. His thirst for literature was such that he had books sent from London once a month. These he obtained through Mudie's famous circulating library." His sister once

told me how, when his schoolfellows were playing games, he used to walk about, book in hand. As he grew older he became a companion to his father, who was also a reader, and a reader of good literature. They went long walks together in the neighbourhood. Once, when John was twelve years old, Dr. Morley took his son by stage-coach to Bolton, and thence by train to Manchester, where they caught a glimpse of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington. It was the boy's first journey in a railway train.

After Morley became famous, stories began to circulate in the town about his school days. When Hoole, their head master, was elected Mayor of the town, the boys decided to elect a mayor of the school, and chose John Morley at a meeting in the playground. But when called on for a speech he gave it them in Greek, and was mobbed for this untoward display of learning. One example of his boyish humour is preserved. Being deputed on a fine day to plead for a half-holiday, he was asked by Hoole for a reason, and replied, "The oyster season is at hand." He was a favourite with Hoole, who said after he left, "John Morley was the best English scholar I ever had in my school." Another clever boy at the Academy was James Eccles, whose father was a cotton-broker in Liverpool. The two were fast friends. They studied Latin together, and made some progress with Greek. Hoole's 'ushers' were as a rule graduates of Scotch universities, who were glad to earn a trifle while they waited for their first pulpit appointments. We know from Morley's own *Recollections* that Hoole's Academy laid strong hold on him: "It abounded in the unadulterated milk of the Independent word, and perhaps accounted for Nonconformist affinities in some of the politics of days to come". Seeing that the boy was showing real promise, his father resolved to make whatever sacrifices were necessary to enable him to win a scholarship at one of the universities, and accordingly he was sent to University College, Gower

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Street, in 1852, just after young Joseph Chamberlain, whose parents had been living in the suburb of Highbury, left it. It gave a public-school education, unflavoured by Anglicanism, and was probably recommended by Hoole for that reason. When John Morley packed up and took leave of Blackburn for the first time, it was noticed that nearly all his worldly goods were books. He seemed a little anxious, but said bravely, "I am going to the City, and I hope I shall do well."

From Gower Street the boy passed to Cheltenham College, one of the new public schools which had sprung up to meet a growing demand from the middle classes for an education equivalent to that which the sons of the aristocracy and plutocracy were supposed to acquire at Eton and Harrow. Morley has not much to tell us about Cheltenham. At seventy-eight, when he wrote the *Recollections*, his memories of the school were dim. He worked steadily under several good classical teachers "without any marked proficiency, except that now and then I did a set of Greek iambics that was praised and handed to posterity in the school album, and in two or three successive years I carried off the first prize for history in a combined class of the two highest forms".

I am indebted to Mr. H. H. Hardy, the head master of Cheltenham, for the following information about Morley's school career:

John Morley entered College in February 1855, aged just over sixteen. He left in December 1856, so that he had just two school years here. I have found his name in a class list of June 1856, when he stood sixth in what was then called the first class, corresponding to what is now the Sixth Form in all schools, I think. As he had one term after the publication of this list, he must have been still nearer the top in his last term.

W. E. H. Lecky left College a term before Morley joined, so that we cannot compare their scholastic records very easily. Morley took a scholarship at Lincoln College,

Oxford, in 1856 from here. He became President of the Cheltonian Society in 1891, for the term of one year, but I have heard from many senior Old Cheltonians that he only accepted the office on the express condition that neither attendance nor interest should be expected of him, and I understand that he fulfilled his part of the bargain. He was a member of the College Council from 1903 to the time of his death. During my time, which began in September 1919, he certainly attended no meeting of the Council, and I do not think he had done so for a number of years before.

The only story I have been able to gather is with regard to a poem which he wrote as a school exercise in the Sixth Form here. On looking over Morley's effort the Principal of those days, the Rev. W. Dobson, either said to him or wrote on his exercise that he might some day be able to write very fair prose.

Mr. F. Brandt, who entered Cheltenham College in 1849 and left at the head of the classical department in 1858, has kindly contributed some recollections:

I see from the College Register that he (Morley) entered in February 1855 and left in December 1856. Under the head of Houses, "Cooper and Clarke" is entered. I do not recollect either of those names, nor did I know they had "Houses". But it is stated in the register that "beside the large Houses there were several small Houses where a few boarders were taken in by College masters". My recollection was that Morley was not at any one of the large Houses. . . . In 1856 I was in the College XI. Morley certainly never played at cricket.

As to football, I cannot recollect that there was in my time any recognised XV. or XXII. I am sure no games were played with outside teams. In my earliest days football was played, as we understood, under Rugby rules. It was a very rough and ill-organised game. 'Hacking' was not only allowed but approved. Any one was allowed to join in; the smallest and the oldest boys all played together. By the years 1855–56 it was *better* organised perhaps, but still very rough and no team-work. I certainly never saw Morley play the game, and I must have seen him if he did play.

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I cannot recollect that I ever saw him in the playground. He kept very much to himself. At that time the 1st class—as it was called—now VIth Form, was divided, our half being under the Principal, the Rev. W. Dobson, the other half under the Rev. H. A. Holden, Vice-Principal. Morley was in the latter, I in the former. He had the reputation of being specially distinguished in history and literature generally. I used to see him pretty frequently in 1861–62, when I was reading in the Temple and he was in London, at a Club of literary and legal men held in Dick's Coffee House at the entrance into Inner Temple Lane. To this Club I was admitted, but I did not then become much better acquainted with Morley—nor when, after a long interval, I returned from India, and renewed acquaintance when he joined the College Council.

Lord Morley hardly ever talked about Cheltenham; but I remember him saying to me more than once that he owed a good deal to Holden, a sound classical scholar, once well known for an edition of Aristophanes and for his *Foliorum Silvulae*.

Photo. Hills & Saunders.

JOHN MORLEY'S ROOMS AT LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD PREVIOUSLY OCCUPIED BY JOHN WESLEY

CHAPTER II

OXFORD—1856–1859

MORLEY and Sumner, another Cheltenham boy, gained open scholarships at Lincoln College, Oxford, on November 5, 1856. By a coincidence, befitting the election of an embryo Radical, Lincoln on that occasion, as we learn from the College Register, chose its scholars for the first time "under the new statutes". The reforms, which would gradually open Oxford to men of all ranks and creeds, had just been inaugurated. It was the beginning of a new era of liberalism in education. The doors and windows of learning—so long closed by religious bigotry—were now at last admitting the fresh air of free competition. The old system of close scholarships and close fellowships, with a general exclusion from University education of all who would not at least pretend to be members of the Church of England, was coming to an end. The scholarships of Lincoln were thrown open by the University Commission of 1854, and the new statutes came into force on June 24, 1856.

Mr. J. A. R. Munro, the present Rector of Lincoln, who was good enough to look up the records, tells me that no traditions of Lord Morley's undergraduate days linger in the College: "Thomas Fowler, the late President of Corpus, the last of our tutors who really knew him here, remained his intimate friend until his death; but he went to Corpus in 1882." Very few of Morley's contemporaries at Lincoln survived him, and two or three, with whom I have corresponded, confess that their

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recollections are faint. The Rev. Charles Crowden, D.D., one of the Senior Scholars when Morley came up, wrote me on July 31, 1924 :

I remember his election as Scholar at Lincoln College. He was elected with another Cheltenham boy named Sumner, and remained his close friend until he left College. He never impressed his fellow scholars by the brilliancy or accuracy of his scholarship. I attended lectures with him for about three years. J. Cotter Morison, a commoner of the College at the time, influenced Morley and several other undergraduates considerably. To the surprise of the College Morley gained a prize open to the University, which was offered for the best essay (on a subject I don't remember) by a local bookseller. I was an intimate friend of Morley's during his College career, and was President of the Debating Society, of which he was a member ; but I cannot recall anything, or perhaps I should say very little, which gave promise of his future great career. Fowler once told me that he asked Morley when he was leaving Oxford what he intended to do. To which he replied, " I mean to be a great man." This I take to be a fore-feeling of the achievements of his then latent abilities.

Another contemporary, a junior, who went up to Lincoln in October 1859 as a commoner, writes :

I found John Morley in the position of Senior Scholar. I don't remember whether he was popular or not ; but he gave me the impression of being a reserved man who didn't take much interest in the general life of the College.

Morley's early career might have taken a different turn, and he would almost certainly have been spared two or three years of poverty and hardship, but for an unlucky quarrel with his father, at the beginning, I believe, of his third year at College. The Morley temper was proverbial. Jonathan said something which John had reason to resent. Hot words were exchanged. The father's feelings were probably exasperated still further by the discovery that his son—assailed by philosophic

doubts and questions—had changed his views and was no longer willing to enter Holy Orders.[1] In the ordinary way John Morley would have stayed up at Oxford four years, and would have read Greats (*literae humaniores*) after Classical Moderations. But his father now cut off his allowance. The scholarship was insufficient, and the lad was compelled to read for Pass schools and a Pass degree in his third year. He had done pretty well in Classical Moderations, having taken a second class in the winter term of 1858. Among the eight names in the first class was that of Henry Nettleship of Corpus, one of the finest scholars of his age. In the second class with Morley was John Kennaway, afterwards parliamentary leader of the Low Church Tories.

There is a suggestion of autobiography in an explanation which Morley once gave of Burke's failure to achieve academic distinction at Trinity College, Dublin: "His character was never at any time of the academic cast. The minor accuracies, the limitation of range, the treading and retreading of the same small patch of ground, the concentration of interest in success before a board of examiners, were all uncongenial to a nature of exuberant intellectual curiosity and of strenuous and self-reliant originality." Then he muses—this was in 1876: "It is too often the case to be a mere accident that men who become eminent for wide compass of understanding and penetrating comprehension are in their adolescence unsettled and desultory." Their highest powers, it would seem, can only be concentrated and thoroughly aroused by some stimulus that awakens personal and independent activity. The prospect of an examination holding out the advantages of *acquisition* are insufficient. For such men the necessity of *production* is "the effectual incentive to the exercise of their fullest capacity".

It is from the small colleges of Oxford and Cambridge that some of our greatest men have come and some of the

[1] This I learnt, shortly after Lord Morley's death, from his sister Grace.

movements that have swayed the thought and spiritual life of England. Wycliffe was at Merton, Latimer at Clare, Cromwell at Sidney Sussex, Milton and Darwin at Christ's, John Wesley at Lincoln, Adam Smith at Balliol, Dr. Johnson at Pembroke, and Jeremy Bentham at Queen's College, Oxford. The religion and philosophy of Victorian England felt the influence of the Oriel Fathers and of the Wadham Positivists.

Oddly enough, the Rector who in 1726 nominated John Wesley for a fellowship at Lincoln was named John Morley. The rooms occupied by Wesley are still shown to visitors. They are over a gateway between the two quadrangles. These rooms were assigned to our scholar, whose name now comes second to Wesley's in Lincoln's roll of fame.

Morley says he found Lincoln "in a state of sad intellectual dilapidation" owing to the election in 1851 of an unlettered and boorish Rector. The choice should have fallen on Mark Pattison, then fellow and tutor of the College, "whose zeal and competence for University teaching in its true sense was unsurpassed by any tutor or professor then in Oxford, and only rivalled perhaps by one". But the 'besotted' fellows, instead of electing the one available member of the foundation who was worthy of the post and could have adorned it, had chosen the unlettered parson, whom Pattison in his celebrated *Memoirs* has handed down to posterity as "a satyr, a ruffian, and a wild beast".

Working one morning at Hawarden Castle on the *Life of Gladstone*, I came upon a letter signed Thompson, and dated from Lincoln College, Oxford. It was in connection, I think, with an inquiry into abuses in the University of Oxford, of which the Rector and fellows of Lincoln at that time certainly constituted one. A day or two before Morley had assured me that Thompson could neither read nor write, and that after his death the only books found on the Rector's shelves were a Bible and Prayer Book, which showed no traces of having been used. I got up from my chair and, crossing to the

MARK PATTISON

From a portrait by Miss Adamson in Lincoln College Hall, Oxford.

table where Mr. Morley was working, said, "I think I have something here which would interest you. It is a holograph letter signed by your Rector." He looked at it, and then said with a smile, "Yes, it seems to show that he could write, but it is no proof that he could read."

In his fascinating essay on Mark Pattison's *Memoirs* (1885), Morley had written of Thompson: "The poor man was certainly illiterate and boorish to a degree that was a standing marvel to all ingenuous youths who came up to Lincoln College between 1850 and 1860. His manners, bearing, and accomplishments were more fitted for the porter of a workhouse than for the head of a college." The fellows who elected him are styled "a terribly degraded body", most of whom "were no more capable of caring for literature, knowledge, education, books, or learning than Squire Western or Commodore Trunnion". Among these sluggish topers Mark Pattison remained for years a skeleton at a feast, in a state of despair and morose despondency. He spent his vacations fishing in Yorkshire or rambling in Germany:

> Then he would return to his rooms in the College and live among his books. To the undergraduates of that day he was a solemn and mysterious figure. He spoke to no one, saluted no one, and kept his eye fixed on infinite space. He dined at the high table, but uttered no words. He never played the part of host, nor did he ever seem to be a guest. He read the service in chapel when his turn came; his voice had a creaking and impassive tone, and his pace was too deliberate to please young men with a morning appetite. . . . He was a complete stranger in the College. We looked upon him with the awe proper to one who was supposed to combine boundless erudition with an impenetrable misanthropy.

To Lincoln men reading the Fourth Book of Aristotle's *Ethics* Pattison seemed a personification of Aristotle's megalopsuchos with his slow movements, his deliberate speech, his irony, and his contempt for human things.

Unhappily for their studies, Pattison had already withdrawn "in black unphilosophic mortification from all college work". Soon after Morley left, Pattison succeeded to the Rectorship; but as an undergraduate Morley saw nothing of him. "If I had fallen under his influence," he wrote in the *Recollections*, "it would assuredly have made all the difference in a thousand ways":

> When he afterwards became my friend it was too late. The tutor to whom I fell was Thomas Fowler, afterwards the Head of Corpus. He had taken a splendid degree, and the spirit of an ardent practical reformer glowed in him through the whole of a useful, well-filled, and truly honourable life. His interests and attainments were much wider than those of most dons of that time, when natural science was just fighting in earnest for a place in education outside of the monopoly of Anglican divinity and the ancients. Without any marked originality, he had vigour and insight; he was careful, moderate, and sound. . . . As might be supposed, he made me Aristotelian and not Platonist; for apart from tutorial teaching that was, I think, the Lancastrian temperament. However that might be, we all knew our debt for his example of firm clearness of exposition, his ready helpfulness, his patient perseverance in work, his kindness, his sterling worth.

Had Morley entered Lincoln a few years sooner, when Pattison, absorbed in the College work and devoted to the undergraduates, must have been as good a tutor as could have been found in the University, he would indeed have been fortunate. But he would have missed the stimulating society and friendship of an undergraduate to whom in the *Recollections* he pays a glowing tribute, J. Cotter Morison, then Senior Commoner. "No more engaging figure appeared in an Oxford quadrangle, nor one, it must be confessed, in tone, manners, knowledge, and way of thinking and living, more entirely unacademic. He was some six or

seven years my senior, and at twenty this is the distinction between manhood and boyhood." A migratory life with a doting mother had made him desultory and discursive, but this rather helped to promote the endless discussions on every sort of subject of which his rooms were the centre. Morison was even then at work on the *Life of St. Bernard*, perhaps the best extant biography of a mediæval saint. He had made a special study of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, was well versed and even passionately concerned in Catholicism, not as a body of faith and rite, but as a stupendous system of government. He was not only well read in history but understood music and architecture. "He brought our young souls into vivid and edifying contact" with Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and *French Revolution*. "He pressed Emerson upon us, but for that wise teacher none of us were then ripe, I least of all." Morison had the art of kindling new life in kindred spirits. He was brotherly in the widest sense—as Meredith said, "A fountain of our sweetest, quick to spring, in fellowship abounding". His popularity in College must have been prodigious; for he was a good horseman, a skilful fencer, and so fond of boxing that he was reprimanded by the College authorities for taking lessons in his rooms from a notorious prize-fighter. Whether Morison was in touch with the Comtists before he left Oxford we are not told in the *Recollections*. Afterwards he joined them, but proved himself too liberal and vivacious, too hospitable to new ideas, or too easily moved by the fleeting impressions of the hour, to find favour with orthodox members of the Positivist brotherhood. Congreve had thrown up his fellowship at Wadham, and his three fervent disciples, Harrison, Beesly, and Bridges, had gone down from Wadham before Morley came up to Lincoln. Probably it was through Morison that Morley afterwards gained entrance into this circle and made friendships which profoundly influenced the course of his opinions in the 'sixties and 'seventies.

The Senior Scholar whom I have already quoted also remembers how Morison took boxing lessons in his rooms from a famous pugilist, and adds that he learned fencing from McLaren, who then kept a gymnasium at Oxford. Morison's rooms, he says, were the scene of many interesting discussions, both literary and political, in which Morley took a prominent part. "But I do not think that Morison's influence at that time made him an agnostic." I also asked Mr. Crowden about the influence of John Stuart Mill on Morley; for I had read in the Reminiscences of Frederick Arnold, a contemporary, that "at Oxford he was often to be seen with a volume of Mill in his hand; he must have known Mill *On Liberty* [which appeared in 1859] almost by heart". To this Mr. Crowden replied: "Mill was a classic, both as a logician and as a political economist, throughout the University, and men reading for Greats were constrained to study him." He remembered Morison putting a poser about Mill to Fowler, who was then a lecturer.

According to Frederick Arnold, who was intimate with him at Oxford and for several years afterwards, Morley made an impression when he first came up from Cheltenham: "We used to wonder whether such cleverness could really last. . . . He took small honour and small blame to himself, but one noticed the earnestness and vitality with which he threw himself into subjects of moral and intellectual interest. He always had a look of honesty and intrepidity, and a peculiar sub-acid flavour of humour which was very amusing. For theology he candidly avowed that he had no taste. He spent a great deal of time at the Union, and from time to time spoke there, but not with any conspicuous success." His matter, it seems, was always good; but these early efforts lacked ornament and eloquence. Mr. Crowden says: "I do not remember any outstanding speech of Morley's either in College debates or at the Union." An examination of the records of the Oxford Union Society shows that on November 23, 1857, Morley supported a

motion denouncing the Divorce Bill as "altogether objectionable on principles into the discussion of which this House is not competent to enter", and as "equally to be condemned on purely social grounds". The Marriage and Divorce Bill had been passed during the summer and had been criticised as likely to loosen the bonds of matrimony, to which the reply was that it substituted one good tribunal for three, in one of which the proceedings had been a scandal and a disgrace to the country. We may infer from Morley's support of the motion that he had not yet emerged from the dogmas of the Church into the mildest form of intellectual Liberalism. His next appearance, however, a few months later, on Monday, March 8, 1858, was in a very different guise, and his abilities must have made some impression on the President of the Society, who that term was T. W. Fowle of Oriel; for he was selected to be the first speaker, and presumably the choice of the motion was his own. We read in the minutes: "Mr. Morley moved that the policy of Charles I. inevitably tended to the subversion of the liberty of the country, and that his execution was a necessary step for the preservation of that liberty." Here we may discern the influence of Carlyle, who had written: "This action of the English regicide did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-Worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about miserably sick ever since, and is now in these generations very rapidly dying." We can imagine our undergraduate at the mature age of nineteen declaiming this passage with rapture. Forty years afterwards, in his own *Oliver Cromwell*, he reversed Carlyle's judgment:

> Cant, alas, is not slain on any such easy terms by a single stroke of the Republican headsman's axe. As if for that matter force, violence, sword, and axe never conceal a cant and an unveracity of their own, viler and crueller than any other. In fact the very contrary of Carlyle's proposition as

to death and damp might more fairly be upheld. For this at least is certain, that the execution of Charles I. kindled and nursed a lasting flame of cant, flunkeyism, or whatever else be the right name of spurious and unmanly sentimentalism, more lively than is associated with any other business in our whole national history.

After being in a majority against any relaxation of the Divorce Laws and any improvement in Divorce Court procedure, Morley now found himself in a hopeless minority; for young Oxford was still Tory and Cavalier to the backbone. Only three Ayes were recorded for the motion against forty-seven Noes.

In the next term, when a brilliant scholar of Balliol, C. S. C. Bowen, afterwards a Lord of Appeal, was elected President, Morley does not seem to have spoken. In the winter term, however, he came forward (November 1, 1858) with a motion: "That the political, social, and literary influence of Mr. Carlyle has been most important and beneficial". This time he did better, as he was only defeated by seven votes. In these and other debates of the time several men afterwards distinguished took part, including A. V. Dicey, who was elected President in 1859, T. H. Green, the philosopher, and the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, afterwards Lord Sheffield.

Morley does not seem to have played any games. So far as I know his only approach to sport was during the invasion panic of 1859, when he joined a University corps of volunteers organised to defend our island from an imaginary French invasion.

Arnold mentions the "cluster of remarkable men at Lincoln", and Morison's unique position there. He was wealthy, kept a horse, knew the Continent, and was writing a big book. "Knowledge was his forte, and omniscience his foible." Another prominent man at Lincoln—a scholar, oar, and cricketer—was John Henry Overton (1835–1903), whose history of the English Church in the eighteenth century appeared in the same

year as Morley's *Diderot.* Morison's influence may have inclined both to study the eighteenth century. But "our ways ran in opposite directions," wrote Morley, "to a distance that the pious founders, whose bread we ate in common, would have ill understood." To judge how far they were apart, the curious may compare Morley's *Diderot* or *Voltaire* with Overton's biographies of William Law and John Wesley. Another good scholar, also senior to Morley, was Francis E. Thompson, who went to Marlborough as a master and published a Greek Grammar and Syntax which earned him the undying hatred of a generation of schoolboys.

On the whole there is reason to think that Lincoln in those years hardly deserved the censure conveyed by Morley's phrase, "intellectual dilapidation". Before Morley left, St. John Thackeray, a good Latin versifier, who had been prominent at the Union, was added to the list of fellows. To the older group belonged the Rev. Octavius Ogle, Sub-Rector, one of the typical dons of caricature. An Oxford man who took responsions more than twenty years later remembers Ogle's oral cross-examination—"the ferocious joy with which he ploughed several unfortunate undergraduates, and the surly regret with which he announced that he could not plough me".

Probably the unhappy quarrel that cut short his University career, and his failure to attain conspicuous success in any field, made Morley's recollections of his three years in Lincoln less joyous than they really were.[1]

During Morley's undergraduate days British rule in India was threatened by the Mutiny. The China War of 1857 terminated in the triumph of Palmerstonian jingoism and a momentary extinction of the Manchester School in Parliament. Lord Derby's brief administration of 1858–59 was cut short by the dissolution of April 1859, which resulted in a small Liberal and Whig majority. Again Palmerston became Premier. But his

[1] *Recollections*, i. 9.

administration included Gladstone, and after the Gladstonian Budget of 1860, linked as it was with the Cobden Treaty, Liberalism steadily gained ground.

But while Morley was at Oxford political confusion reigned. The Whigs were contending with the Tories for office ; and there was little else to divide a Palmerston from a Disraeli. Between the Tories and the Whigs a group of Peelites moved uneasily, uncertain which of the two parties they should join. The Manchester School and a few Radicals, who stood apart, formed the nucleus of the Liberal-Radical party, which was to be a dominating factor in British politics from the Reform Bill of 1866 down to the Home Rule split.

But young Oxford, though a few enlightened spirits were coming under Mill's influence, had as yet no sympathy with Cobden or Bright. Thomas Hill Green, the philosopher, who was elected President of the Oxford Union in 1861, had tried in 1858 to get the society to express approval of his own political idol, John Bright. His motion " was frantically opposed ", and after two days of debate he found himself in a minority of two. The other was not Morley. In John Bright the ruling classes saw only a Radical demagogue, prime mover in the popular agitation for an extension of the franchise. The very foundations of society seemed in danger of being overturned. A coalition was proposed to resist the barbarian invasion.

" People talk of a grand fusion of the Conservative and Liberal-Conservative parties, modern Tories and modern Whigs making one solid national defence against Bright and the Radicals." So wrote Arthur Hugh Clough in the summer of 1859, but added shrewdly :

> Things tend a good deal that way, but unless Bright and the Radicals become formidable indeed, personal jealousies will keep the aristocratic parties in a state of separation. They have, however, acted together in this session, and have succeeded in staving off Parliamentary Reform and in some other things. The future is quite obscure.

From 1856 to 1859—Morley's years at Oxford—there was nothing in either of the two old parties to set young hearts aflame. But those were great years in literature and philosophy. A volume of Macaulay's *History* had appeared not long before Morley went into residence, and Oxford men were twitting the pride of Cambridge because he had mistaken the elms of Magdalen for oaks. Next to Macaulay in popularity came Carlyle, who, having "written himself out" as a social reformer, was then engaged on what Morley afterwards called "the clamorous sophistries" of *Frederick the Great.* Buckle's *History of Civilization* is referred to by Arthur Hugh Clough, in April 1858, as "the great literary success of the last twelve months". "Really," he added, "it is wonderful what numbers of people have read this thick volume and what a reputation its author has gained by it." I have no doubt that Morley read Buckle when it came out. In later life he often spoke of it with respect, but attributed its success to the "excited welcome" which the public then extended to any book explaining social phenomena at the expense of Providence.

Morley's later essays on Carlyle and Macaulay show how alien was his spirit from theirs. But until very late in life his appreciation of Carlyle was the more generous; partly because Macaulay's cadences grated on his ears, partly because as a reformer he preferred Carlyle's maledictions on society to the complacent eloquence in which Macaulay glorifies established order, extols the virtues of his countrymen, magnifies the progress of the working classes, and attributes all these blessings to the far-sighted and patriotic statesmanship of the Whigs.

This was the Augustan age of English fiction. While Morley was at Oxford *A Tale of Two Cities* appeared. Thackeray, who was then writing *The Virginians,* stood for Oxford in 1857 as a Radical and was beaten. In the same year George Eliot published *Amos Barton,* her first story, in *Blackwood's Magazine.* In poetry the music of Tennyson's verse had captured

the public ear. But Oxford was for once well represented in poetry and art. Matthew Arnold's fame was already secure. Clough was writing his 'Bothie'. William Morris and Burne-Jones had taken their degrees at Exeter in 1856, and in 1857 were helping Dante Gabriel Rossetti to decorate the roof of what is now the library of the Oxford Union Society with frescoes from the Arthurian legend. Swinburne, who came up to Balliol in 1857, took part with Morley in the Union debates. Their friendship was renewed when, as editor of the *Fortnightly*, Morley published many of Swinburne's poems and criticisms. But his love of Lucretius and Wordsworth and Goethe came later. At Oxford, as we know from the *Recollections*, he was not addicted to poetry.

There was growing up at Oxford a school of æsthetes and æsthetic socialists, who found inspiration in Ruskin. Some of them must have been among Morley's acquaintances. And when he took up the editorship of the *Fortnightly* ten years later he welcomed contributions from Rossetti, William Morris, Pater, and Symonds. But the cult did not appeal to him; and in more critical days he found the intermittent jingoism of Ruskin quite as repellent as Carlyle's blatant worship of Force and of the Heroes who personified it. Mr. Gladstone had a story about one of his breakfasts which Morley was fond of retailing. Among the guests was Ruskin. Gladstone spoke of three great improvements in human life and usages—the more lenient treatment of prisoners, the growth of peace sentiment, and the abolition of slavery. "But", said Ruskin, "I don't think that prisons ought to be humane, and I'm not against slavery, and I'm not against war."

It may be surmised that Morley's serious bent at Oxford was for religion and philosophy. How far he travelled in these three years along the path of rationalism is not clear. But he went far enough to feel that the Church could not be his vocation. "It had been

intended that when I was of due age I should go into orders, but life at Oxford had shaken the foundations." Judging by his *Recollections* and also by many of his talks, I should think that the books which first drew him from the path of orthodoxy were those of Darwin, Spencer, and Mill—above all Mill, whose *Dissertations* were published in 1859. Yet he attended with delight Stanley's lectures on ecclesiastical history, and seldom missed a sermon from the Bishop of Oxford at St. Mary's. Samuel Wilberforce, he explains, "excelled any man I ever heard in the gift of unction", and for that gift he confesses "an irresistible weakness". In truth Morley was naturally religious. I could imagine him in mediæval times a devout monk or austere prior, if Science had not visited him in the guise of a Bacon, a Darwin, or a Mill. Many a strict Churchman and earnest Dissenter conversing in later days with Morley felt a sense of his own worldliness.

At Oxford or Cambridge a man may get a 'Varsity reputation as scholar or debater. He may be a popular figure without shining at the Union, or winning athletic glory. But Morley made no mark among his contemporaries at Oxford. Even in the small society of Lincoln College he was not conspicuous. He blossomed late.

This does not mean that he did not enjoy Oxford, or that it did not influence his tastes, his philosophy of life, and his methods of reasoning. He was as truly a son of Oxford as his friends and contemporaries, Henry Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen, and Sir George Trevelyan, were sons of Cambridge. But he did not shine, as they shone, in the scholarship and society of the University. To him it bequeathed no bright memories of success. With the exception of Thomas Fowler and Cotter Morison, the friendships he made there counted for little in after life.

In one of the trifling essays which Morley wrote a few years later for the *Saturday Review*—entitled 'Falling Off', *i.e.* the 'falling off' of old friends—there occurs an

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obvious bit of autobiographical reflection. In reproducing it I take the liberty of omitting some superfluous matter without altering the form or expression :

When young ladies hear a man talk of his old set at college [he begins] they generally exclaim, How delightful it must be to meet in after life and talk over old days! The notion appeals to a sentimental imagination. The notion of a dozen men leaving for a moment the sordid cares of active life and throwing themselves freely back into the spirit of a time when life had no cares but only represented hopes and aspirations is eminently attractive, but very difficult of realisation. As a rule the members of a college set are scattered to the four quarters of the globe before they have reached five-and-twenty. One is out in India, another is in the Temple, a third is tending sheep in New Zealand, a fourth is shepherd of souls in Rutlandshire, while a fifth is being gradually petrified into a college don. Suppose circumstances bring them together again twenty years later, there is not much chance of the young ladies' notion coming true. The returned civil servant is stamped with the uncomfortable notions of the Anglo-Indian, the barrister has perhaps changed from a human being into a lawyer, the don is engrossed in all the pettiness of college politics, and the only persons with mutual sympathy are the two shepherds, between whom long social isolation and companionship with aborigines and sheep have induced a certain resemblance. But here a distinction should be drawn. If the set was based on athletic principles, the reunion will probably be far more successful than if the men had come together not because they could pull at the oar or play cricket, but because they liked the same books and held, or fancied they held, similar views on religion and philosophy. A simple taste like boating or cricket can never lead its votaries widely apart. A middle-aged conveyancer whom over-work has made too thin, or a parson whom country air, sound port, and an easy parish have made too stout to handle oar or bat, may still enjoy talking over old scores or memorable spurts.

But the men who composed an 'earnest set' seldom retain their common ground. Intellectual activity leads to

every variety of opinion. As their views diverge, the old friendship is distracted by indifference, disapprobation, or even enmity. Especially true is this of the transcendentalists, of whom in every University you find a small set fervently attached to Emerson and to the less valuable parts of Carlyle's teaching. They insist on worshipping sorrow and on recognising mysteriousnesses in man. They sit up half the night declaiming against political economy and logic, which they know nothing about, and against Bentham, whom they have never read. In due time some of them find it expedient to search for bread and butter in this contemptible world. They then learn that society is not so base as they thought, but is a machine boundlessly susceptible of improvement; that logic is on the whole rather a useful science; and that the discoveries of political economy have ameliorated the condition of mankind. Others, having enough money to be independent of a profession, continue to cherish their sublime thoughts and ineffable phrases. So when a converted and an unconverted transcendentalist meet, they are apt to separate in mutual disgust, the man of the world wondering how the common conditions of life can have failed to disperse the senseless notions they once cherished in common, the other deploring the falling off of one who had promised so well.

What was true of transcendentalism our essayist found true also of the set where earnestness took an Anglican or Evangelical turn. If any of the number are brought by a wider experience of life to more tolerant views, the same cry of 'falling off' is raised by those who remain true to pristine doctrine and practice. They make no allowance for the altered conditions of their friend's life or for the influences operating upon it. Finding that, though still sympathising with them in the main, he has ceased to be blindly thoroughgoing, they bewail his sad lapse into worldly latitudinarianism.

. . . . . .

It is not difficult here to see our Oxford man, after three or four years of hard drudgery in London, making a new confession of faith, or rather of doubt. He feels

that his boat has drifted from its old anchorage without finding a new one. Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and John Mill are replacing John Wesley and Carlyle. Neither a narrow faith nor a vague emotionalism satisfies his reason. Transcendentalism gives way to Empiricism, as the struggling journalist, after gaining a foothold, recognises that the real world is both harder and kindlier than he had supposed. If he has not quite embraced the religion of humanity, he has been brought by the logic of practical life to value the positive science of political economy and the teachings of the Utilitarian School. But it is pleasant to find in the closing sentences of this article a protest against the tendency to suppose that, because the views of old friends diverge from our own, therefore "everybody else is falling off". In lamenting the backsliding of others we are indeed "only obeying the instinct which makes all men demand more or less of self-approbation as a condition of existence". Only let us beware of letting this instinct run to excess by assuming that, while "an infinite variety of paths may lead to a common centre", our own is the only right one. This reminds one of the fine thought of an old Roman pagan, who had written some fourteen hundred years before to a Christian friend: "Uno itinere non potest pervenire ad tam grande secretum."—"There is no one route to so great a Mystery."

CHAPTER III

JOURNALISM—1860–1867

LEAVING Oxford with only a Pass Degree, without capital, too proud after the quarrel with his father to ask for help from home, John Morley was thrown upon his own resources. I believe he had some help from Thomas Fowler; but for three or four years it was a very hard struggle, not merely for the comforts, but at times even for the bare necessities of life. A sentence in a letter to Frederic Harrison, written nearly ten years after the clouds lifted, reveals the bitterness and hardships of his early struggles in Grub Street: (Feb. 19, 1873) "I was a scrawler when I first came to town—and I have scribbled many a day before now with a hungry paunch, but 'twas all honest and honourable." At first he seems to have lodged in Staple Inn; for in a speech at Clerkenwell (Dec. 12, 1888) he said, replying to a writer in the *Times* who had scoffed at the 'literary facility' of his contributions to the housing problem:

> I am tempted to recall how, when I first came, a great many years ago as a very young man, to London to learn the mysteries of 'literary facility', I had chambers—not having too much, any more than you have too much, of the superfluities of life—in one of those old lawyer's inns looking on one of the Holborn courts, I suppose not more than a mile or a mile and a half from here. I shall never forget, I can never forget, the doings of that London court while I was endeavouring to read. The horrors of life under my window would have impressed themselves on any man's mind. And when I go about other parts of London now, I have that in

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my recollection; and I see that what used to haunt me is still a type of far too large an area of existence in this great city. I do not wonder at the impatience and anger of our Socialist friends.

He tried tutoring for a time after leaving Oxford, and took a pupil abroad. This work did not suit him; but it gave him some months in Paris; and it was on this occasion, so his friend Frederick Arnold tells us, that "he chiefly acquired his remarkable insight into French literature". From the same source [1] we learn that "he took a mastership at a well-known school at Charlton in Kent with the late Mr. Pritchett". Morley and Arnold had graduated from Oxford about the same time, and for several years they helped one another. Arnold admired his friend's courage and industry:

He threw himself on the London world of letters and had a long and manful fight for his own hand. In this I was so fortunate as to be able to be of some little service to him in those early days. A man named Christmas, a clergyman, had projected a work on the Archbishops of Canterbury . . . and arranged with me to write some portions. . . . I tired at the work and handed it over to Morley, who did something at it. . . . The editorship of a declining literary journal [the *Literary Gazette*] came into my way, and Morley came on our staff. When I gave up this editorship he succeeded me as editor, and, I remember, sent me for review a volume of sermons under the comprehensive title of 'Sin', requesting me to be brief, "as the subject was too painful". . . . Morley and I at this time combined some tutorial work with literature. . . . The way in which he met the difficulties and vicissitudes of his early years with unfailing energy and courage was almost beyond praise. His mode of working showed a thoroughness and a care not often found among free-lances of the press.

In the summer of 1861 we know on the evidence of his own diary that Morley was still in low water; for during

[1] Frederick Arnold's Reminiscences, 1889.

a holiday in Norfolk (1891), while committing to memory Shelley's 'Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples', he "recalled the summer thirty years ago, when I first began to love poetry, and used to wander alone in the green fields and lanes round Twickenham, full of Shelley and Wordsworth. This piece was a special favourite—though God knows what reason I had for dejection at two-and-twenty, with plenty of 'hope and health and love and leisure', and good things within my grasp, if I had only been bold enough to know it."

Looking back at this unprosperous chapter in his life Morley admitted that journalism was Hobson's choice. From the Church he was debarred by opinion. For teaching he had "no liking and little aptitude". In later days "it was my long enduring regret that I had not made my way to the bar, with its immense opportunities, its honourable prizes, its fine gymnastic in combined common sense, accurate expression, and strong thought. But I had no prospects or connections; so I only read for a time in chambers, was called [in 1873] and purchased wig and gown."

Journalism remained, "a profession with drawbacks of its own". There are various ways of entering it. Many, perhaps most, of the successful editors and managers of newspapers have started as boys in the office, or as shorthand reporters. Wemyss Reid of the *Leeds Mercury* and Edward Russell of the *Liverpool Post*, two of Morley's contemporaries, rose in this way. Frederick Greenwood, W. T. Stead, and later H. W. Massingham were brilliant examples of self-made publicists. The gain in experience and technical knowledge of working one's way up the ladder is enormous; it may be compared with that of a manufacturer who has been trained from boyhood in all departments of the mill, or still better has climbed to the top by his own exertions. The drawback to an early apprenticeship is that a young man of talent misses the opportunity of learning—as he may chance to do at a University—some elements of

taste, style, logic ; the power of detecting a fallacy, of distinguishing between a first-class book and a second-class book, of avoiding the crudities and redundancies of 'journalese'. Not that all or most universities offer a liberal education in this sense. Nowadays scientific and technical courses leave many graduates incompetent in their own language and almost wholly ignorant of other tongues. But among Morley's contemporaries, and in the succeeding generation, a number of remarkable men, after taking their degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, won distinction as editors or leader-writers on the daily and weekly press, or as contributors to the magazines. Leonard Courtney, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen and his brother Leslie, C. P. Scott, Herbert Paul, J. A. Hobson, E. T. Cook, Henry Nevinson, J. A. Spender, L. T. Hobhouse, and J. L. Hammond are among the names that might be quoted. Most of them had won reputations at college, and all made their mark as editors, assistant editors, or leader-writers.

Morley had no such fortune. His abilities were only known to a few friends ; and of those few Cotter Morison was the only one with wealth and influence. So for a time he was thrown among the floating multitude of free-lances, who as a rule fail to make a livelihood and drift into some other occupation. Yet from this humble sort of journalism he rose to a higher political rank than any of his predecessors, except Disraeli, with whom in this respect he sometimes compared himself, though the less meteoric rise of Burke affords a better parallel. The start, or lack of a start, makes Morley's career as a journalist and editor all the more wonderful. It is comparable in the influence exerted on public opinion with that of Defoe, Jeffrey, Cobbett, Delane, and Bagehot. But remembering how many of his early acquaintances sank, and with what difficulty he kept his own head above water, he was not inclined to recommend journalism to needy aspirants seeking an easy high road to fame and fortune. He tells us from his own

experience how precarious is the life of a free-lance. Routine, which is so dear to most mortals, is not for him. He must cultivate variety, freshness, originality, or give up the race. "If his knack, whatever it amounts to, should cease to please he starves; if his little capital of ideas wears itself out he is despatched as monotonous and tiresome; if the journal to which he is attached changes hands, or changes principles, or expires, he, too, may expire. I say nothing of the temptation lurking in these irregularities for men of defective quality to ill-starred Bohemian ways, that waste priceless time, impoverish character, and as often as not spread long trails of overhanging cloud through life." Then again there are the moral dangers of the editorial 'WE'. Morley, the statesman, wincing under the uncompromising criticisms of disappointed disciples in the press, must often have thought of the freedom without responsibility he had once enjoyed, perhaps abused, and of the measure he had himself meted out to Gladstone and Gladstone's colleagues when they lapsed from the faith of the *Fortnightly* or the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This may have been in his mind when he wrote: "The posture into which the journalistic critic is almost bound to throw himself banishes what might be a salutary suspicion from his mind that the author or the politician under comment may possibly be his superior in the matter after all. This can hardly be altogether wholesome for a man's mental habits, though it fitted Carlyle's hortatory description of the writer as the new priesthood."

But if the habit of criticism is apt to produce an exaggerated sense of superiority, there is another peril, now, alas, with the organisation of newspaper trusts more formidable than ever. "Writing year after year upon instructions"—again we are quoting from the *Recollections*—"can hardly be good for mental health, and I have in my mind's eye more than one contemporary of mine with first-rate literary talent, whom this check

upon initiative reduced to rather second-rate work and name."

After reciting these drawbacks Lord Morley consoled himself with the reflection that after all " though journalism may kill a man, it quickens his life while it lasts ". Of all the professions it is the least likely to degenerate into a life of somnolent routine or indifference to affairs. " With intelligent and well-principled industry, and the faith that his private soldier's knapsack contains the baton of the field-marshal, he will do well enough for himself and the public."

In talks with me on the subject he always dated his success as an anonymous journalist from the time when John Douglas Cook, the queer, intemperate, and almost illiterate, but wonderfully successful editor-manager of the *Saturday Review*, became his patron. For my edification he once told me how over and over again he had tried to write the sort of ' middle ' which the *Saturday Review* wanted, and had thrown it into the waste-paper basket. According to one account Cook was attracted by articles in the *Literary Gazette*, and sent for Morley on finding that they came from his pen.

The *Literary Gazette* existed from 1858 to 1862. During its brief and (no doubt) unprofitable life it had five editors—Shirley Brooks, afterwards editor of *Punch*, H. Christmas, W. R. Workman, F. Arnold, John Morley, and C. W. Goodman. It was a useful and meritorious but by no means exciting periodical, which stated its aims and pretensions in one of the long titles then in vogue: " A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art, and Record of University, Ecclesiastical, Educational, Social, and General Information." In 1860 it believed in the invasion panic and approved of Palmerston's Fortification Scheme. In 1861, when Morley seems to have conducted it, the tone of its articles was if anything mildly conservative. But the feature of the *Gazette* in that year is the excellence of its reviews, especially of historical works ; and here we may detect the hand of

our youthful journalist. There are notices of Macaulay's posthumous history, of Motley's *United Netherlands*, and of Goldwin Smith's *Irish History and Irish Character*, among many others. The review of Goldwin Smith's book was probably by Morley—it expresses sympathy with views which he afterwards pressed vigorously. "With the loss of the Stuart cause came the age of Protestant Ascendancy and the Persecuting Code. We can scarcely wonder that M. Gustave de Beaumont has written his book on the fiendish theory that England has systematically sought to exterminate the Irish people. Mr. Smith's handling of this and all other wild extreme theories is very good." In later days Morley used to recommend the book, and the review betrays that sympathy with the victims of ascendancy rule which afterwards led him to take up a decisive stand against Coercion.

Many of these historical reviews are long, extending over two or more numbers. One extremely able criticism of a life of Castlereagh is a friendly rehabilitation of that statesman from the contemporary abuse with which he was loaded. It is almost certainly by Morley, who always shared Harcourt's partiality for Castlereagh, preferring him to Canning. I remember once checking his enthusiasm for Castlereagh by reciting from Shelley's 'Masque of Anarchy':

> I met Murder on the way,
> He had a mask like Castlereagh, etc.

On January 26, 1861, in a review of the Duke of Buckingham's *Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria* there is an allusion to Joseph Hume and the *Morning Star* which, I think, reveals Morley's hand. In 1830 the proposed revision of the Civil List caused consternation. The reviewer says: "It is clear that the officials in question were sadly afraid of an audit, and were resolved, in fear of the awkward exposures of Mr. Joseph Hume—the *Morning Star* and *Ralph de Peverel*

were not then in existence—to put their best legs foremost to prove that the high salaries and pensions paid out of the public purse in the department were not given without value received." Thirty-five years later, as member for the Montrose Burghs, Morley liked to think that Joseph Hume had once held the seat.

A review of *Evan Harrington* (February 9, 1861) may have led to one of Morley's great friendships. It occupies nearly four and a half columns, and is most laudatory, at a time when Meredith was seldom noticed, and hardly ever praised. The reviewer says : " For our own parts, we scarcely remember perusing a more fascinating work. . . . In our opinion *Evan Harrington* is the only novel of the day that is entitled to a place on the same shelf with such works as *The Woman in White*." To the modern Meredithian this may seem faint praise ; but Wilkie Collins's masterpiece was then not only a ' best seller ', but the delight of so fine a critic as Edward FitzGerald ; and this review was written at a time when hardly any one read either *Richard Feverel* or *Evan Harrington*. Were it not for a statement in the *Recollections* (vol. i. p. 36), which seems to date his friendship with Meredith from 1863, the appearance of so long and favourable a review of so unpopular a writer would argue editorial friendship.

Another article probably from Morley's pen is a discriminating appreciation of Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, whose second volume had recently appeared. But there is little in even the best of these reviews that rises much above the level of good literary hackwork. At this stage he most certainly had not achieved ' the glory of words ' or that distinction of style which afterwards placed him in the front rank of English prose writers.[1]

Mr. W. L. Courtney has stated that Morley once worked for a short time (no doubt in 1860) on the staff

[1] It may be mentioned that during his brief editorship the price of the *Literary Gazette* was reduced to threepence—a concession which was made possible by Mr. Gladstone's repeal of the paper duty.

of the *Leader*, a newspaper which George Henry Lewes edited. It expired, he says, soon after Morley joined it. If so—and there is no reason to doubt it—Morley saw more than his share of death-bed scenes in journalism during his apprenticeship; for he witnessed the demise of the *Leader*, the *Literary Gazette*, and the *Star*. The *Leader* was a weekly. Its first issue appeared on March 30, 1850, its last on June 30, 1860, when it was merged in the *Saturday Analyst*, which, in its turn, expired only five months later. The *Leader* expressed liberal and radical opinions, and gave a good deal of attention to literature and science. Lewes certainly edited it in the early 'fifties, and probably supervised it to the end. On its staff were Herbert Spencer, Marian Evans (George Eliot), Kinglake, the historian, and Edward Whitty, a clever Parliamentary sketch-writer. It seems to have died of dullness and Comte. A scrap of conversation between Carlyle and Lewes in 1859 is on record:

Carlyle. "When will those papers on Positivism come to an end?"

Lewes. "I can assure you they are making a great impression at Oxford."

Carlyle. "Ah! I never look at them. I looked into Comte once, found him to be one of those men who go up in a balloon, and take a lighted candle to look at the stars."

I never heard Morley mention the *Leader*; but he often talked to me about Lewes, whose cleverness he admired, but for whom he had no great liking. Lewes was a vivisectionist, and carried out experiments on the ground floor of his house, while George Eliot was working at her novels upstairs. In the 'sixties and early 'seventies Morley dined with them pretty frequently. More than once he was horrified at meeting in the hall, or on the stairs, some poor animal limping about in a mutilated state. Nothing ever convinced him that vivisection is permissible. He would have preferred, I think, that men should make cruel experiments on themselves

rather than upon the dumb creatures. He would not allow that the infliction of sufferings on animals can be justified by pleas of scientific necessity.

From Holborn Morley removed to the Temple, where he lodged in King's Bench Walk, sometimes alone, usually with friends. For a while he shared chambers with Richard Austin, a fairly successful journalist and at that time an intimate friend.

Dr. Jonathan Morley meanwhile had removed from Blackburn to the charming little seaside village of Lytham, where he died in 1862. His son, John, did not lose touch with Blackburn. In December 1861 he gave two lectures there—one to members of the Mechanics' Institute on the Darwinian theory, then a dangerous heresy; the other in the Town Hall on the Civil War in America. Unfortunately he was not reported in the local papers; but we learn that the proceeds of the Town Hall lecture (£3 : 2 : 6) went to a fund for the relief of the distress caused by the Cotton Famine. Miss Grace Morley remembered, after their father's death, her brother's fairly frequent visits to Lytham, where she went on living with her mother. Mrs. Morley, she told me, 'doted' on John, or 'Jack', as they called him. Grace would play the piano for him while he worked at his books and articles. They used to pack hampers of food and send them to the Temple. Once, when he was alone, his sister went with the hamper and stayed with him for a time in King's Bench Walk. The hard experiences of those days made him thrifty and careful about money, unlike his father, who was open-handed and easygoing. He learnt the valuable lesson, especially valuable for those whom ambition and public spirit lure into politics, that a balanced budget with a margin on the right side is a condition of comfortable independence. "Solvency", he wrote in 1865, "is one of the prime social virtues. People who flounder helplessly through the world for lack of it have nearly always themselves to thank."

As we have mentioned, Morley's account of George

Meredith dates their friendship from 1863 or 1864. "When I came to London at five- or six-and-twenty to try my fortunes at a hazardous vocation, he, being ten years my senior, benevolently took to me, and extended a cordial, indulgent, and ever-faithful hand." As he came to London at two-and-twenty, it is probable that the friendship with Meredith is here post-dated.[1] They were familiar certainly in 1863; for in August of that year Meredith counts on Morley to do his work for the *Ipswich Journal* while he is away on holiday. Through Meredith and Cotter Morison he was brought into a new circle—in which Captain Maxse, and William Hardman, and Chapman, the publisher, were prominent figures. Through them also he met a Bohemian set at the Garrick, a club which he afterwards joined.

Of Meredith's friendship, "it would be hard", wrote Morley in his old age, "to imagine finer personal inspiration for a beginner with a strong feel for letters in their broadest sense—letters in terms of life, and in relation to life":

He lived when I came to know him, in a modest cottage in the Esher country in Surrey; it had, as he said, very much the appearance of a natural product of the common on which it stood. . . . He came to the morning meal, after a long stride in the tonic air and fresh loveliness of cool woods and green slopes, with the brightness of sunrise on his brow, responsive penetration in his glance, the turn of radiant irony in his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair, Phœbus Apollo descending upon us from Olympus. His voice was strong, full, resonant, harmonious, his laugh quick and loud. . . . His personality seemed to give new life, inner meaning, vivacity, surprise, to lessons from wholesome books and teachers, and to shower a sparkling cataract of freshness on them all. Even the sight of a devoted worker persevering in unrewarded toil against clouds of difficulty, was in itself no ordinary stimulus. . . . Loud and constant was his exhortation. No musical note

[1] Cp. Vol. II. p. 14.

from a lute, it was the call of the trumpet from live lips. Live with the world. No cloister. No languor. Play your part. Fill the day. Ponder well and loiter not. Let laughter brace you. Exist in everyday communion with Nature. Nature bids you take all, only be sure you learn to do without.

Even the trite commonplaces of conduct, set forth in all the tones of physical joy, as he strode over his own fir countryside, over the heights of Hindhead in his beloved south-west wind, or along the running waters of Wordsworth's northern dales, were kindled into a new light as of planetary stars.

All this and much more wrote Morley, when his own sun was setting, in praise of a most inspiring friend. He does not deny that as a writer Meredith is often obscure, or that his talk was apt to be overstrained and marred by affectation. But for all that he gave Morley just the tonic he needed, the friendly criticism and exhortation which help rising talent to fulfil itself. In some of Meredith's published letters, as we shall see, affectionate admiration for his younger friend was often mingled with good advice and suggestion. Though not a politician, Meredith had plenty of political fervour. That was part of his strenuous temperament :

He was eager to learn everything new in public things; incomparable in fitting a fool's cap on a pretender, open to censure of some contemporary writers, a master in finding a word of power for some sane hint or mocking innuendo. In politics, which are mostly the salt of table-talk among men of active mind, he used to say, " Generally I am with the Liberals, but I do not always take party views." Mostly when people say they do not take party views, we may safely assume they are passably good Tories. That was assuredly no case of his. When our prospects in the Irish battle were darkest, Meredith stood firm to our drooping green flag.

It was probably some time in 1863 that Morley began to contribute to the *Saturday Review*. Here he made

another friendship, which also endured to the end. This was with Leslie Stephen—climber, pedestrian, biographer, critic, agnostic. A good deal will be found about him in the *Recollections*. Stephen had mistaken his vocation by taking orders at Cambridge. Acute rationalism followed. He left Trinity Hall and became a useful member of the staff of the *Saturday Review*, so useful that like Morley he received from Cook a special retaining fee. "Stephen and I"—so runs a passage in the *Recollections*—"were shut out from political writing, for we were both of us in politics inexorable root-and-branch men; our editorial masters were just as strong for Church and Queen, with even a dark suspicion of partnership with Dr. Pusey, and an odd admixture besides of two or three of the most unflinching and dogmatical Erastians in the kingdom. The staff must have worn a curious physiognomy to a candid observer who knew the secrets." Another *Saturday Reviewer* was the "important man who became Lord Salisbury. He and I were alone together in the editorial ante-room every Tuesday morning, awaiting our commissions, but he, too, had a talent for silence, and we exchanged no words, either now or on any future occasion."

When I was with him at Hawarden, engaged on the *Life of Gladstone*, Morley several times talked of these years (1863–1867) and of the tall slim figure of Robert Cecil whom he so often saw in Cook's ante-room. His own contributions were 'middles' and reviews—a middle being an article on some light topic or social subject, so called because it came between the political articles and the reviews. On one occasion Cook sent him to a donkey show at Islington, which was patronised by Baroness Burdett Coutts. Of all his early memories this was the one that tickled Morley most. Whether the donkey 'middle' actually appeared I have not discovered.

John Douglas Cook he used to describe as a conductor and hirer of talent rather than as an editor in the ordinary

sense of the word. As editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, a Peelite paper, Cook had failed. But when (in 1855) he turned from daily to weekly journalism, and established the *Saturday Review* with the financial backing of Beresford Hope (whose 'Batavian graces' were once satirised by Disraeli), he made a wonderful hit. Henry Maine, William Harcourt, Fitzjames Stephen, and Goldwin Smith were among the first contributors. Independence, smartness, and cleverness were its aim in politics and letters; but when Morley joined, it was becoming independent Tory rather than independent Liberal, and its political philosophy seldom accorded with his own. It was 'pot-boiling', to use Leslie Stephen's homely term, and the two friends did not pretend that their association with the *Saturday* was based upon any higher principle than the necessity of earning a livelihood. Stephen tells us that "the writers were for the most part energetic young men with a proper sense of their own infallibility and an enlightened contempt for all things vulgar and popular".

Perhaps the best characterisation of the *Saturday* in its golden days is Bagehot's. In discussing the influence exercised by Oxford and Cambridge on current thought he took the *Saturday Review* as an illustration of what University men had to teach the public about politics and social problems. Their wisdom, he says, amounts to something like this: "Such and such a lady has delicate feelings, which are desirable in a lady, though we know they are contrary to the facts of the world. All common persons are doing as well as they can, but it does not come to much after all. All statesmen are doing as ill as they can, and let us be thankful that *that* does not come to much either." We may search and search in vain, adds Bagehot, through this repository of the results of university teaching "for a single high cause which it has advanced, or a single deep thought which can have sunk into the minds of its readers". In fine, the *Saturday* was "a nearly perfect embodiment of the

corrective scepticism of a sleepy intellect". This is not flattering; but it conveys one aspect of the paper. Another earned it John Bright's nickname, *Saturday Reviler*. It printed some of Freeman's savage attacks on Froude, and indeed a *Saturday Reviewer* was expected to slash about him pretty freely as opportunity offered. Yet J. R. Green, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and William Scott, an eminent Puseyite, wrote for it at this time. Between 1860 and 1869 Freeman contributed over 700 articles for the *Saturday*, including some good historical work. One of the staff was Morley's friend, Austin, who left in 1863 for an editorship in India.

Like Fitzjames Stephen, Morley thought some of his *Saturday* 'middles' worth reprinting, for in 1865 he published an anonymous volume entitled *Modern Characteristics*. The title-page of this volume, the first, the rarest, and the least meritorious of his books, is

MODERN CHARACTERISTICS
A Series of Short Essays
From the *Saturday Review*.

London,
Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine Street,
Strand. 1865

Tinsley, it may be noted, was a prominent publisher of light literature at that time. *Tinsley's Magazine*, edited by Edmund Yates, was started in 1867.

On opening *Modern Characteristics* the reader comes upon a short prefatory note, very modestly worded:

> It is obvious that none of the following short Essays can pretend to be anything more than suggestive. If they have any value, it must be of this kind. Should they fortunately possess the quality of suggestiveness, they will, perhaps, be more useful and more agreeable to the reader than if they were so many systematic moral and social treatises.

In 1921 one of Morley's younger friends, Mr. H. Laski, well known for his studies in Political Science, mentioned

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that he possessed a copy of *Modern Characteristics*. Morley said he was heartily ashamed of the book, and asked him to destroy it, adding that no one should be held responsible for opinions written before forty! However, he was mollified, and went on to say that Leslie Stephen had liked the essays, though he found in them something of Emersonian sententiousness. Lord Acton had once borrowed the book, and returned it to Morley with the Actonian remark that it contained no quotations—which, by the way, is not strictly true.

Such titles as Social Salamanders, False Steps, Clever Men's Wives, Pagan Patriotism, Literary Industry, and Thrift, rather suggest conscious imitation of Hazlitt, or of the earlier Eighteenth Century School. Thrift is defined as "one of the virtues which the rich find an especial comfort in recommending to the poor". But that it is a virtue our essayist makes very clear.[1] A rather striking 'middle' on Domestic Autocracy might have been quoted against him in after years by one who still vividly remembers the austerity of his own upbringing and the severe discipline of his uncle's household. One of the quotations overlooked by Acton is from that overpowering letter of rebuke written by John Wesley to his jealous shrew of a wife:

> Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me. Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you was buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?

John Morley as *Saturday Reviewer* found in "the lofty self-complacency" of these words "a certain royal air"

[1] He recalls hearing "a man with a mass of unpaid College debts of many years' standing" enjoining it upon an assembly of mechanics, "every one of whom had money in the savings bank, with a fervour that astounded the few persons present who knew the orator's private position".

which raised them above the vulgar selfishness of the ordinary domestic tyrant. Evidently he had made Wesleyan researches, as befitted the son of a devout Wesleyan mother and a scholar of Lincoln; for in this same essay he also refers to the bigotry of old Samuel Wesley, John's father, who on discovering accidentally that his wife did not say 'Amen' to prayers for the recovery of King William the Third, refused to live with her any longer.

In style *Modern Characteristics* is too fluent, and sinks too often into mere journalese to deserve the name of literature. It lacks compression. The leap from this to *Burke*, published only two years later, is prodigious. In *Burke* are sentences, even pages, which touch the level of his very best work. In these *Saturday* 'middles' the thought is often far better than the style; as when, for example, he argues that a second-rate thinker who writes books may be a more useful member of society than a second-rate politician who makes speeches. But in comparing Mr. Gladstone, the great statesman and orator, with Mr. Mill, the great philosopher, he admits that a young man "with ordinary self-control" would rather have delivered a Gladstonian oration than have written the *System of Logic*. "In fact, one would scarcely have a right to think ill of him, if he preferred the dignity of a Chancellorship or an Archbishopric to the very highest reputation as a philosopher." After all, the prime characteristics of an Englishman are activity and energy; "the conflicts of the political arena gratify a national instinct". Had not Mr. Mill himself once said that to produce much direct effect upon the minds and destinies of his countrymen an Englishman must be a Member of Parliament or the editor of a London newspaper? Young Morley half protests against this view, half inclines towards it. As it happened he was to be by turns all three—the reflective, philosophic man of letters and book lover, the political editor, and the orator statesman. But he took care not to be one of the

throng whom he here describes as pressing into either political or philosophic second-places.

Morley did not ever pretend to be insensible to the pleasures of success or to the dignity and emoluments of high station. But throughout a long public career as writer, politician, and statesman public spirit in him was never quenched by personal ambition. Neither to himself nor to others did he present life as a selfish quest for money, place, or power. To guide and influence public opinion in what he believed to be the direction of Truth and Justice was his high purpose, the mainspring of his activities, the secret of his reputation.

There is one 'middle', on 'New Ideas' (published in the *Saturday Review*, October 1865), which arrests the attention not only because it brought Morley into personal contact with his great teacher, John Stuart Mill, but because there is in it a golden vein of freshness and originality. We are all agreed—so runs the argument—that new ideas are necessary to enable society to escape stagnation; but few are ready to give them a fair hearing:

> The difficulty with which a new idea makes any way in the world is sufficiently notorious; but the blame of this is, we fancy, too exclusively laid upon the confessed blockheads of society. The simple theory of a great modern writer [Carlyle] that "most people are fools", is scarcely an adequate explanation of the stubborn resistance which every new notion has to encounter; for the majority of fools are decently tractable if they are judiciously managed.

Really the managers and leaders are more to blame than the flock. The paradox that wise men keep the world back more than fools means "that the people who withstand all new projects must at least have brains enough to see their weak points".

A hundred years back sensible arguments had been put forward by wiseacres against the new but excellent idea of canals:

Canals would cause a serious falling off in the breed of that noble animal, the draught-horse. They would entail the sinking of enormous sums of money, and so, by diminishing the circulating capital, would cripple the trade of the country. They would be the means of withdrawing a great deal of land from cultivation. They would cause the natural navigation of rivers to be neglected. Lastly, they would affect the coasting trade, and so the supply of British seamen for the navy would be impaired. A fool could never have found out all this.

Thirteen years before (1852) similar objections had been urged against conveying coals by rail; the coasting trade would suffer, the training of our seamen would be impaired; Britannia would cease to rule the waves.

Men of second-rate wisdom will not examine a new idea until it has become very old. Mill's recent articles on Comte have called attention to some of Comte's latest theories; and because some of them are droll, average opinion thinks all may be rejected. It is this hatred of everything which is new and strange, and which therefore is sure to *sound* droll, that keeps us back.

Most new ideas, indeed, on inquiry, have to be rejected; but that is no reason against inquiring into them. We should not test them by neglecting and snubbing them, as foolish people expose children to hardships in the belief that they are hardening them. Besides indolence, Morley noted two hostile influences "to the fair reception of novelties". First came "the amiable cynicism which is so dear to a large portion of modern youth". Such a young man may be clever and cultured, but he has no belief in progress. "He does not scout new ideas, nor denounce those who broach them, nor get angry over them. He only views them with a steady indifference, a profound imperturbability." Secondly, there was a larger class "who think that the world does best of itself without much active interference

from us". They believe that things are improving, but they expect improvement to spring up like Aladdin's palace without their assistance. "The notion never occurs to them that the whole process consists in as many people as possible keeping their minds on the alert for new ideas, and then instantly putting their shoulders to the wheel for testing them and carrying them into practice." Our essayist sums up: "What with these two [types of mind], and what with the ignorant, and the people who are too much occupied in winning daily bread to think of anything else, a new idea has rather a hard time of it, in spite of the nineteenth century and its unspeakable glories."

A friend had sought to introduce him to Mill a few months before, but in vain. The philosopher in his seclusion at Blackheath was more hospitable to new ideas than to new acquaintances. But when he read this article he "felt a strong wish to know who was its author, as it shows"—so ran his first note to Morley, November 4, 1865—"an unusual amount of qualities which go towards making the most valuable kind of writer for the general public". It was a proud moment for an obscure journalist who had only just struggled to his feet to have won such approval as this from the world-famous author of *Liberty*.

Morley always felt that the chance which led him to write this article and brought it to Mill's notice was one of the most fortunate events of his life. Already an academic disciple, he had looked up to Mill as a teacher; he now learned to reverence the man as well as his books. Their tempers were well attuned; and Morley had a genius for friendship. Morison, Meredith, Mill, all helped to bring out his gifts and his talents. His soul responded to their influence. Above all, the sublime character of Mill elevated his thought and enlarged his horizon, prompting new ambitions of public service and philosophic endeavour. Soon he became a "pretty regular guest" at the five o'clock Saturday dinners, where the

Saint of Rationalism entertained his friends and disciples. Those were famous symposia. Grote, the historian of Greece, one of the Philosophic Radicals who had been brought up in the school of Bentham, Herbert Spencer, Charles Lyell the geologist, Louis Blanc, and economists like Fawcett and Cairnes, were among the elect. In later days Morley never tired of talking about the afternoon dinner parties at Blackheath. Once, he told me, Mill invited Herbert Spencer to expound the fundamental ideas of his philosophy. When the dinner was over the exposition took place. It lasted about twenty minutes. The host was very much pleased and remarked to Morley on Spencer's power of expression. Morley agreed; but Fawcett, an intensely practical person, was horribly bored.

Another incident in his life as a *Saturday Reviewer*, which Morley often recalled with pride, came towards the end of his connection with the paper. On April 7, 1866, *Toilers of the Sea*, an authorised translation by W. Moy Thomas of Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la mer*, was reviewed in the *Saturday* by John Morley, of course anonymously. The article extends over three closely printed columns. It begins with a protest against the translation as a singularly indifferent performance. It seemed to be "the fate of illustrious Frenchmen, emperors and republicans alike, to meet incompetent translators in this country". Several amusing instances are also given of Victor Hugo's own ignorance of English. When he meant bagpipes he referred to 'le Bug-pipe'. Still more amazing seemed 'le premier de la quatrième' for 'the Firth of Forth', which reminded the reviewer of the old chestnut 'poitrine de caleçons' for 'chest of drawers'; but these laughable blemishes in translation were eclipsed by such a power and depth of sublimity as Victor Hugo had scarcely reached before either in his prose or in his verse.

Beginning with Victor Hugo's idea that man in religion, society, and nature has to struggle with a triple

fatality, *ἀνάγκη*, of dogmas, laws, and things, Morley proceeds: "As in *Notre-Dame de Paris* we saw the working of the first of these contests, and in *Les Misérables* the resistless pressure of the second, in *Les Travailleurs de la mer* we are asked to watch man contending with external nature, and then, crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *ἀνάγκη* in the heart of man." The story is very simple. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice of outer Nature in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously and irrecoverably, lost her heart to another. This rugged hero, Gilliatt, Morley prefers to the more artificial ones of *Notre-Dame* and *Les Misérables*. "The terrors of the wave may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which, for their cure or right understanding, demand, not the poetic, but the scientific mind."

The force of Nature—wave, wind, and rocks—here depicted is so mighty and malignant as to be "almost a Satan". There is but one ray of optimism:

> Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur. It will be seen from this that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other poets have been. Of course nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbour-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has most attraction for him.

Hugo's feeling towards Nature is contrasted with that of other poets: "To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed. . . . Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats, the feeling of Wordsworth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little

more than a storehouse of emblems for the better side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously enclasped, not as some remote and pure spirit, shining cold yet benign upon men, but as man's cruel and implacable foe." The end, where the hero is finally destroyed by the sea, is magnificent. "It is this grand εἰρωνεία which raises what might otherwise have been a mere idyll into a lofty tragedy."

On the whole we may call this a fine, balanced piece of criticism, and need not wonder that it gave intense pleasure to the author. A few days later the editor of the *Saturday* received a letter from Victor Hugo, thanking him for "une page de haute et profonde critique". He had had it translated, and hailed the writer as "un honorable et sympathique confrère", a worthy descendant of great English thinkers from Shakespeare to Wilberforce. At that time Hugo was living in Guernsey. After the fall of "Napoleon the Little" Morley had the pleasure of meeting the returned exile in the company of Renan, when "time and settled glory had brought to him a measure of serenity".

To this year (1866) belong a dozen pages on George Eliot,[1] written for *Macmillan's Magazine*. They gave keen pleasure to the novelist, and served as the best possible introduction to a friendship which Morley enjoyed from this time onwards until her death, and prized only less than his association with John Mill. These 'Notes', as he called them in a later reprint, give us a good idea of young Morley's taste in fiction aptly illustrated by characters and reflections taken from *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, and *The Mill on the Floss*. It has been wisely said, he begins, that the end of all literature is criticism of life; and the reason why so few novels have any place in literature is that they utterly fail in this respect:

[1] This criticism appears in *Critical Miscellanies*, First Series, Chapman and Hall, 1878, with the title "Some Notes on George Eliot", and a footnote stating that they were "written in 1866". In later editions of the *Miscellanies* they are (unfortunately, I think) omitted.

Book I.

It is not given to every writer who can spin a plot and piece together a few traits of character, labelling them with the name of a man or a woman, to perceive that life moves from a thousand complicated and changing springs. . . . In George Eliot's books the effect is produced by the most delicate strokes and the nicest proportions. In her pictures men and women fill the foreground, while thin lines and faint colours show us the portentous clouds of fortune or circumstance looming in the dim distance behind them and over their heads. She does not paint the world as a huge mountain with pigmies crawling or scrambling up its rugged sides to inaccessible peaks, and only tearing their flesh for their pains.

Silas Marner, one of the shortest novels ever written, abounds in ' deep suggestive reflection ', and shows how richly its author appreciated ' the great neglected truth that people want texts and not sermons '. Morley holds that " if a novel has any use at all apart from the idlest diversion it must be as a repertory of vivid texts " and reflections that enlarge the scope of our affections and passions. " These ", he declares, " are the rightful fruits of that pleasure which is the first aim of the novel reader, and which he too often takes to be the only aim and to be itself the fruit when in truth it is only the blossom." One wonders how many modern readers would like to be pulled up and forced to think, or would agree with Morley's dictum : " To be stopped short by a sentence that requires to be read over more than once is the best thing that can befall the novel reader, or, for that matter, any other sort of reader."

Another admirable quality which our critic finds in George Eliot is her freedom from transcendental artifices and mystic visions and discourse of eternal unspeakable aspirations. Even in the fifteenth century she can portray " human beings who never saw angels or heard perfectly clear messages ". In her novels those who love to have characters " hoping and thinking and talking ethereally, as seraphs may be supposed to do,

or as people do in some German novels, are disappointed. The lovers of Werterism find no iota of their favourite creed. No flapping of the wings of the transcendental angel is heard."

This suggests a comparison, very favourable to George Eliot, with 'the late Lord Lytton', who described the spiritual sensibility of his Helen as "the latent mesmerism in water" and as "an angel hymning low to her own listening soul". Even a romance writer, he says, cannot shirk common sense with impunity. George Eliot is a realist. "There is no blinking of the eyes to the part which debts and want of money and uncontrolled impure desires and all other sordid or foul circumstances play in life." She sees the temptations of unsuccessful poverty and of prosperity; but "she excludes the innate villainy of the human heart from her theory of things". In her view, the troubles that beset men are mostly the fruit of weakness rather than of inborn devilishness:

> It is because they palter and play the fool with their own conscience and trust to the great god Chance to find them a way back to virtue and happiness that they fall back into sin and misery, and lead others into the same ill plight. As a rule they mean no ill. Arthur Donnithorne allowed himself to slide cautiously down the slope towards wrong doing, until passion had got impetus enough to hurry him uncontrollably into the pit at the bottom. Tito also was a good fellow enough, save that he did not like the things which in themselves are not always likeable—labour, sacrifice, pain, hardness. So he avoided them.

From this, and much more, it is evident that Morley found in George Eliot's novels experiences, temptations, tragic failures, cruel misfortunes such as he had felt, suffered, witnessed, or escaped. He is groping his way as she did towards a positive moral philosophy, a sober brain, a high-minded realism. And he praises her because, while extenuating the motives that lead men

into mistakes, she does not soften their consequences. He likes her kindly irony and humane spirit, and the mood that lies midway between laughter and tears :

> She would not have invented a sea-monster for the sake of inflicting grim and bloody vengeance on the bad Sieur Clubin as Victor Hugo does. . . . It would have been enough for George Eliot, as it is for Mr. Carlyle, when he encounters Sieur Clubin in history, to leave the poor wretch to make as much of his villainy as he could, and to wish almost in good humour that he might be the better for it. Like Mr. Carlyle too, in this as in a great many other points, George Eliot perceives that the only course for honest and worthy folk in the tangle which fools, with or without circumbendibuses, contrive to make of the world is to stick to the work that the hand findeth to do.

Here is a good deal of the philosophy which Morley carried with him right through life. The ' Notes ' end with a remark on style which many an ambitious author might well lay to heart : " These novels show to people who write that style is not the result of reading but of thinking. It is not the assiduous cultivation of a style as such, but the cultivation of the intellect and feelings which produces good writing. Style comes of brooding over ideas, not over words."

His experiences as a staff writer under the " mystic editorial ægis " of Cook gave Morley a strong bias against anonymity. He thought the system was bad for character, making for " weak pliancy ", and that the general introduction of signed articles would " contribute to the improvement of journalism and the diffusion of sound views ". With his usual fairness in controversy he considered and answered an objection by supporters of the existing system :

> One journalist has said that there is some kind of divinity —I know not what—developed in you if you belong to the staff of a paper. The paper generates a spirit of its own, which enters into you when you take up your pen to write

for it. If you are writing for one journal you will find yourself brilliant and bitter; if for another, your soul will be seized with pomposity and dullness; if for a third, over your soul there steals either a fine fanciful subtlety, or else a pert and delicious self-confidence.

He owns that there is some truth in this. The consciousness of association has "a very strong and perceptible influence" on the mind of a journalist. But he thinks it would operate, even if the screen were abandoned. But if it did not, so much the better; for there is an evil side to the personality of a newspaper, if it becomes invested with divinity. "May not the Tone and Spirit of a journal, originally the creation of the contributors to it, soon assume the mien and size and power of something outside of and superior to themselves, something to which they feel constrained to bend? I believe most journalists would admit this to be the case." Here, then, we are in the presence of palpable mischief, because such a sentiment is a thoroughly irrational and misleading superstition. Men under its influence, "instead of thinking out questions independently and exercising their own judgment, habitually find themselves consulting this demigod of an abstraction considering what IT would dictate, reflecting in moods, almost in phrases, what they might suppose the demigod using. Writers are not deliberately dishonest who thus give the world, instead of the products of independent judgment, the supposed thoughts of a shadowy abstraction. It is the anonymous system which teaches the journalist to look upon himself as nothing, and his Journal as everything." It was all to Morley's honour and credit that after escaping from thraldom he determined as editor to grant contributors a freedom he so much prized.

In his *Recollections* Morley is half inclined to apologise for these years of *Saturday Reviewing*. "I thought myself fortunate", he said, "when (in 1867) I secured more freedom from journalistic urgencies by becoming a reader to the publishing firm of Macmillans." But he

had no reason to regret his work on the *Saturday*. It had won him, as we have seen, the friendship of one great man, and handsome recognition from another. It had relieved him from the pressure of poverty, and had given him a sure foothold in his profession. He was now ready to spring on to fresh ground where he could strike out a path of his own in politics and letters.

About this time he fixed his affections on a very pretty and graceful girl, Rose Ayling, whom he married after his mother's death in 1870. She was slim, but not tall, with flaxen hair and light blue eyes, a good walker and afterwards an ardent cyclist, fond of the country, of trees and plants and birds. She never cared much for politics, books, or society; seldom visited, or dined out. But she proved a loyal and devoted wife. "I am not surprised that he fell in love with her," said Miss Morley to me after his death and hers. She had strong feelings and warm affections, and was full of kindness for those whom she liked.

BOOK II

FIRST SUCCESSES

"There be secret and hidden virtues that bring forth fortune; certain deliveries of a man's self, which have no name. The Spanish name, desemboltura, partly expresseth them; when there be not stonds nor restiveness in a man's nature; but that the wheels of his mind keep way with the wheels of his fortune."—BACON.

CHAPTER I

THE 'FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW'

FORTUNE smiled on Morley as well as on Liberalism when, towards the end of 1866, he was appointed "by the influence of Cotter Morison", as he tells us, to the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*. It had been founded less than two years before by Anthony Trollope, who had already made his fame as a novelist of country life and county society, by George Henry Lewes the versatile philosopher, by Cotter Morison, Edward Chapman the publisher, and others. They subscribed about £8000, and launched their venture (at first fortnightly) in May 1865. A good account of it is given by Trollope in his simple but most attractive *Autobiography*. At that time (1864–65) he says:

> I was engaged with others in establishing a periodical review, in which some of us trusted much, and from which we expected great things. There was, however, in truth so little combination of idea among us, that we were not justified in our trust or in our expectations. And yet we were honest in our purpose, and have, I think, done some good by our honesty. The matter on which we were all agreed was freedom of speech, combined with personal responsibility. We would be neither conservative nor liberal, neither religious nor free thinking, neither popular nor exclusive.
>
> They would let any man who had a thing to say, and knew how to say it, speak freely, but always with the responsibility of his name attached. They subscribed

£1250 apiece, and "having agreed to bring out our publication every fortnight, after the manner of the well-known French publication, we called it the *Fortnightly*". Having secured the services of G. H. Lewes as editor, they carried out their principles until their money was all gone, and then sold the copyright to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Before parting with their property they had found that a fortnightly issue was not liked by the publishers and bookstall men. Accordingly, "as our periodical had not become sufficiently popular itself to bear down such opposition, we succumbed and brought it out once a month. Still it was the *Fortnightly*, and still it is the *Fortnightly*. Of all the serial publications of the day it probably is the most serious, the most earnest, the least devoted to amusement, the least flippant, the least jocose,—and yet it has the face to show itself month after month to the world with so absurd a misnomer!" So wrote Trollope in or about the year 1876. With his usual candour he took the whole blame for the 'absurdity' upon himself. It is a very serious thing, he remarks, to change the name of a periodical; for that is almost equivalent to beginning a new enterprise. "Therefore should the name be well chosen;—whereas this was very ill chosen, a fault for which I alone was responsible." Had he lived to see one of its rivals, the *Nineteenth Century*, appearing in the twentieth century he might have been comforted. The founders of the *Review*, he adds, had meant to be quite eclectic, allowing free scope to independent thinkers and to the widest diversity of opinion on all sorts of subjects. Why this design proved impracticable Trollope explains:

> Liberalism, free thinking, and open inquiry will never object to appearing in company with their opposites, because they have the conceit to think that they can quell those opposites; but the opposition will not appear in conjunction with liberalism, free thinking, and open inquiry. As a natural consequence our publication became an organ of liberalism, free thinking, and open inquiry. The result has been good;

and though there is much in the now established principles of the *Fortnightly* with which I do not myself agree, I may safely say that the publication has assured an individuality, and asserted for itself a position, in our periodical literature which is well understood and highly respected.

In one of the early numbers Trollope wrote a paper advocating signed articles, though admitting that the system should not be extended to political journalism. On this subject his views, like Morley's, underwent some modification. But he did not recant; for he continued to believe that the practice tends to honesty, and makes a writer more careful, besides debarring him from illegitimate licence and dishonest statement. The case for signature could not be put better or more concisely than in Trollope's manly assertion that one should never be ashamed to acknowledge what one is not ashamed to publish.

After a time G. H. Lewes retired from the editorship, finding the work too severe. Seeing also that a funeral was in prospect, he may not have wished to be chief mourner or to read the burial service. The company found difficulty about a successor, and soon afterwards, as we have seen, disposed of the concern for a few hundred pounds to Chapman and Hall, of whom, by the way, Trollope speaks well as paymasters.[1]

"I must say," adds Trollope, who had a handsome way of speaking about his friends,

"the present proprietor has been fortunate in the choice he did make. Mr. John Morley has done the work with admirable patience, zeal, and capacity. Of course he has got round him a set of contributors whose modes of thought are what we may call much advanced; he being 'much advanced' himself, would not work with other aids. The periodical has a peculiar tone of its own; but it holds its own with

[1] Apropos of one of his novels, he remarks, elsewhere, chapter viii.: "In our dealings together Mr. Edward Chapman always acceded to every suggestion made to him. He never refused a book and never haggled at a price."

ability, and though there are many who perhaps hate it, there are none who despise it. When the company sold it, having spent about £9000 on it, it was worth little or nothing. Now [1876] I believe it to be a good property."

Morley and Trollope were on excellent terms, though they had not much in common, and Trollope continued to write pretty frequently for the *Fortnightly* after the new editor came in. On one occasion their friendly relations were a little strained. Trollope's favourite recreation was a ride with the hounds. Suddenly there appeared in the *Fortnightly* a fulmination from Freeman, the historian, condemning fox-hunters for cruelty, and asking whether any educated man could possibly find delight in so coarse a pursuit. As a founder of the *Fortnightly* the novelist felt this "almost as a rising of a child against the father", and obtained Morley's permission to reply in defence of fox-hunting. The reply was vigorous and not ineffective. A rejoinder followed, and Trollope asked for further space: "I could have it, the editor said, if I much wished it; but he preferred that the subject should be closed. Of course I was silent. His sympathies were all with Mr. Freeman,—and against the foxes,—who but for fox-hunting would cease to exist in England."

Curiously enough the same year (1865) that saw the foundation of the *Fortnightly Review* saw also that of another periodical with which Morley's name was to be associated, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was started by Mr. George Smith, the famous publisher, with a brilliant staff. After a time Frederick Greenwood, a very able journalist, who passed by degrees from independent Liberalism to independent Toryism, became editor. FitzJames and Leslie Stephen, George Meredith, G. H. Lewes, Lord Houghton, W. R. Greg, and other friends of Morley contributed to its columns. Morley too wrote occasionally for a paper which he was fated afterwards to edit with important consequences for himself and for the Liberal party.

The first number of the *Fortnightly Review* (published by Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly, on May 15, 1865) had opened with an article by Walter Bagehot on "The English Constitution". In the first volume we find contributions by George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Frederic Harrison, George Meredith, and Anthony Trollope. Morley took over the editorship in January 1867, and held it for fifteen years. It was Millite and Positivist, never Comtist, in its philosophy; and its politics were at first amateurish, if not academic. But the new editor made up in fervour and sincerity what he lacked in knowledge of the world. In his hands "the thing became a trumpet" for the advanced guard of Liberal and Radical opinion. Before the fall of Mr. Gladstone's first administration he came into contact with the new Birmingham School, and the *Fortnightly* began to expound a very practical Radicalism, of which Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were the prophets. A dash of Republicanism and more than a dash of Agnosticism marked its bold forays into the territories of political privilege and established dogma.

Save in a very few exceptional cases Morley did not flinch from the policy of the signed article—an innovation which found favour with readers of monthlies, and was soon imitated. In one of his first contributions he maintained that "the immeasurably momentous task of forming national opinion" should not be entrusted to men made irresponsible by secrecy. This zeal for what he believed to be Truth and Justice inspired him with the energetic ardour of a reformer. He had found his vocation. To his essay "On Compromise", published in the *Fortnightly* during the year 1874, he prefixed Whately's saying: "It makes all the difference whether we put Truth in the first place or the second place." A caustic critic observed that except in the title he could find no trace of compromise in Morley's book.

Morley's first number begins with an article on "France in the Eighteenth Century", by Dr. J. H.

Bridges, one of the Wadham Positivists, who believed in the religion of history, holding that those who would improve their own age should learn from the reformers of previous times, and so by a scientific and generous study of the past prepare to understand the present. A poem by Swinburne,[1] a serial story by Whyte-Melville, and the concluding chapter of Bagehot's "English Constitution" are other features of a good if not very exciting start. Among his critical notices of books the editor reviews a new edition of *Guesses at Truth* by the brothers Hare. There is not much depth or colour in them, he thinks, but "always a certain frosty clearness and transparency". Morley's principal contributions to the *Review* in 1867 were chapters on "Edmund Burke", republished at the end of the year in a volume which will claim attention in our next chapter.

Besides the animated fervour which an editor inspired by faith in democracy and the righteous indignation of a social reformer could impart to its pages, a review like the *Fortnightly* needed for success such variety of interest as can only come from a well-chosen band of frequent and occasional contributors. A competent manager who can afford to pay well has no difficulty in getting eminent names in politics and literature —though eminent names are not always appended to lively articles. But there was no such purse of Fortu-

[1] In the previous year (August 4, 1866) Morley had written, anonymously of course, a review of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* for the *Saturday*. He discovered many beauties but castigated the poet so severely for "tuning his lyre in a sty" that Moxon the publisher withdrew the book from circulation. Long afterwards Morley acknowledged his authorship of the review to Sir Edmund Gosse, who was then writing his *Life of Swinburne*, and has since described the incident in an interesting letter to the *Times Literary Supplement*, October 20, 1923. Swinburne owed a double debt to Morley; first for a well-deserved moral castigation, secondly for the recognition that his fine work as poet and prose writer secured in the *Fortnightly* when he was still struggling. The only comment I would make on Sir E. Gosse's narrative is that when he wrote the review Morley must have known that Swinburne would easily find out the author, as Mill and Victor Hugo had done. See p. 79.

natus to make things easy all round for the young editor. He was in a sort of partnership with the publishers, whose prime object was to convert a loss into a profit. It was no easy task; but Morley threw himself into it with prodigious energy. He had the knack of finding the right man and of persuading him to produce the right thing at the right time. Before long to appear in the *Fortnightly* became a distinction. If the publisher's cheque was small, the editor's letter enclosing it often mollified the ruffled feelings of a good contributor. He not only knew exactly what he wanted and the exact length, but possessed (or very soon acquired) wonderful skill in restraining prolixity and in keeping bores at a distance. From the founders of the *Fortnightly*, Anthony Trollope, Cotter Morison, and George Henry Lewes, he inherited a valuable connection including the incomparable Bagehot, whose essay on "Crabb Robinson"—published in Morley's *Fortnightly*—was, I remember, singled out by Sir George Trevelyan as the best magazine article he had ever read. The patronage of George Eliot and Mill brought to the *Fortnightly* a fine array of philosophers and scientists at a time when Darwin's discoveries, Mill's speculations, and the social philosophy of Comte had stirred men to new ways of thinking about the origin of life, the mystery of death, and the purpose of human institutions. But the two men on whom he at first depended most were George Meredith and Frederic Harrison. From Meredith's private correspondence we know how gay and how fresh were the breezes that blew from Box Hill to the editorial desk. What would we not give for a Meredithian portrait of Morley as Meredith saw him at this time? There is something very pleasing in the pride and joy with which the elder watched the rising fortunes of the younger, while his own ascent to fame was so unjustly slow. Even at this distance of time the mirth of Meredith's earlier letters takes us by storm. Of those published the most rollicking were written to William Hardman, nicknamed 'Tuck'.

When ' Tuck ' was elected Mayor of Kingston, Meredith and Morley drew up a mock address in his honour. Hardman was a Tory. Captain Maxse, another intimate friend, was in those days a Radical, eccentric, ebullient, hot-headed, and wholly unorthodox. To Maxse Meredith wrote, when the *Fortnightly* appeared, that it was helping Truth and Philosophy " to sap the structure ". By " the structure " he seems to have meant Dogma, Privilege, Intolerance, and the Established Church. Meredith anticipated a conflict with clericalism in about twenty years, but deprecated revolutionary violence in the meantime, and thought Maxse too impetuous. His own political notions, though quite unsystematic, often coincided with Morley's. He loved to write an experimental article on politics ; but it was a luxury he could only afford occasionally because (as he said) Greenwood and other editors for whom he ' pot-boiled ' refused to treat his political views seriously ; and consequently an experimental article was " always in danger of slipping into the waste-paper basket ". Sometimes Meredith and Morley differed. Morley, for example, enjoyed visiting Lord Houghton, " the Lord of Fryston ", a great patron of letters. One trip was enough for Meredith. " Fryston ", he wrote, " is the dullest house with the dryest company in the dismallest county I have ever visited."

When Morley went off to America, Meredith wrote a long poem wishing him God-speed, and published it in the *Fortnightly* for December 1867 with the title " Lines to a Friend visiting America ". A month or two before he had published another of about the same length called " Phaethon ". Swinburne, who had received a very small sum for some of his poems, sent an indignant letter while Morley was away contrasting this meagre cheque with the fatter ones that had come to him while the company was spending its capital. Meredith replied that the *Fortnightly* had passed from a (philanthropic) company to an (unphilanthropic) publisher " who tries

to diminish the expenses as much as he can, the editor being the chief sufferer", adding: "when I see Morley I will state your complaints to him: but from the sum he gets it's scarcely possible for him to pay more without doing so out of his own pocket. . . . I received for my 'Phaethon' (about 150 lines) £5." He might have mentioned that this was the amount Milton received for *Paradise Lost*. In Meredith a strain of caution and common sense sometimes marks a lively sally into the field of philosophy. One of his letters (1869) contrasts the spirituality and humanity of Carlyle and Ruskin with the wisdom of Mill. But then—pursuing the same subject a little later—he observes that Carlyle, though inspired while he remains in the clouds, is no more useful when he descends to our common pavement "than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop".

The first of his published letters to Morley refers to a lecture Morley had just given at Glasgow on Condorcet,[1] "a capital subject for a philosopher" which he will read in the *Fortnightly*. A few days later he had read it and found "an example of your best judicial style, minus the judicial excess of precision". These studies, he continues, "which you put in so noble a shape and impregnate with your full mind, will help to bear good fruit in all directions. Meanwhile they are fine reading. Preserve this style in historical narrative, and your name will not take a second rank." This was on January 13, 1870. On the 27th he wrote again to "my dearest M.": "I hear good things said of your Condorcet, and am convinced that you are getting the right historical tone." But there is a complaint that "you employ hyphens too largely".

Thus Meredith mingled encouragement with a discerning criticism, often directed to small but not negligible blemishes of style or manner.

To Frederic Harrison Morley for several years turned

[1] Curiously misprinted as "Count D'Orsay"; see *Letters of George Meredith*, vol. i. p. 201.

constantly for every kind of assistance. Their friendship — as the correspondence between them shows — dated from 1867 and was to last for more than half a century, though sorely strained more than once by sharp differences of opinion. Harrison was Morley's senior by seven years. A Scholar and Fellow of Wadham College, he had left Oxford a year before Morley came up, and had taken chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where politics, journalism, and the new religion of Positivism (its high-priest Congreve had been his tutor at Wadham) competed long and in the end successfully with his chosen profession. It was in Frederic Harrison's chambers that Morley read for the Bar; and there the two friends often met in the early 'seventies to discuss forthcoming numbers of the *Fortnightly*.

Though never an orthodox member of the Positivist sect, Morley had been brought into an outer ring of sympathisers by George Eliot. In the *Recollections* he tells us that at one time he was not far off formal union with the new church, but was held back by the influence of Mill, Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley, as well as by an antisectarian instinct. Comte's doctrines, brilliantly rendered in many talks by his friend Pierre Lafitte, furnished him with a key to the interpretation of history; and how much he was influenced, his own writings all through the 'seventies show. One feature of Comte's philosophy, or religion, which made a very strong appeal to Morley was his recognition of all who—whatsoever their faults—contributed to human improvement. This sank deep into his mind. It became for him a golden rule of measurement, prescribing sympathy and infusing a large-hearted generosity of interpretation into studies of men so antagonistic in thought and aim as Burke and Rousseau, Voltaire and de Maistre, Cobden and Cromwell.

After Mill and Comte, the philosopher whose speculations most powerfully affected Morley in early middle age was, I think, Huxley. In February 1869, just before his first attempt to enter Parliament, he published

a discourse by Huxley on "The Physical Basis of Life", which made a mighty stir among the metaphysicians and fluttered the dovecotes of theological orthodoxy, where Adam and Eve, the Noah's Ark, the Tower of Babel, along with Old Testament Chronology, were still considered to be a literally defensible account of the origin of our world, its languages, and its inhabitants. Huxley, of course, substituted Evolution for the Book of Genesis and the Protoplasm for Creation. His general conclusion may be summed up in one short paragraph: "Physiology writes over the portals of life—*Debemur morti nos nostraque*—with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to that melancholy line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and—strange as the paradox may sound—could not live unless it died." He was the most combative as well as the ablest dialectician of the Darwinian school. On this occasion, not content with his principal victim, the then Archbishop of York, he must needs throw a stone into the Comtist pond, much to the alarm and perturbation of Congreve, who then commanded the Faithful in England. The Archbishop had identified the new sceptical philosophy of Scientific Materialism with the Positive Philosophy of M. Comte:

"So far as I am concerned," replied Huxley, "the most reverend prelate might dialectically hew M. Comte in pieces as a modern Agag; and I should not attempt to stay his hand. In so far as my study of what specially characterises the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity." [The Archbishop's address had been delivered to the Philosophical Society at Edinburgh.] "It was enough," said Huxley, "to make

David Hume turn in his grave, that there, almost within earshot of his own house, an instructed audience should have listened without a murmur while his most characteristic doctrines were attributed to a French author of fifty years' later date, in whose dreary and verbose pages we miss alike the vigour of thought and exquisite clearness of style of the man whom I make bold to term the most acute thinker of the eighteenth century—even though that century produced Kant."

In publishing this racy discourse upon the problem of life and death Morley made a great hit for his *Review*. Nearly fifty years later he compared the sensation it caused in that epoch of scientific curiosity with the stir made by Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* at a moment when society was absorbed in politics. It helped also to make Morley a Lucretian. Some years afterwards he persuaded Huxley to write *Hume* for his English Men of Letters series—a sound piece of work, if rather too stiff and dry for the general reader. Later in the year Congreve wrote a rather ill-tempered rejoinder and Huxley a trenchant surrejoinder. Thus the ball was kept rolling, and the *Fortnightly* began to be read by philosophers, theologians, and scientists, as well as by reformers and political quidnuncs.

With this evolutionary interpretation of life Morley found no difficulty in reconciling utilitarian conceptions of ethics and politics. The first chapter of Lecky's *History of Morals*, appearing in the spring of 1869, drew from the editor of the *Fortnightly* in May a searching essay on the theory of ethics, which helps us to understand Morley's purposes, policy, and conduct. When, as he approaches thirty, a man of shining talents, possessing that innate self-respect and dignity which in one of its outward manifestations we call constancy and rightly prize in politics as consistency, deliberately adopts a definite system of moral philosophy, he has done something at any rate to safeguard himself in the future against the perils and surprises and temptations of a

political career. If Morley had merely proclaimed himself Positivist, Rationalist, or Utilitarian, in a casual address or chance letter to a friend, we should not be sure how much weight to attach to such a confession; it might have been only an impulse or a passing mood. But in this article—a very hostile criticism of Lecky's first chapter—we find a Utilitarian already well versed in the controversies of the rival schools, and equipped for offence and defence against the past masters of intuitionalism, against theologians, metaphysicians, mythologisers, and mystics. His logic makes short work of Lecky's "gently soothing sentimentalism" and graceful confusions between the genesis, aims, standards, and sanctions of morality—confusions to which Lecky's case against the Utilitarians owed most of its plausibility. Perhaps an editor with so much on hand might have spared the book of another old Cheltonian, had it not sought by confusion to confound the Utilitarians and even to charge their doctrines with demoralising tendencies. As we read of duty and conscience, of the genesis of moral ideas, of the theories advanced by Mandeville and Paley (which have "an air of very marked coarseness and meanness"), and are led on to Cudworth and Clarke, Hutcheson and Hume, until we come to Bentham and the two Mills, we gradually find ourselves clasping a refined Utilitarianism which Morley hopes may be called by the (not very sweet-sounding) name of "the Beneficential Theory of Ethics". Like Cobden's doctrine of enlightened selfishness it comes much nearer to the Sermon on the Mount than some gospels with a theoretic basis of altruism which have elevated conscience into a separate organ of the mind.

Lecky's 'discovery' that the Utilitarian who strictly adheres to his own principles will hardly be able to repress cruelty to animals gave special offence to his critic, and evoked two answers. The first is that the utility proposed as a standard may be extended beyond man to all sentient beings; so that all action will be

wrong which gives more pain to animals than enjoyment to men. But this answer (suggested by Lecky) is obviously unsatisfactory to a lover of the dumb creation. Morley prefers, therefore, to lay more stress on another consideration—the brutalising effects on the human character of cruelty to animals. To multiply the virtues of mercy and humanity and to promote the opposite vices must be injurious to society, and therefore kindness to animals may be classed among the virtues by one whose measuring rod is the Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number.

In Morley's view it was to a development of utilitarian or ' beneficential ' ethics that we must look for the next advance in moral philosophy :

> Utilitarianism, either in its grosser form, or with better minds in its form as a highly rationalised kind of Christianity, may be described as practically the dominant creed of the time ; and there are many reasons for believing that it fits in more naturally and closely with ruling tendencies of other kinds than any other substitute that offers for the creeds that are falling. If the true answer to a question now so often put be that mankind cannot live without a religion, it is certain that that religion, whether it be the Religion of Humanity or some regenerate form of Christianity, or mere morality highly spiritualised and elevated, will assimilate for its central principle what is the central principle of the utilitarian or beneficential ethics—that he is the best man who finds his own highest happiness in promoting the happiness of as many people as possible. This is a principle drawn from the experience of men, and it rests on an intelligible basis. While it kindles, and expands, and elevates all the affections as powerfully as older creeds, it has the advantage, daily growing and more and more important, of offering no shock or disgust to the understanding.

One of the lessons Morley learnt from Mill was the high importance of raising the status of women. He sought to promote their intellectual emancipation and ultimately to give them political equality with men. To

these ends many friends of the movement contributed articles during his editorship. In 1870 when studying Condorcet's works he was struck by Condorcet's argument, "*Sur l'admission des Femmes au Droit de Cité*", and published a translation of it, with notes, in the *Fortnightly*. Habit, said Condorcet, familiarises men with the violation of their natural rights, and some cases of violation have escaped even the best philosophers and lawgivers. Of these cases the most conspicuous is that half the human race has been tranquilly deprived of the right to assist in making laws. The reason why *men* are entitled as citizens to share in government is, according to Condorcet, that they are beings with sensibility, capable of acquiring moral ideas and of reasoning on those ideas. But *women*, so runs the argument, have these same qualities, and therefore have necessarily an equal natural right with men to be citizens. Either no human being has political rights, or all have the same!

In one of his lively notes the editor and translator replies to certain opponents of female suffrage: "Surely not *all* men are superior to *all* women; the stupidest men to the ablest women; one of the good Lord Shaftesbury's male serfs to George Sand or George Eliot?" Then, after citing the famous passage on women guardians from the fifth book of Plato's *Republic*, he quotes Joan of Arc and the Countess of Derby to support an argument against excluding women even from the military profession, though he admits that in barbarous times the subordination of women on physical grounds was "natural enough". Curiously enough, at this very time Morley, by opposing the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, was getting himself into hot water with some of the leading Feminists. On this question he afterwards changed his mind. But it is characteristic of the man that he should have refused to join in a particular agitation with those whose general cause he had adopted with uncompromising rigour.

In the first year of his editorship Morley felt—as young men of zeal and talent so often do—that a new age was dawning :

> Signs are not wanting that we are on the eve of a new era of free speech. The dullest man, as he walks serenely over the ashes of burnt-out ideas, must now and again hear sounds as of the rush and crackle of flame beneath the thin stratum which he confounds with the solid everlasting earth. In religion the conflict of ideas is becoming too hot to be smothered up much longer. Ritualists and Rationalists, Puritans and Latitudinarians are beginning—even the most amiable and conciliatory of them—to see that no one form of words can cover them all, and that they must fight the battle out without masks and with no button at the end of their foils. In politics the Whigs are extinct, and Tories and Radicals are on the point of confronting one another in a final struggle over Redistribution, Landlordism, a State Church, Sectarian Education, Ireland, game laws, county justice.

But his notions were vague, crude, and unpractical. He thought of Congreve as leader of the reformers and of Carlyle as leader of the reactionaries. Congreve had said in a recent pamphlet: "We aim at setting aside, or modifying into a more useful form, the aristocracy of England, with its weak adjunct which men call a monarchy", while Carlyle's advice to the English aristocracy (which he thought the only sound part of the nation) was, turning their backs on Parliament, to prepare themselves and their peasant serfs, 'rhythmically drilled', for a civil war. About the same time an organisation of artisans had deliberately declared that it was no murder when a loyal comrade killed a traitor to his class and a deserter of the trade union cause. From all these symptoms—some good, some very bad—Morley concluded that English society was beginning to abandon a long, unnatural, artificial, hypocritical silence, that the cautious reserve—possibly useful to the transformation of opinion which had been going on underneath

it—was breaking down, and that men's tongues were being unsealed as their minds became liberated.

"This change of temper", he went on, "presses more strongly than ever upon us the desirableness of making journalists responsible for what they write. If controversy is to become more sincere, more earnest, more direct, and if therefore there is to be more hard hitting, those who take a part in it should give the strongest possible guarantee that they are ready to stand by their opinions. The screen of anonymity should be withdrawn, in order that the consciousness of his own individual responsibility may add strength and dignity to the writer of articles for the press; and the more obscure the journalist the more reason why his name should be known." In the case, indeed, of such papers as the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Economist*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there was practically no need for signature, because a large circle of friends, if not the general public, knew who were their instructors.[1]

After a long experience Morley modified this judgment, discovering that the goodness or badness of a newspaper depends far more upon the characters of its owner and editor than upon the question whether articles are signed or unsigned.

With science and philosophy Morley associated history and letters, and was successful in shepherding some of the best contemporary historians and critics into the fold of his *Review*. He loved Clio best of all the Muses; but he worshipped her in freedom, not as an archivist, though he did much research for his *Diderot*, and diligently worked through many thousands of letters and manuscripts for the *Life of Gladstone*. At first his general views about history were drawn largely from Comte, and he thoroughly believed that a Science of History would gradually be perfected, because civilisation moves and evolves in accordance with laws, even though these laws are not thoroughly understood and

[1] Cf. footnote on Swinburne, p. 68.

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have not yet been successfully formulated. In the *Fortnightly Review* of August 1867, under the title " Mr. Froude on the Science of History ", he entered the lists against Froude for ignoring, or misreading, and so misrepresenting Mill, Comte, and Buckle, and for asserting in a lecture, " classified with unhappy propriety among some Short Studies of Great Subjects ", that there is no such thing as a Science of History. According to Froude, believers in the possibility of there being a scientific relation among human motives and actions assumed as an axiom that all actions whatsoever arise from self-interest. On this his critic remarks : " Of all the random bits of controversial guesswork this is surely the very unhappiest that ever any mortal perpetrated." Some part of Froude's case consisted in a confusion—which he shared with many—of necessarianism with materialism and of utilitarianism with both. But the strength of Froude's attack rested upon his proposition that the independent action of the human will makes the word Science out of place in historical study. This view Morley set himself to oppose. But while upholding determinism he carefully includes in historical causation impalpable and imponderable influences as well as the palpable and ponderable. He asserts " the perfect compatibility of a belief in the existence of relations of invariable antecedence and consequence among human motives and actions, with the belief that some of the antecedents may be properties of the mind, mysterious or otherwise " :

> When for example a student surveys the history of Europe in the twelfth century in a scientific spirit, in order to understand its social evolution, will he have to overlook those properties of mind which induced people to believe in the miraculous powers of good and holy men ? Will he be limited to the consideration of palpable and ponderable influences such as climate, battles, pestilences, famines ? On the contrary, as the author of an excellent life of Saint Bernard has put it, " the intense convictions of men are

at least as much the property of history as their outward actions". . . . So far from leaving out the properties of mind, there will be no science in which they will occupy so conspicuous a place as the science of history.

Then what of Volition? "Nobody but a metaphysician with something to prove, or a pictorial historian in an unlucky metaphysical fit, would deny that we are surrounded on every hand with circumstances whose agency we are powerless to overcome." But Froude conceived of the will as an irresistible monster, "unbegotten, unconceived, operating mysteriously and spontaneously without reference to the rest of the mind and riding rampant over human affairs". On such a theory it would be much nearer the truth to call men slaves of the will than free agents, because they are free will agents. If volitions are independent of all antecedents, what becomes of character, why attempt to educate, to form character? If Froude is right, "I am at a loss to imagine to what worse pitch the most abject fatalism could bring human beings".

While Froude denied, and Morley maintained, that there is a Science of History—and at this time under the influence of Comte Morley probably went further in this direction than he would have ventured later—Froude maintained, and Morley denied, that the world is built on moral foundations. "History", said Froude, "is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong." And again: "One lesson and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness . . . that in the long run it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked."

In other places Froude had used language inconsistent with this comfortable theory. Morley, however, examines it in a passage which might have come from the lips of the Goddess of Reason herself, so fierce is the glow of his words, as though inspired by an almost divine wrath against the injustice of things terrestrial. Is it true, he asks, that History is a voice for

ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong; that for all cruelty and oppression, lust and vanity, the price has to be paid at last; that justice and truth alone endure? If so, we shall first of all have to revise our conception of justice, so as to include among its triumphs the punishment of children for the sins of their forbears, as when innocent Louis XVI. was decapitated for the wickedness of Louis XV., the lust of the Regent, and the vanity of Louis XIV. Or, if we turn from kings to nations, look at England and Ireland. England conquered, and for centuries misgoverned Ireland. Who suffered most?—the English or the Irish? Surely the Irish. Take the rebellion of 1798, for instance, and see whether the guilty oppressors or the oppressed paid the price. "England was barely scratched. Ireland was deluged with the blood of her own children. This may be the justice of history; it is not ethical justice." Nor does the history of the East help out the theory of historical justice. There whole nations have been enslaved or slaughtered by human tyrants. In what sense can those monsters be said to have been punished on earth by History for their sins?

Surely, when we reflect on these things, the voice which comes to us across the centuries is not the pæan of triumphant right and justice, but "a doleful song, steaming up, a lamentation, an ancient tale of wrong". If we look back into history as a great field of moral government, where punishment has been meted out to kings and peoples in nice proportion to their crimes, and prosperity and peace in nice proportion to their sufferings and their deserts, we find not justice and judgment, but a supreme chaos, a dizzy and unfathomable abyss. The eye of theological prejudice, or dreamy faith, may pretend to discern a specific moral order of this sort in the scene. It vanishes from the moment that we try to grasp it. We find that it does not cover the facts. We find that verily God is a God who hideth Himself. The life of the individual or the family does not fit in with the theory that a fall invariably awaits the wicked. Nor any more does the

history of the race fit in with such a theory. The only penalty which we can with certainty pronounce against the unjust nation or man lies in the fact of injustice. To be corrupt and selfish, oppressive and lawless, is its own punishment. The only fixed law of retribution is that of the emphatic and final sentence: he that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy let him be filthy still.

But though we can discern no further moral order than this in history, nor certain retribution for evil, yet there is a scientific order. We can see that certain results have followed from certain previous conditions, and we learn to avoid those conditions if we would avoid the results. If we can be content to study the actual occurrences of history without any unwarranted assurance that we know that they have all contributed to the triumph of justice and truth, or of what we in our stage of civilisation conceive to be justice and truth, then we may discover that history is not that chaotic agglomeration of intricate accidents which it appeared to be, but an intelligible array of orderly sequences. To people whose minds are inflated with the conviction that history exists for the sake of furnishing forth pretty and high-sounding morals, this may seem but a beggarly office. To people who get all aglow when they think about Moral Freedom and the triumph of Justice and the victory of Truth, the mere exhibition of an order of working, the mere unfolding of the successive stages through which human experiences have passed, must appear indeed pitiful.

In these concluding paragraphs we have perhaps the best statement available of the working hypothesis used by Morley in his interpretations of the French Revolution. They may help to explain why he always preferred Clarendon to Carlyle and Freeman to Froude. But experience, reading, and reflection made him less certain about the intelligible array of orderly sequences set forth in Comte's law of the three stages.

When we speak of a successful editor, we may mean that he has made a newspaper or a periodical pay by increasing its circulation, or advertisement revenue, or both; we may mean that he has won a reputation for

himself and for his organ. In both these respects Morley succeeded. He conducted the *Fortnightly* from discomfiture to victory. Within three or four years he had gained for it a position of acknowledged influence; he increased its circulation and made out of a derelict venture a profitable concern. Describing its position in 1872 to a friend who had expressed a fear that its opinions were "too unpopular to pay", he stated with modest pride: "When I began in 1867 the circulation was 1400. To-day it is 2500 and quietly rising every month." He himself had offered Chapman three times the price Chapman had paid for it, and the offer was refused. As Chapman was "a thorough Philistine, hating all our views"—he had voted against Mill at the Westminster election—it was not likely that he would run the review at a loss. To newspaper proprietors and advertisers who think in millions the circulation of Morley's *Fortnightly* must seem very contemptible, and they will find it hard to believe that it did more to form public opinion and to mould the policy of a great party than any other English newspaper or periodical in the 'seventies. I do not mean to say that its articles had the same importance for day-to-day politics and hand-to-mouth politicians as those of the *Times*. But under Delane the *Times* had no particular mission or principles. It gave, as a rule, a general support to the government of the day; it liked to ascertain the views that would prevail and to prescribe the course which was likely to be adopted. The *Economist*, then edited by Bagehot, had of course far more influence in the City and at the Treasury. An author would look more anxiously for a review in the *Saturday* or the *Spectator* than in the *Fortnightly*. But it was the *Fortnightly* that worked out the Radical programme, and it was the *Fortnightly* that prepared the way for Home Rule. If we compare it with famous periodicals of other times we shall not pretend that even in the late 'seventies it attained the success of the *Edinburgh* under Jeffrey. It had on its staff neither

the sparkling wit of a Sydney Smith nor the glittering genius of a Macaulay. Nor had it the consistent body of doctrine which Bentham and the Philosophic Radicals gave to the *Westminster Review* in the 'twenties and 'thirties. But if it was less brilliant and less successful than the *Edinburgh*, it was on the political side more uncompromising and more effective. It did more to democratise the Liberal party than did the *Edinburgh* to liberalise the Whigs. And if its political philosophy was less comprehensive and less consistent than that of the *Westminster Review*, it was also less pedantic, and its pages were more varied, more entertaining, and more widely read.

It is a remarkable tribute alike to his editorial talents and industry that, with the small fees he was able to offer, Morley should have attracted such a galaxy of writers, and that under his editorship the *Fortnightly* in its best years—from 1870 to 1878—provided intellectual readers with so rich and varied a fare. The editor was fortunate in his friends. Harrison, Beesly, and Bridges, the Positivist trio, were excellent writers. Beesly's famous whitewashing of the Emperor Tiberius was performed in the pages of the *Fortnightly*. Harrison's defence of trade unions and his onslaught on monarchical institutions gave just the sort of shock to respectability that promotes circulation.

John Stuart Mill wrote pretty often in the earlier years, refusing all emolument. Among other philosophic stars were G. H. Lewes, W. K. Clifford, Henry Sidgwick, and Herbert Spencer—though perhaps the last-named star did not always shine in the firmament of readability. Compared with the ponderosities of Spencer, Huxley's articles are light and lively as well as luminous. Among the personal friends who lent their aid was Walter Bagehot, one of the brightest and most original of critics. Some of his best pieces were published by Morley, and Hutton's fine obituary notice also appeared in the *Fortnightly*. Leslie Stephen, Morley's old

comrade on the *Saturday*, was a constant support. Most of the essays afterwards collected in *The Agnostic's Apology* were first published as *Fortnightly* articles. We have already referred to Huxley and the Darwinians. Tyndall on Miracles, Lubbock on Ants, Tylor on the 'History of Games', Arthur Balfour (in 1877) on Evolution, Mark Pattison on The Age of Reason, W. S. Lilly on Cardinal Newman, indicate a catholicity of philosophic taste which carried Morley's readers into religion, biology, anthropology, and many branches of physical science. Finance and political economy were well represented by Fawcett, Thornton, Cliffe-Leslie, Cairnes, Robert Giffen, and Alfred Marshall. In history and politics Goldwin Smith, Freeman, Gardiner, Moncure Conway (on American questions), Grant Duff, Chamberlain, Lowe, Dilke, Courtney, Mazzini, Émile de Laveleye, and a score of others noteworthy in their day wrote on subjects which they had made their own.

Nearly all the English politicians who contributed were of the advanced Liberal or Radical school. But there was a place for repentant Conservatives like Lord Carnarvon, who, after his retirement from the Colonial Office in December 1878, entered a plea for sane imperialism as against the false patriotism which " swaggers down the High Street of the World with its hat cocked, on the look out for some fancied insult or affront ".

Any one who glances over these old *Fortnightlys* must be struck by their quality, often the work of writers then unrecognised. George Meredith contributed *Beauchamp's Career* and some of his best poems. From Swinburne Morley drew both poetry and prose criticisms. Matthew Arnold, J. A. Symonds, Anthony Trollope, Walter Pater, and Richard Garnett became more or less frequent contributors. Some of Arnold's best work appeared in the *Fortnightly*, including not a few lively sallies against the philistinism of the middle classes and a superb appreciation of George Sand.

After the editor himself the writers who did most to

spread the fame of the *Fortnightly* in these early years were Mill, Harrison, Beesly, Huxley, Bagehot, and Leslie Stephen; in the later years Matthew Arnold, Goldwin Smith, and Freeman. Though the articles by Chamberlain, Dilke, and others on the Radical programme were devoid of literary merit, they must have brought a large accession of political subscribers. But even before they began, the *Fortnightly* had taken a foremost place. In January 1873 this was noted by Frederic Harrison, who wrote to the editor: "I am struck by the fact that with entire unanimity and regularity the whole Press of every shade prints the *F.R.* first among the Reviews, and this is entirely your doing." Surely no small achievement for a journalist of thirty-five.

CHAPTER II

A FIRST STUDY OF BURKE

How it happened that in 1866, the year of the Second Reform Bill, Morley set himself to study Burke, and in so doing discovered not only a prose style, but political gifts of the first order, is a minor mystery on which perhaps some light may be thrown if ever his early letters to George Meredith and Cotter Morison are published. Once I asked him point-blank how he came by his style. He seemed quite puzzled. He had tried, he said, to express his thoughts clearly, but could not remember any conscious use of models, though he acknowledged then and always his immense debt to Burke both as a writer and thinker. "The Masters to whom I went to school in the days of early manhood", he tells us, "were Adam Smith, the Physiocrats, Bentham, Austin, Maine, Comte, Mill, Turgot. What shall I say of Burke? Only this, that at my first stage, when our foundations are laid . . . I owed more to Burke for practical principles in the strategy and tactics of public life than to the others."

A clever youth with a ready pen, once he has made a mark in journalism, is apt to neglect higher work and to fritter away his energies on the immediately profitable. But Morley had no sooner secured a livelihood and a position than he set aside large portions of his time for liberal studies and tasks which might bring him solid reputation. "To scorn delights and live laborious days" was for him no hardship; and in good time, improving

his talents by assiduous application, he gained the heights, won the guerdon, and lived long to enjoy the blaze of fame.

In the preface to *Burke*, his first serious work, he remarks :

> Biography in the hands of a man of the requisite capacity and sensibility is perhaps the very highest form of prose writing. One may, I think, almost count upon one's fingers the really good biographies in English literature ; but then, alas ! it is not every man whose life would suffice to inspire work of this high and rare kind. The biographer, stripping his subject as much as he can of what is irrelevant and accidental in the surrounding conditions, delights the reader with a fresh and impressive picture of a human character. The writer of a historical study, on the other hand, taking much lower ground, aims not at a reproduction of the central figure of his meditations, but at a criticism of his hero's relations and contributions to the main transactions of his time.

This early *Burke* is indeed a political, philosophical, historical study ; in no sense a biography. We find a modest wisdom in the author's confession that to tell a fine story successfully, to make the dead live again, is the rarest gift, the hardest task of a writer in prose.

The first instalment, printed in the *Fortnightly* for February 1867, was a well-conceived and finely executed piece, with plenty of life and colour. So good is the opening page that a dozen years later the author borrowed it (with a few slight changes) for his biographical sketch of Burke in the English Men of Letters series, pleading in excuse the old Greek principle that a man may once say a thing as he would have it said—he cannot say it twice. The book,[1] never reprinted in England, was published towards the end of the year by his new friends of the Macmillan firm, with which he had just formed a lifelong connection as reader and adviser. Most of it had

[1] The title-page runs : Edmund Burke, by John Morley, B.A., Oxon. London, Macmillan & Co., 1867.

appeared in the *Fortnightly*; but the last two chapters were new. Here and there we feel an inequality of style or treatment; an excess of vehemence or of rhetoric on which the same editorial hand would have fallen a few years later with magisterial severity. Still, Burke's thoughts and policies have been well considered. There is a good background of history, but no pedantry; a main stream of admiration crossed by currents of vigorous and forcible criticism. If the hero is worshipped, his faults and shortcomings are not obscured. We are made aware that as a reformer at home he erred almost invariably, and often absurdly, on the side of timidity and caution. As Morley unfolds the tale of eighteenth-century abuses, one feels that the axe of an impatient Radical is being sharpened against the privileges and vested interests of his own day. At every turn of policy or strategy it is evident enough that Burke is speaking to the nineteenth century; that the fine spirit which he breathed into the Whig party is being called in aid of the new liberalism, reinforced by a democratic fervour and a zeal for popular liberty which Burke so conspicuously lacked. If Morley's later statecraft could be represented as merely eclectic, we might perhaps say that he adapted Burke, Bright, and Cobden to the needs, tasks, and difficulties of public life in his own day. Assuredly this first strenuous effort to present the characteristics of a philosopher statesman left a deep mark on his own inward life and habits of thought, as well as upon his methods of approaching, and presenting to others, the larger problems of society.

Morley had not yet found a public. His *Burke* did not achieve popular success, though it abounds in edification for minds open to liberal ideas, capable of feeling the impulse of insurgent democracy, or interested in weighing the worth of Burke's cautious and conservative remedies against the surgical operations which radical reformers deem necessary for society.

For us its special interest is psychological. His

political character is in process of formation; and here is a deliberate expression of his purposes and ideals just when he is entering the lists as a publicist, ready to expound for his own generation the art and ends of Government. To Morley Burke appeared the great moral reformer of English politics:

> Burke, from 1770 to 1790, was in the politics of the eighteenth century what Wesley was in its religion. He entered in the midst of the valley and found it full of dry bones. By his imagination, his reasoning, his enormous knowledge, above all by his ardour and impetuosity of character, he brought the dead Whig principles up from out of the grave, and kindled a life in them which is only just flickering out [1] for ever in our own days. He made a vigorous effort to restore popular ideas to that high place in practical politics from which they had been excluded ever since the glorious days of the Great Rebellion.

It was Burke, then, who "led the Whigs to the forgotten truth that a government exists for the sake of the whole people". Even Bolingbroke, "the Disraeli of his time", had seen and taught this truth in his *Patriot King*. Had George the Third been able to understand and assimilate Bolingbroke's work; "if he had even distantly resembled his illustrious cousin, the King of Prussia, the history of this country might have moved in a very different direction":

> But instead of being a hero George III. was only a dull man with a rather bad heart. . . . There is nothing more fatal, either in private life or in the larger affairs of state, than for an incompetent man to grasp a principle of action that is too big for him. Such was the case with this wretched sovereign. He tried to play the good despot over the vast empire of Britain with a capacity below the mark of a parish constable. Within ten years he brought England to the verge of revolution. Within twenty years he had dismembered the Empire.

[1] So he wrote in the *Fortnightly*. In revising it he altered the tense to "has only just flickered out".

After ten years of George the Third, Burke's *Thoughts on the Present Discontents* show that he understood the true significance of the new personal system of government. As the government of all by one had broken down disastrously he concluded that the only remedy was to return to " the ancient lines of the constitution " —government by a virtuous and public-spirited few, who would reflect the wishes and interests of all. But Morley could find no evidence in his writings that Burke had even a glimpse of representative democracy (the true opposite of Bolingbroke's system), that is to say, government by the people as well as for the people, " of which one modern type, the great Western Republic, has risen to grandeur since Burke's death ". Burke's ideal, an aristocracy of humane and farseeing legislators, is only the theory of the good despot in another shape and with another face. The democratic movement, which Burke opposed, " rose at the end of the American War of Independence, received a powerful impetus from the ever memorable outbreak against feudalism and privilege in France, was checked again by the horror which some of the excesses of that outbreak aroused, was forcibly repressed during that most dismal period in English History from 1794 to 1815, burst forth again uncontrollably after the peace, wrung the Reform Bill from the patrician oligarchy, wrung new poor laws and free trade from selfish or ignorant squires, and will, before long, still further impair that fabric of artificial privileges which must deservedly fall when they have become dissociated from the notion of superior political obligations ". In 1767 the House of Commons was highly aristocratic, as in 1867 it was essentially plutocratic. Burke revered it for its aristocracy and made out that it was providentially designed as " a controul for the people ". But though Burke opposed Franchise Reform he did at least restore to the Commons their control of government, and it is ' very unjust ' to him to overlook his services to one reform movement because he failed to grasp the spirit

of the greater movement which followed it. "Why do men", cries Morley, "so habitually choose to fasten upon what their most eminent benefactors failed to accomplish, when they might instead find so much to admire, to revere, and to be eternally grateful for, in what they actually achieved?"

Then after enlarging on Burke's noble schemes and enlightened methods he turns on the reactionaries who, "because Burke was wise and great in his generation", claimed his writings as the best guide to "the singular constitution of this fortunate island". Their offence is even worse than that of the ungenerous carpers; for they are guilty of "impeding present progress and future well-being".

Some critics held that Burke was not a thinker but a rhetorician. Morley's answer is that he was both. It is no slur upon a thought that it appears in gorgeous apparel. He has no doubt about Burke's right to a place among powerful thinkers: "It is surely impossible to deny the title of a thinker to one who perceived as Burke did the profound speculative truth that politics is not a science of abstract ideas, but an empirical art with morality for its standard; or who mastered so thoroughly as Burke did the great truth that *nothing universal can be rationally affirmed on any moral or any political subject.*" The lines of morality, said Burke, are not like ideal lines of mathematics. "They are broad and deep as well as long." They are modified not by process of logic but by rules of prudence. Prudence is not only first of moral and political virtues, but "the director, the regulator, the standard of them all". Burke hated the very sound of metaphysical distinctions, and when the question of the right to tax the American colonies came up he insisted that the true question was not "have we the right?" but "is it wise, prudent, expedient?" This, then, is the 'profound lesson' which young Morley learnt from Burke, "that in politics we are concerned not with barren rights but with duties; not

with abstract truth but with practical morality". And "what more indisputable law," he asks, "what more important principle has ever been contributed to the stock of political ideas?" If this method had occupied its rightful place in the minds of politicians, the volume of history would have been spared two of its most fatal chapters. It would lack first the record of those fatuous struggles to enforce a right only because it is a right, and second, the still more painful chronicle of noble lives wasted in endeavours to carry out beneficent schemes against an iron antagonism of circumstances. "If Burke's contemporaries had all understood as thoroughly as he did the fruitlessness alike of abstract rights and abstract ideals, we should not have had to read the history of our war with the American Colonies, nor the history of the failure of such men as Joseph II. and Charles III."

This brings him to Comte. It had been reserved for a great thinker of a later day to substitute positive for abstractional philosophy in building up a science of society. "Burke, by native vigour and acuteness, anticipated a doctrine which Comte placed on the inexpugnable scientific basis which belongs to it." At the same time he confesses that Burke was too ardent, passionate, and rhetorical. "His passion appears hopelessly fatal to anything like success in the pursuit of Truth, who does not reveal herself to followers thus inflamed. His ornate style does not appear less fatal to that cautious and precise method of statement suitable to matter which is not known at all unless it is known distinctly." Moreover, he was too much of a partisan, too deeply engrossed in the party-game, to be capable at all times of applying a lofty philosophy to the solution of political problems. But then, if party straitened the range of his ideas, it also gave them an air of substance and solidity. Nor would it be easy to name another publicist "whose writings are so thickly studded with those unsystematic products of an acute, enlarged, and reflective

mind, which are vaguely labelled as Wisdom". In his wildest moments "sagacious apophthegms were present, green places in a wilderness of declamation". Here again Morley is a true successor of Burke. After he became a party leader, though he had few 'wild moments', his writings and speeches abounded in 'green places'. I remember when *Oliver Cromwell* appeared—during the Boer War—one of his old colleagues told me he had found in the book upwards of forty aphorisms.

From these criticisms Morley passes to another, which leads him into a religious digression. Burke, he says, did not escape a peril, inherent in his own method and frequent in the atmosphere of the House of Commons.

Burke thought it a good enough reply to Deists, or free-thinkers, or the 'philosophic Cabal', to say that Bolingbroke was no longer read, or that Toland reposed in oblivion, or that the vulgar called them infidels. Nothing could be more unworthy, more intensely and shamefully disrespectful to truth, than to fall back, as Burke does, on such arguments as these. As if the argument of a book must be bad because there was no longer a sale for it. "Do we call a cannon ball a failure because after its force is spent it lies rusting and inert in the field?"

We must quote another passage, if only to show how strongly Morley's mind was already moving to a new region of thought and inquiry:

> We are too familiar in our own days with the supercilious air with which the practical man — of whom the average member of the House of Commons is the most conspicuous type—turns from inquiries that seem to tend to the modification of existing beliefs. This practical man cannot understand why anybody should think it worth while to disturb the mental comfort of the most sluggish of his contemporaries, or to throw all society into agitation and confusion, merely for the sake of showing that Moses, for example, was not the author of the Pentateuch, or that there are discrepancies in the Evangelists' accounts of a

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given transaction, or that the voice of science gives forth oracles that do not harmonise with the voice of revelation. Such a class is a heavy burden on the mind of a country. They may stimulate and irritate some in the pursuit of a kind of truth, which is not capable of being quoted like bank stock, but they discourage more. They cannot sympathise ever so remotely with that temper which seeks truth for its own sake, apart from its consequences, and apart from its agreement or disagreement with reigning convictions.

In 1867, we are reminded, religious toleration was still at issue, although nonconformists were no longer burnt, hanged, or broken on the wheel. "A hundred years ago", writes Morley, "there was the same ferment about Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles as prevails at this moment." It was natural, therefore, that he should find time to discuss the limits of Toleration according to Burke, to explain why Burke raged against Unitarians and Deists, and "to notice how the arguments, which may now be heard in the House of Commons on a Wednesday afternoon, were anticipated a hundred years since".

To Burke, as he points out with some satisfaction, the Church of England was an independent Church professing fallibility, and had therefore (like every body corporate) the right to reform her doctrines and alter her laws without changing her identity. "Neither the conception of a National Church, nor the conviction of the inexpediency of any Subscription at all had then ripened, as they have done since." Burke accepted Locke's definition of the Church as a voluntary society. "By this time, however, we have found that to call it a voluntary society is not to give an entirely adequate account of a corporation to which we are compelled to contribute, or else have our goods distrained upon if we decline."

From this glance at Church Rates, which still vexed Dissenters and engaged the attention of Radicals, he turned to a characteristic argument of Burke's against religious toleration. Any relaxation of the Statutes

would revive the sleeping spirit of religious controversy. He would not enter into the question whether truth was preferable to peace. "Perhaps truth may be far better. But as we have scarcely ever the same certainty in the one that we have in the other, I would—unless the truth were evident indeed—hold fast to peace, which has in her company charity, the highest of all the virtues." This deliberate and steadfast adherence of Burke to the principle *quieta non movere* stirs Morley at last to almost scornful indignation. "As if every truth that is worth having had not been the source of strife and contest—as if every truth-seeker did not come, not to bring peace but a sword—as if every belief to which at any given time we cling most firmly had not passed through a stage when it was far from being evident indeed." Yet before leaving the subject our critic's wrath abates; his heart softens towards an error which springs from compassionate thoughts and right principles.

He finds an excuse even for Burke's repudiation of the whole doctrine of Liberty according to Mill. True, Burke "never swerved in his antipathy to free thought"; true, too, that he felt an instinctive repugnance to the critical spirit; true that he suspected anarchy or atheism in those who examined too curiously established opinions; true that he branded as revolutionaries all who favoured a radical reform of existing institutions; true also that (perceiving how "belief in a future life adds dignity to mortals in their hours of happiness, and brings comfort in their hours of anguish, and that the belief in a divine mediator may be in the same way a source of elevation and solace") Burke burned with holy rage against 'the thieves' who would wantonly rob humanity of its most precious treasures. Granted all this; yet these passionate opinions, this rabid intolerance, were after all only part and parcel of a profound and ardent conviction that Peace and Order are the foundations of human happiness. "In every man there is a certain inevitable connexion of opinion. We hold our views by sets and

series. If we espouse one, we have unconsciously let in along with this a little, or it may be a long train, of others." Here we perceive already embedded in Morley's mind an instinct which characterised him to the very end—the instinct of sympathy, very rare in men of genius. It was perhaps the most lovely and lovable of all his traits. It distinguished his conversation from that of many who have excelled in dialogue or table talk. It gives a charm of their own to his critical studies of great men. It often robbed of acerbity his enunciation of doctrines which might otherwise have shocked many good people. It made angry Jingoes, who would have hooted down almost any other speaker, listen in a moment of national excitement with silent awe to an outburst of righteous wrath against the spirit of war and domination.

In a domestic sense Morley was a good economist. He believed in a balanced budget, with a balance on the right side; and he thought with Adam Smith that what was wisdom for the household must also be good policy for the State. We are not surprised therefore to find high praise of Burke for his scheme of economical reform and mastery of public finance and commerce.

As Morley reveals his own mind in interpreting Burke's, so we learn the opinions he was forming for himself when we come to his survey of Burke's policies towards Ireland, India, and the American colonists.

Of the three let us take Ireland first. "Unlike too many Irishmen," he begins, "Burke was never so absorbed in other public affairs as to forget the peculiar interests of his native country." Though Ireland had no such claim on Morley, it may almost be called his adopted country; during the most active period of his political life—from 1881 to 1895—it was ever foremost in his thoughts; nor did his sympathy with the misfortunes, or his interest in the aspirations, of the Irish people ever fail or falter. Perhaps contact with the colony of Irish Catholics in Blackburn—not the most

respectable element of a rowdy, ignorant, and intemperate populace—had stirred his curiosity. At any rate we are astonished in these pages to find how much he had read and how far he had travelled in thought upon Ireland. He attributes the slow rate of Irish progress partly to a misunderstanding of Irish history :

> The geographical proximity of Ireland has misled politicians into the habit of explaining all that happens there by the usual reference to the general ideas, passions, and common movements of the rest of civilised Europe. The truth is, that Irish evolution has moved in an independent course. To assume its identity with the general Western development is as extravagant as such an assumption would be in the case of Jamaica or the Cape of Good Hope.

Europe during the last five centuries had seen feudalism and Catholicism decaying, toleration expanding, a gradual substitution of positive and scientific thought for the barren methods of theological or metaphysical superstition, a rapid advance of industry and of the industrial classes. By Ireland these various transformations had never been undergone :

> Instead of Catholicism decaying, we see it rooted and fostered by its identification with hostility to the political oppressor. Instead of a crumbling feudalism, we encounter all the worst attributes of an era of conquest, aggravated by the circumstance of its extreme untimeousness.[1] Instead of the growth of toleration we find, at the very end of the tolerant eighteenth century, Catholic and Protestant engaged in a violent and sanguinary struggle. Instead of the slow replacement of superstition by reason, we see Ireland the chief home of the most irrational forms of Ultramontanism, we see religious considerations paramount in determining political attitudes, and we see Irish Liberals deliberately abandoning the only principles on which their country could be freed from its oppressive system, because those principles would deprive the Pope of his temporalities. In spite of the

[1] A curiously rare word for ' untimeliness '.

root and branch policy of the Tudors, of the great reorganisation of James I., of the Cromwellian pacification, of the Restoration settlement, and the Revolution settlement, in spite of all that has been done in the last century and in this, the primitive conception of property remains strong and vivid in the mind of the Irish peasant, and to understand the agrarianism of to-day we have to go far back to the barbarous period, when the land was not the property of the chief or the individual, but belonged in common ownership to the whole sept. The ancient organisation was never dissolved. New forms were imposed by the English conquerors, but the old ideas remained in active vitality underneath.

In a biting sentence he declares that Ireland in Burke's time was to England "just what the American colonies would have been if they had contained, besides the European settlers, more than twice their number of unenslaved negroes". For after the suppression of Tyrconnel's rebellion by William of Orange most of the land of Ireland was confiscated; "the peasants were made beggars and outlaws, the penal laws against the Catholics were enacted and enforced, and the grand reign of Protestant ascendancy began in all its vileness and completeness". Thus the glorious Revolution, which was for England a deliverance, was for Ireland, as Burke wrote, not a revolution but a conquest. "The last conquest of England was in the eleventh century, the last conquest of Ireland was at the end of the seventeenth."

There follows a finely coloured sketch of the social and commercial consequences of the policy pursued by England towards Ireland and of the treatment accorded to the native Catholic Irish by their Protestant oppressors in the eighteenth century. What should have been the remedies? "The removal of all commercial restrictions, either by Independence or Union, on the one hand, and the gradual emancipation of the Catholics on the other, were the two processes to which every consideration of good government manifestly pointed." In 1785 Pitt

"fresh from Adam Smith" brought forward his commercial proposition, which would have made Ireland a partner in British trade in return for a contribution to common purposes such as the navy. Morley held that these proposals were just, that they would have been very beneficial to Ireland, and that the opposition of Fox and Burke was factious and discreditable. Burke "lent himself to the party cry that Pitt was taking his first measures for the re-enslavement of Ireland". He should have seen that "Pitt was in truth taking his first measures for the emancipation of Ireland from an unjust and oppressive subordination, and for her installation as a corporate member of the Empire, the only position permanently possible for her". Pitt was baffled by the Opposition; and so "a substantial boon was sacrificed amid bonfires and candles to the phantom of Irish independence. The result must have convinced Pitt more firmly than ever that his great master, Adam Smith, was right in predicting that nothing short of the union of the two countries would deliver Ireland out of the hands of her fatuous chiefs and their too worthy followers."

Fifteen years or more later, when Morley was converted to political Home Rule, he was not converted to commercial disunion, or to what he here calls the phantom of Irish independence. What decided him then was the emergence of a constitutional demand backed by an overwhelming majority of Irish representatives at Westminster for a Home Rule parliament in Dublin. And though he modified his opinion of Pitt's policy, he never in the hottest moments of the Home Rule controversy had occasion to require stronger language than is employed in these pages on the diabolical Penal Code or the systematic inhumanity of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, where in Burke's day "the creed of the greater part of Christendom was viewed as if it had been the bloody superstition of a tribe of cannibals".

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Turning from English rule in Ireland to English rule in India, Morley found it easy to see how a statesman of Burke's natural sensibility and active hatred of injustice and disorder would be affected by transactions which, "so far from being marked with virtue and wisdom, were stained with every vice which can lower and deprave human character". Could the maintenance of an Empire so acquired be defended?

Here was a theme of high importance, and he begins by asking, like a true disciple of Mill:

> Is it in the present stage of European civilisation conducive to the general progress of mankind that any European power should assume the supreme government of a vast nation, with traditions of which we are comparatively ignorant, with ancient institutions that it needs a philosopher to explain or to understand, with wants that we can hardly appreciate, with deep and unalterable peculiarities of character, some of which revolt us, and none of which evoke our sympathy?

If we were perfect in probity and virtue, and at the same time adequately armed with intellectual apprehension of the conditions of the problem and of the means by which to satisfy them, there would be no difficulty, says Morley, in answering the question. For a powerful and enlightened people could not engage in any nobler task than that of disinterestedly seeking to impart to a less fortunate and more backward race the acquisitions of their own long effort and experience in all the moral and intellectual agencies for ameliorating human destiny. "But as yet we are far removed from a state in which such conduct could be anticipated, and this makes it very much more difficult to strike the balance between the advantages and disadvantages of sovereign relations with inferior peoples."

In favour of relinquishing the task of governing India several arguments are adduced. The more you educate the natives, the more bitterly will they resent "the iniquities of our first connexion with them". Then there is the distance of the actual rulers of India from the

country to whose public opinion they are responsible, the improbability of that public opinion being active and well informed, the corrupting effects of racial domination.

But there were numerous and weighty considerations on the other side. After the death of Aurungzebe, India would have suffered more from intestinal wars than it did from the rapacity of the East India Company. Again, the improvement of English public opinion about India had been rapid and uniform since Burke's time. From this "the very best consequences" were to be anticipated. Meanwhile the gradual process of enlightenment among the natives should enable us in the end to dispense with military force. The final argument, "which perhaps conclusively turns the scale", is that if we were to abandon India "from however excellent motives", we should leave it and its inhabitants "to disaster and confusion far worse than any we have ever inflicted upon it". Morley sympathises with the school which would leave the peoples of India to fight it out among themselves and find their own masters; but he inclines to the view of the majority that we should do the best we can for India and justify British rule by upholding the very highest moral standards of government. This can only be done by learning and applying "the great lesson" inculcated by Burke "that Asiatics have rights, and that Europeans have obligations; and that the authority of the English legislature is not more entirely a trust for the benefit of this country than the dominion of the English in India is a trust for the benefit of the inhabitants of India". It was in this spirit that Morley as a publicist discussed the disinterested and beneficent efforts of Burke to purify the government of India and to elevate British Justice to her rightful throne. It was in this spirit that he always thought about India, and it was in this spirit that he acted when, forty years later, at a crisis in her history, it fell to his lot to inaugurate far-reaching reforms.

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It is a long step from the East India Company to the American colonies, though the British duty on Indian tea became, as it happened, the symbol of British claims and the signal for the War of Independence.

That the imagination of a young English Liberal, who had been watching from afar the civil war between North and South, should have been stirred by Burke's noble efforts for conciliation with the American colonies, is not surprising. He had seen the Union of the States, whose separation from the British Crown Burke would have averted, almost broken. He knew that the victory of the North had given a mighty impulse to democracy in England.

Some of John Bright's most splendid orations had been inspired by sympathy for the North, and the emancipation of American slaves had naturally encouraged the Reform movement which Bright had led for the enfranchisement of the English workman. After the Southern negroes had acquired civic rights it was difficult to deny them any longer to our artisans.

No wonder, then, that Morley had read with eager admiration Burke's argument against the policy that lost us the American colonies. The theme is well and vigorously handled with philosophic breadth and sound judgment. Here and there we may be inclined to criticise. We may agree perhaps that the American rebellion of the eighteenth century was a natural sequel to the English rebellion of the seventeenth, but is it not going rather far to assert that there never was a rebellion "so little stayed and fretted by doubters and laodiceans, by quaking hair-splitters and moonstruck refiners"? Again, he was certainly right in denying that French ideas of natural right contributed to the overthrow of British authority in the colonies; but should he not have added that the stubborn Puritans of New England, led by Virginian chivalry, could hardly have prevailed without the military aid of Royalist France? There is a touch of exaggeration also in the

rhetorical flourish that, as the ruin of the American cause would have ruined the constitutional cause in England, "a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington not less justly than the patriotic American".

Morley always held that religious or economic grievances are the compelling forces in great movements for the overthrow of authority. Both were important factors in the American Revolution. Like the Dutch Revolt and the English Civil War, it rose from the regenerative force of Protestantism. "For the third and last time the wave of Protestantism swept forward and submerged a political system." A careful study of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* is revealed in an examination of the Colonial and Mercantile system, now 'stone dead', which poisoned our commercial policy in the eighteenth century and exasperated even the loyal colony of Virginia. In a few closing sentences, after contrasting the cool radicalism of Adam Smith with Burke's more sentimental and conservative patriotism, he turns for a moment to speculate on the future of the United States, but confesses himself baffled:

> To the student of human history who lives in later times, there are few objects of meditation so interesting as the probable course of evolution in the great empire whose origin we have been considering. . . . But how, with our ordinary methods, can we discern the main currents of the history of a country, first incongruously colonised by Swedes, Dutch, French, Spanish, and English, which has never undergone the harmonising and binding influence of a uniform spiritual belief; which daily receives enormous bodies of immigrants with as many ways of thinking as there are bodies, about religion and government, about the past and the future; whose territorial consolidation is not yet accomplished,—how can we analyse, or understand, or characterise, a national organisation that exists under such conditions as these; how attempt as yet to assign a place in the history of mankind to the event which propelled America

far out of the grooves along which we continue our course, into new and unfamiliar channels of its own? For the philosophy of American history, the exposition of its moral forces, its root-ideas, its expanding elements,—for this we shall have long to wait.

Can we wonder, after reading this, that Morley had no sooner seen his proofs through the press than he made arrangements to visit the great political enigma, the unknowable Republic whose 'manifest destinies' have so often confounded the closest calculations of the Boss, as they mock the visions and vaticinations of the political Futurist?

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Perhaps the best section of the book is the last, and the most difficult. Here in some ninety pages on the French Revolution and Burke's *Reflections* we feel that the young author has a subject after his own heart. It is far more than a review of Burke's opinions. It is a critical self-examination, a strenuous study of a mighty political and religious upheaval in which the writer's feelings are as deeply engaged as if he had been through it himself. The opinions here so finely expressed, with so much force and fervour, mark the first stage in a life journey of consistent Liberal thought and endeavour. They constitute a meditated philosophy of history; they represent a conviction about things that were, and are, and ought to be. These were no irrational impulses or transient enthusiasms like those from which Wordsworth, Southey, and so many more relapsed after rueful disillusionment into Conservative orthodoxy.

To Morley's mind the French Revolution presents itself as the last of the three great stages—Roman Catholicism being the first, and the Protestant Reformation the second—through which the mind of Europe has travelled since the fall of the Roman Empire in the West. All three movements were inter-related. The Reformation, however, sprang from the bosom, and was tended

by the sons, of Catholicism; whereas "the Revolution, though deeply indebted to the Protestant armoury for many weapons which helped to clear the way, . . . still arose from springs, and flowed in a channel, of its own". No complete judgment could yet be passed on the Revolution, because its work was still unfinished. "The treaties of Vienna were not to the Revolution what the Peace of Westphalia was to the Reformation." Looking at it merely as a destroyer of social privilege and spiritual authority, the reformer in 1867 could not feel that its activity was terminated. Though old dynasties, old divisions of classes, old forms of privileged government survived, "little political foresight is needed to disclose that they are all doomed"—that they "only endured as temporary resting-places on an onward road". The conception of finality had vanished. Every one now believed in Progress. "Every statesman recognises more or less frankly the transitory character of the system which he for the hour administers and upholds. Everywhere we see the hand and hearken to the tread of the Revolution."

What, then, was the Revolution? Or rather what did it signify to Morley? It is much more than the history of ten crowded years. In the background "moves a gigantic, impalpable, impersonal spirit, the Revolution". In a sense it had failed for a time, and many critics had attributed that failure to the unfitness of France for liberty. No: "it was the enmity of the retrograde powers of Europe which first drove her into the excesses natural to panic, and then by their flagitious designs aroused that military temper which eventually slew her newborn freedom." The first movers of the Revolution in their simplicity thought that neighbouring nations would rejoice and fraternise—a "generous and even touching" error. It was the repulse of this spirit that filled the French nation with anger and suspicion.

On the whole he rejects the view that the French

were unfit for liberty, though it was true that under the old regime they had been excluded from political life; and that their literary instructors were also unacquainted with the practical difficulties of government, besides being inspired with a perilous enthusiasm for symmetry. Indeed, "the mischief which came of the attempt of these too finished novices to modify an ancient and complex fabric might have been foreseen". But in this respect and in the character of its king, France was better fitted for a revolution than for such mild reforms from above as might have been granted by a paternal despot like Charles III. of Spain, or Frederick II. of Prussia, or Leopold of Tuscany. The question was not one of good government or bad. It went deeper than fiscal or legal reform. The Revolution introduced new conceptions of which the royal Reformers never dreamed, but which "since 1789 have formed the alphabet of European politics". True, in most of its local and subordinate aspects it failed. Nevertheless it sounded a trumpet note. It was a signal of doom for the mediæval sovereignties of Europe. The French Revolutionists failed, but their aspiration became immortal. Their failure, miserable and terrible as it was, could not obliterate the memory of their first hope that the transfiguration of old Europe will accomplish itself. This hope, or dream, is still potent, Morley declares. It leavens Western thought and shapes Western policy. "Administrative reforms were—administrative reforms. This was a social revelation!" The work it accomplished had often been described as wholly negative, critical, destructive. The Reformation, even Christianity itself, had been similarly misrepresented. But merely destructive movements do not live, or give out light and hope to future ages. The Revolution did in fact contain positive and constructive elements. "Looking without prejudice at the proceedings from '89 down to the wretched extinction of freedom at the hands of Napoleon, we may detect under them all in the minds of the most

far-seeing actors the fundamental elements of the characteristically modern social growth."

To begin with, the Revolution impregnated politics with ethics. Public policy and statecraft were subordinated to moral considerations. Since 1789 Justice has come to be recognised as the condition of all social arrangements, the polestar of social effort. The dogma of equality, " notoriously false if attributed to the actual condition of men, either at their birth or at any later time, is yet full of meaning applied to the institutions of society ; as society exists for the purpose of repairing the accidental inequalities of nature and of giving to all the same equality of external opportunity ". We may note here how Morley with a scrupulous veracity takes care to insert the word ' external ' into the Radical formula. The State cannot give full equality of opportunity to all children of equal capacity ; for it cannot give them equally good parents or equality of surroundings.

Then again from the Revolution " the noble and elevating sense of public duty, the consciousness of deep moral obligation, of which Justice is the highest expression, almost forgotten as it had been even in its narrowest form amid the corruptions of Catholicism and the doctrinal disputatiousness of Protestantism, won a new, wider, and more enduring empire over the European mind ". At the same time there sprang up " the generous and sublime sentiment of the brotherhood of man " :

This was no new truth. It was at all events as old as Christianity, where it had begotten the sweet and holy precept of charity. But charity and brotherhood had fled from a Church that had invited the secular arm to dragonnades, not more nor less than from the Church which had drawn up and was administering the Penal Laws in Ireland. Paradoxical as it may sound, the tradition of love and charity which had been driven away from political Churches, found capacious shelter first in the profoundly humane spirit of Voltaire. The articles on Slavery, Punishments, and Perse-

cutions in the *Philosophical Dictionary* are what the voice of the Church should have been, and had been, but was no more. It was Rousseau, however, who, filled with an ardent love for mankind, developed to the full the expansive forces of this divine sentiment, and proclaimed its sovereignty with a noble and touching eloquence that went straight to the heart of his generation.

The promulgation once more of this truth, not in a hortatory manner by theological doctors, but as the universal and heartfelt conviction of a nation, was the most splendid achievement of the Revolution, defaced as it was too soon afterwards by the extravagances of a panic for which the retrograde powers of Europe must be accounted mainly responsible. The sentiment of brotherhood was more than moral in France at this epoch. It was a religion, perhaps the highest, supported or not by a theistic apparatus, to which the human mind is capable of rising. The material misery and degradation of France in the eighteenth century kindled spiritual light in her, which fifty years of material prosperity and moral depravation have not altogether extinguished. Her own sufferings inspired an eager sympathy for all the rest of the family of men, and a high-minded zeal that they also should partake of the gifts which had been won by her efforts and sacrifice. The manner of all this has seemed to those of slower imagination to be theatrical: seen with more sympathetic eyes, it is bright with the glow of religion and humanity.

In these finely expressed thoughts Morley was creating for himself and others a liberal and humane conception of public policy.

To those who thought of Voltaire only as an infidel it was natural that the French Revolution should mean the Terror. In recounting the moral ideals which men of the Revolution had left as a legacy to succeeding generations, Morley notices that their very unfamiliarity with the art of government, and with the necessity therefore of compromising and conciliating opposing interests —if it partly explained their political failure—fitted them to found a religion:

As by the Revolution we mean a movement of ideas, of faith, of types and patterns, so far it was an immense advantage to have its confessors unfettered and free to spread their gospel in its extreme ideal form, and mighty with all its native energy. Men thus got a full glimpse of a possible future, which was soon shut out again by the thick curtain of the smoke of battles, but which has lingered in their memories, and reappeared in their dreams.

But what of Burke, "the great chief who led the forces of European reaction", what could his Radical admirer find to say about the suspicion, indignation, horror, and at last irrational fury with which the statesman, "whose whole soul was bound up in order, peace, and gently enlarged precedent", saw an ancient Church prostrated, two great orders stripped of their privileges and lands, an august monarchy overturned, and a vast kingdom given up to fanatics, atheists, and theorisers, who talked of nothing but the rights of man?

Morley suggests that it was an unkind fate, but for us not an unalloyed misfortune. Burke at least rose to the heights of the transactions he abhorred. While gratefully admiring the Revolution, "in the points which I have too dimly and briefly tried to mark" we may "still find in the writings of its arch-enemy a wiser, deeper, broader, and more permanent view of the elements of social stability, of its priceless value, of its power over the happiness of men, than it was possible for his adversaries, disinterested as many of them were, to arrive at in the midst of the storm and convulsions that enveloped them". In short, Burke took the wrong side "with humanity and breadth"; Tom Paine took the right side: "yet nobody, I believe, pretends that the *Age of Reason* contains as wise, instructive, and durably useful thoughts as the *Reflections*." This seems to us in the nature of special pleading. Seeing that the object of all these 'wise' and 'durably useful' thoughts was to inflame his own government and people into a most unwise and mischievous war, a crusade against

liberty, which perverted the Revolution, converted it into a military despotism, and half ruined Europe, can we accept this condonation? Morley himself, when he notices the delight which Burke's Tracts against the Revolution gave to the King, the 'greedy' bishops, the 'fat-headed' squires, the 'hide-bound' politicians, finds it hard to forgive the man of genius: "Is there any spectacle in history more grievous than this of such a crew, led by such a man as Edmund Burke, and dragging after them such a man as William Pitt?"

This is Morley's own question. Nevertheless he insists that Burke's writings about the Revolution are rational and acute; he even maintains that the *Reflections* are on the whole "the soundest contemporary criticism we possess"! Certainly to foresee the Empire, as Burke did, in 1790 was a marvellous feat of prophecy. Certainly Burke's pamphlets abound in sage maxims and warnings. But then the old order, whose defence he undertook, and whose loss he deplored, was a mere thin semblance of order: "Dazzled by the whiteness of the sepulchre, he refused to see that inside it was full of dead men's bones and corruption." A brief list of the infamies practised by the Church in France before it fell, which Burke had no excuse for ignoring, almost establishes Morley's startling claim that, by comparison, the Terror itself was "leniency and order". Nor can it be denied that much of the pathos with which Burke surrounds the fallen oppressors, sinks into bathos when the facts are recited. "The picture of the Bishop of Saint-Claude in mean circumstances becomes very supportable when it is presented as an essential condition of the restoration to humanity of his forty thousand serfs." But we must hasten to the conclusion:

> It is the essence and significance of all separate classes—capitalist, hereditary, aristocratic, monarchic—to be more or less anti-social in the modern stage, until they have learnt by patient, disinterested, and humane meditation that the claims of the multitude are sovereign and paramount,

just because it is the multitude. In it you have the only body whose real interests can never, like those of minor classes and special orders, possibly become anti-social. Burke had, as we have seen, fully understood and accepted this truth, and to have done so was one of his most remarkable titles to recollection and distinction in the chronicles of the English constitution. Nothing but his almost uncontrollable passion for anything which only so much as looked like order, could have blinded him to the fact that even the best of classes and divisions have a strong natural tendency to become anti-social, or to the other fact that the classes and divisions then standing in France, so far from being the best, were probably the most sinister, the most fatally committed to anti-social courses, that the civilised world has ever seen. A quarter of a century before the Revolution, he had proclaimed that "a law against the majority of the people is in substance a law against the people itself; its extent determines its validity". It would be interesting to know what the royal exiles and patrician emigrants, his friends of later years, would have thought of such a doctrine as this—they, who had habitually and deliberately looked upon their own narrow order as constituting in substance the people and state of France. Their delusion was natural. The whole fabric of their institutions stood, an arsenal of cunning engines for the moral depression and material ruin of the majority. The meaning of the Revolution was the emphatic declaration over Europe that the majority of the people *are* the people.

This doctrine that the people are the people, and therefore entitled to rule, "lay at the bottom of the cries for liberty which our generation is apt to find a little empty and unmeaning". The orators of the Revolution worshipped political liberty as the single fountain of moral liberty. The partisans both of the old absolutism and of the new "democratic despotism" (of Napoleon the Third) described popular freedom as the greatest of all possible evils—as "folly, vice, and madness without tuition or restraint". Morley steers between the two extremes. The alternative was not, as Burke

posed it, between the possession of sovereignty by a very wise body and its possession by a very fatuous crowd. The French people in 1789 found themselves in a state of bondage, governed by incapables. Their cry for liberty was no sentimental shriek for an abstraction. Doubtless " we cannot have a wiser or nobler government than the average social state of the time allows ". But where a nation has risen above the level of a barbarous tribe, political liberty is the only possible guarantee that the government shall not sink below the moral level of its subjects. Political liberty, that is to say, a system of representative institutions, corrects the degenerative tendency of Government " by securing a steady and constant pressure upon the Cabinet, the Chamber, or the President ". Where (as in France before the Revolution and in France under Napoleon the Third) this political liberty did not exist, and there was no " recognised right and method of habitually infusing the opinions of the majority into the governing organ ", only one remedy remained to cure irreconcilable differences between a nation and its Government—" the destructive and perilous remedy of a violent revolution ". Where a system of government like the Bourbon or the Napoleonic —this latter he calls " democratic imperialism "—can only be changed by the barbarous and crude way of a sudden, sweeping revolution, is it not self-condemned as a system of half-civilised life ? Such a system resembles a place so fortified that no breach can be repaired without blowing down the whole wall. What follows is every bit as true of many European Governments to-day as it was when the words were written :

> In the governments of advanced societies, like those of all modern Western States, there is no such thing as stability to be reached, where the majority are gagged and fettered in the conduct of their own public affairs. As by the diffusion and increasing invigoration of civilising agencies the number of persons in the community with the power of being interested and excited by the business of the community becomes

greater and greater, in exactly the same proportion is the danger of autocracy or oligarchy aggravated, and the ground of stability undermined. In the case of an active-minded and political people, military despotism or an artificial oligarchy, whether of a caste, or of philosophers, or of capitalists, must inevitably rest on hollow and uncertain foundations. Its duration can only depend upon the relation between two things, the mental activity in political matters of the subjects, and the material power of the governors. If the first, under the influence of example in some other nation, or by the pressure of physical wants, waxes heated and aggressive, while the second is weakened in a corresponding measure by disaffection and the difficulty of recruiting it, then the system must fall in a supreme ruin.

Against such a system the French Revolution was, among its other functions, a final denunciation and protest. Its dogma of the Sovereignty of the People—in other words, its claim for the immediate participation of every nation, both in its own internal government and in the choice of attitude to be assumed towards other nations—was levelled against hereditary absolutism, and it will one day be revived against that strange incongruity, democratic despotism.

Unfortunately the revolutionary dogma was based upon the ground of natural, metaphysical right, or an imaginary social contract. If the leading revolutionists " had adopted Burke's own standard of the general utility, they could have made out a case for the sovereignty of the people that for a nation in their then state of mental preparation would have been thoroughly inexpugnable ". If they had descended from their barren metaphysical heights to show that for a highly political people like the French—a people of great public spirit, great excitability about public affairs and an increasing capacity to judge them—any government in which they don't participate is essentially unstable, " they would have adduced an argument worth a hundred social contracts ". If they had dwelt on the other desirable consequences that flow from popular self-government—

how it increases the material stock of self-respect, how it secures an unwavering regard for the interests of the majority (" the first and most difficult of all the ends of government "), how it preserves confidence and order by effecting, through a peaceful expression of the popular will, those modifications which otherwise can only be achieved through destructive violence—if they had dwelt on all this, they would have fortified a doctrine which was only discredited by the " flaunting metaphysical garments " in which they had clothed it.

That the criterion of general happiness should have been thus ignored in favour of inherent right, is the more curious, and perhaps the more lamentable, because the Revolution was unquestionably the most gigantic effort that has ever been made to establish this criterion firmly and permanently in political affairs. This task . . . the Revolution accomplished. It made conformity to general utility, in its widest sense, the practical standard of the right of any government to the allegiance of its subjects. Thus Burke, the greatest statesman who has adhered to this doctrine, must be pronounced to have been much nearer to the best, most vital, and most durable part of the Revolution than he knew, and than his successors have supposed.

Morley's complaint that the French political doctrinaires supported popular sovereignty by the false theory of natural rights instead of by its utility (the very ground on which Burke opposed the overthrow of despotism in France and the reform of representative institutions in his own country), suggests that he pressed his admiration for one abstraction and his contempt for another a little too far. Admitted that Bentham's principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number is a better criterion of public policy and a sounder theoretical foundation for representative democracy as against other forms of government than Rousseau's doctrine of man's inherent right to liberty ; still can we altogether condemn the more poetical appeal which

inspired the French people to "the most gigantic effort ever made" to establish popular sovereignty? At the end of the *Reflections*, and again in almost the last words Burke wrote about the French Revolution, Morley detected signs of contrition, of a "half pensive tolerance", of a reviving belief in human progress, or at least of a suspicion that he might unawares be fighting against the truth. "With these magnanimous thoughts in his heart, let us leave him. They were the last ray of that *mens divinior* which, amid the sharp press of manifold cares and distractions, had ever vibrated with generous and high-minded sympathies, and which, now that the night was falling, did not let go its faith in the beneficent powers and processes of the Unseen Time."

In this grand peroration we hear the authentic voice of the Morley whose *Voltaire*, *Rousseau*, and *Compromise* stirred into life a new kind of Liberalism in England.

In the whole book a certain buoyancy and self-confidence of tone mark the arrival of his mind, not indeed at a final goal but at a starting-point for high tasks and achievements. Seven years had passed since he left Oxford, years of hard struggle for livelihood and position, but of a harder and nobler trial for some theory of life, some philosophy of politics, for some conception of truth and justice which his reason could approve, for vantage ground from which he could do battle as reformer and practical idealist in the fair field of letters, or in the dustier arena of politics. In reading *Burke* we get a glimpse, a hint, of Morley's intellectual growth and of the undeciphered inner life—the "real life" which Mark Twain signifies in the preface to his Autobiography:

> What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his *thoughts*, not those other things, are his history. . . . The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor

day. These are his life, and they are not written and cannot be written. . . . Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.

If all the swift thoughts and unseen processes of intellectual growth in the making of men of genius could be recorded, how prodigious would those records be! how impossible! how intolerable! Certainly it is well said, and so far true, that the real life is in the head, and known only to its owner, until the thoughts find imperfect expression in words and action. But is it not by words and actions, in their correspondence with thought, that character is formed? "We cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue." For at his best man is not an isolated being, a segregated soul, or an intellectual machine revolving for a brief space of time, consuming and to be consumed.

CHAPTER III

A VOYAGE AND A CANDIDATURE—1867–1869

BEFORE the end of 1867 Morley found occasion for a voyage across the Atlantic. Burke, Lincoln, and an outburst of Fenian outrages had combined to kindle in him a desire to visit the United States; and he contrived to satisfy this curiosity by a flying visit in November 1867, armed with letters of introduction from Mill to Emerson and others. "When I found myself described in one of them as his particular friend, with kind words of hope and prophecy"—so he related in the *Recollections*—"I knew an elation of spirit such as goes in another order of being with blue ribands and diamond stars." At Washington he had talks with Grant, Sherman, and other Northern generals, and arrived at the conclusion—without much research, I fancy, into the question of pre-war diplomacy and policy—that this was the one unavoidable and justifiable war of modern times. Humanity, as he wrote long afterwards, had just fought and won one of its most glorious battles:

> An end had been brought to the only war in modern times as to which we can be sure, first that no skill or patience of diplomacy could have averted it, and second that preservation of the American Union and abolition of Negro Slavery were two vast triumphs of good by which even the inferno of war was justified.

A great statesman and orator, Charles Sumner, took the young English Liberal under his wing. With Sumner

he visited the Senate and heard England fiercely vituperated by a speaker who specialised in that line. The question of the *Alabama* claims was then smouldering, and there was plenty of inflammable material lying about. At Washington also he had several walks and talks with Walt Whitman, then a clerk in one of the government offices, and "liked the kindly geniality of his ways" without being conquered by his novel doctrine of "art without apparel". Emerson made a much deeper impression. There is no more sympathetic essay in Morley's *Miscellanies* than his sketch of this "wise and benign man", this "great interpreter of life", this simple and serene scholar, this persuasive teacher and preacher, who lighted up a transcendental philosophy with the rays of ethical and poetic imagination. On the whole we cannot wonder that our traveller preferred Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, and the New England school to a poet who claimed exemption from rhyme and metre. He also met Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, and Godkin, who had commenced his work on the *Nation*. Another New Yorker, from whom he seems to have learnt a good deal, was Frederick Law Olmsted, a traveller whose observations on conditions in the Slave States just before the Civil War he found hardly, if at all, less interesting than Arthur Young's account of pre-revolutionary France.[1] Olmsted had been appointed chief superintendent of the Central Park in New York, and Morley afterwards paid a tribute to his genius as a landscape gardener. During his visit he shunned interviews. Americans who have endured the crude and callow impressions of so many flying visitors will admire perhaps regretfully our hero's modest resolution to quit their shores without making a pronouncement on their institutions.

With Olmsted and Godkin he must have conversed freely about conditions in New York, and especially about the Irish emigrants, of whom far too many, instead

[1] Olmsted's book was entitled *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, with Remarks on their Economy* (1856).

of pressing westward—the railway had just reached Omaha—preferred to stay with their priests and their Fenian leaders in the slums of the big cities. A book on *The Irish in America*, by John Francis Maguire, an Irish Catholic and Member for Cork, had just appeared. Morley's review of it seems to have been written in America; for it appeared in the February (1868) number of the *Fortnightly*, which must have been in the press before he got home. He describes the Irish, German, and Swedish immigrants, and takes occasion to correct Maguire's description of the Scotch Irish as a despised class. On the contrary, says Morley, they are very highly esteemed, and that is why they are distinguished as 'Scotch Irish' from the others.[1] The Irish immigrants in the 'sixties were mostly of the Catholic peasant class. Those who had gone to Illinois, or Canada, or California, were doing well. But unfortunately a large proportion of them refused to move west, partly because they feared the life and death of a pioneer without the spiritual ministrations of a priest, partly because, after starving in the hovels of Galway, they were not repelled even by the slum tenements of New York; but above all because Tammany Hall, under William Tweed, Peter Sweeny, and Richard Connolly, and the Young Democracy, a rival organisation under James O'Brien, to say nothing of the Fenians, offered almost unlimited scope for a political livelihood in the underworld of jobbery, intrigue, and plotting, for which Irishmen required no training or education. At this time Morley disliked and dreaded the Irish priesthood more than in later days, when he realised that their political power would diminish with self-government. He was impressed by the filth and crime of the overcrowded slums in New York and by the excellent work of Protestant societies, which were rescuing outcast children from a life of degradation and sending them to

[1] In support of this he quotes an article on Pittsburg by a "very genuine American" in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

breathe the open air of western farms. Some hardened economists, accepting Anglo-Irish Landlordism, Ascendancy, and Rackrent as irremovable facts or laws of nature, declared that this exodus of Irish peasants to the United States was in accordance with the beneficent and inexorable law of supply and demand. They were more wanted in America than in Ireland, and therefore the surplus was crossing the Atlantic. What could be simpler ? But, alas, oppression and starvation, followed by expatriation, made the Irish emigrant a " fervent and active enemy of the Government under which he was born ". Morley had no patience with this version of political economy. It is our fault, he cried, that these ignorant poverty-stricken emigrants, " as a rule without a shilling in their pockets, or two civilised and orderly ideas in their heads ", are doing their best in America to stir up ill-feeling against Great Britain and " to spoil the great republican experiment ". A few months later, lecturing on Ireland to his fellow-townsmen at Blackburn, he recalled some incidents of his voyage :

> Last autumn I happened to make a journey to the United States of America. The first day the steamer stopped for some hours in Queenstown harbour, one of the noblest harbours in the world ; and one of the most prominent objects is the prison of Spike Island. " There is the English Bastille," I heard a fellow traveller say, " where the English incarcerate the Irish whom they will not take the trouble to govern." And my ears tingled for shame ; for I knew the taunt was unanswerable. Some of them went up to the town of Cork. There they saw policemen at every corner and on every side, armed with revolvers, carbines, and swords —literally holding the town as a garrison holds a town that has been conquered, and that hates its conquerors with deadly hatred. Well, what greeted my eyes the very day after I landed at New York ? Were rebellion and detestation of England left at the other side of the Atlantic ? Why, the first spectacle I saw was a procession of some thousands of Irishmen, who had once, most of them, been fellow subjects

of our own, marching in military array, to hear, to applaud, and to sympathise with, speeches against the nation which had driven them forth. I can assure you who have never seen an organisation of this sort against your country, that the sight is one of the most painful and bitter that can afflict a man who loves his country and its fair name among the nations of the earth. It was in vain that I tried to vindicate to American friends the goodwill and just intentions of England to Ireland. "If what you say is true," they cried, "why don't you show a beginning of your just intentions by so very plain and simple a step as the abolition of the alien establishment?" The reproach was fatal. I have heard it often before on the continent of Europe.

In the March *Fortnightly*, defending the naturalist or evolutionary theory of morals against the metaphysical school, who hold that moral truth is immutable, he drew an illustration from the unsettled western frontier of the United States, where the process of developing moral and legal ideas was then actually going on:

In Texas, or Nevada, or Nebraska, you may watch the growth of the ideas of Law and Duty just as if they were plants. The process is just the same as in the old primitive societies with the pregnant and instructive difference that no Divine sanction is appealed to. Lawless desperadoes in these frontier settlements find, after a certain experience of savagery, that on the whole it is more *convenient* in the long run not to rob and murder. A public opinion grows up that is hostile to these malpractices, and a willingness to unite to repress them. Then a Vigilance Committee puts theft and excessive murder down by hanging anybody who takes another man's life or another man's property.

As population increases, law develops. "A legal code grows first, and the ethical code follows steadily behind it." His general argument is characteristic. Morality, he maintains, is not stationary but is dependent on the intellectual movement. Yet it is distinct from science:

The great moral reformer is simply the man who brings the healthiest and strongest intellect into questions of conduct and character, instead of into chemistry, physiology, or any other science. He is emphatically the possessor of Vision, and Vision is not the less a quality of the intelligence for being directed to moral subjects.

It is a difference of subject-matter, not of powers, that distinguishes "the man who augments the treasures of science from the man who gives new meanings to Duty and Virtue". Just as the revival of learning preceded the Reformation, so it usually happens that enlightenment in morals follows enlightenment in knowledge. At the same time the love of duty or holiness is a sentiment which exists independently of argument, and may often be stirred by a teacher not intellectually strong. In the history of civilisation the moral element was often under-estimated. Ancient Greece decayed not for lack of science but for lack of conscience or sense of duty. But in respect of the ruin that falls upon peoples for wrongs done, he protests against applying the name of justice to the punishment of children for the sins of their parents. "Indeed to call this vicarious visitation of the offences of the guilty upon the heads of the innocent by the name of justice, retributive or otherwise, is about as strange a twist of a moral idea to suit a theological anachronism as one may find in the history of thought."

In the May number of the *Fortnightly* begins the first of his famous biographical studies of Frenchmen—Joseph de Maistre—a curious choice; for instead of starting with the precursors of the Revolution he starts with the Catholic reaction in France, of which De Maistre was a conspicuous champion. From his introductory paragraphs it would seem to have been the Irish puzzle that attracted him to one of the most uncompromising exponents of the Catholic creed and system:

Owing to causes which lie tolerably near the surface, the remarkable Catholic reaction, which took place in France

at the beginning of the present century, has never received in England the attention that it deserves; not only for its striking interest as an episode in the history of European thought, but also for its peculiarly forcible and complete presentation of those ideas with which what is called the modern spirit is supposed to be engaged in deadly war. . . . Men are not so anxious as they should be, considering the infinite diversity of effort that goes to the advancement of mankind, to pick up the fragments of truth and positive contribution, that so nothing be lost; and as a consequence the writings of antagonists with whom we are believed to have nothing in common, lie unexamined and disregarded.

This apathy needed correction; for "it is impossible to see intelligently to the bottom of the momentous spirit of ultramontanism, which is so deep a difficulty of continental Europe, and which, touching us in Ireland, is perhaps already one of our deepest difficulties, without comprehending in its best shape the theory on which ultramontanism rests". Again, as the destruction of theological ways of prescribing conduct is "the first condition of the further elevation of humanity" both morally and spiritually, it is of great advantage "to see your enemy full against the light".

Besides in this case the enemy, when placed against the light, becomes a rather lovable person, with many striking traits and fine qualities.

There are several hints in *De Maistre* of the new kind of religion which was beginning to take possession of Morley—a religion, it is true, of this world yet essentially spiritual and unworldly. For example: "It is one of the most certain marks, we may be sure, of a superior spirit, that the impulses earliest awakened by its first fresh contact with the facts of the outer world are those which quicken a desire for the improvement of the condition of society, the increase of the happiness of men, the amelioration of human destiny."

Though the earliest this is certainly not the least interesting or entertaining of the pieces republished by

Book II.

Morley in the *Miscellanies*. What could be better than his description of De Maistre's epistolary style?

> Whether he is writing to his little girl whom he has never known, or to the King of Sardinia, or to some author who sends him a book, or to a minister who has found fault with his diplomacy, there is in all alike the same constant and remarkable play of a bright and penetrating intellectual light, coloured by a humour that is now and then a little sardonic, but more often is genial and lambent. There is a certain semi-latent quality of hardness lying at the bottom of De Maistre's style, both in his letters and in his more elaborate compositions. His writings seem to recall the flavour and bouquet of some of the fortifying and stimulating wines of Burgundy, from which time and warmth have not yet drawn out a certain native roughness that lingers on the palate.

Turning from style to temper, he still finds much to admire: "If this kind of temper, strong, keen, frank, and a little hard and mordant, brought him too near a mischievous disbelief in the dignity of men and their lives, at least it kept him well away from morbid weakness in ethics, and from beating the winds in metaphysics." Morley never cared greatly for metaphysics; at any rate he was resolved not to spend his life in probing the unknowable, or searching in the dark for something that is not there.

Another bond of sympathy between the artist and his subject lay in their methods of reading and composing.

> As a student De Maistre was indefatigable. He never belonged to that languid band who hope to learn difficult things by easy methods. The only way, he warned his son, is to shut your door, to say that you are not within, and to work. . . . He was one of those wise and laborious students who do not read without a pencil in their hands. He never shrank from the useful toil of transcribing abundantly from all the books he read everything that could by any possibility eventually be of service to him in his inquiries.

In another sentence we see, if not the Morley of that time, the Morley of the future: "A student and a thinker, De Maistre was also a man of the world, and he may be added to the long list of writers who have shown that to take an active part in public affairs and to mix in society give a peculiar life, reality, and force to all scholarship and speculation."

In this same month of May, which inaugurates the famous series of French Studies—by some regarded as the high-water mark of his prose—the young editor, now a local celebrity, revisited Blackburn to deliver an address (May 28, 1868) on 'Ireland's Rights and England's Duties' in Park Road School, under the auspices of the Cobden Reform Club. W. Abram, the learned historian of Blackburn, at that time a zealous Liberal, had recently become editor of the *Blackburn Times*. He gave a full page verbatim report, and devoted a leading article to "the masterly exposition of the Irish question delivered by our gifted townsman, Mr. John Morley". The meeting, we are told, was large and enthusiastic, "every portion of the room being crowded to excess, a very large number having to stand during the whole of the evening's proceedings".

As this is the first, and not the least polished, of Morley's orations,[1] young aspirants to political fame may like to read the exordium:

I was heartily glad when the Secretary of the Reform Club, in his letter of invitation to me, suggested as the general wish that in what I have to say this evening I should not confine myself exclusively to the question of the Irish Church, but should go generally into the relations between England and Ireland. For, in my judgment, we weaken our case for the disestablishment of the Irish Church by looking at it in an isolated way. The extreme danger and gross injustice of that institution are only seen in their true proportions when

[1] It was republished by the *Blackburn Times* as a pamphlet, price twopence. Long afterwards, when he was presented with the freedom of his native town, a copy was given him by an admirer.

we view the Irish question as a whole. Valuable as are the detached arguments for disendowment, indispensable as it is that the case against that hateful institution should be made as strong as it possibly can be made by reasons that are drawn from exclusively ecclesiastical facts, absolutely irresistible and conclusive as these arguments would be, even if there were no other, still their force is heightened and multiplied a thousandfold when we bring our opponents face to face, not with the Irish Church only, but with Ireland. Only think, gentlemen, what the name of Ireland means to us. Our opponents talk as if Ireland were no more than a name—some abstraction, some hollow term, some empty word for Whigs and Tories to chop logic on and fight for office and place about. By this means they cheat themselves, and say a hundred things about the sister island being peaceful, and contented, and improving, and wanting nothing but to be let alone—things that they would never dream of saying if they would only learn that Ireland means the Irish people.

There were people who saw no humiliation to England in the condition of Ireland :

Let such a person reflect what peace and content reign in Canada, in Australia, in our smaller possessions spread over the broad face of the earth, in Scotland, and England ; and then turn to Ireland and ask himself what name is bad enough for the state of things there ; whether there exists, or has ever existed, a graver danger or deeper disgrace to the Empire.

Then comes the passage, already quoted, about what he saw at Queenstown and in the United States ; then a discussion of Fenianism apropos of the recent attempt on Prince Alfred in Australia, and the " really tremendous fact " that the Prince was not allowed to visit New Zealand, lest the attempt should be renewed there. We are told, he went on, that the people of Ireland are absolutely intractable, that nothing can be done with them, that nature has struck a blight upon them :

Our instructor, who would like to see Ireland plunged under the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, is no doubt of this

way of thinking; and I believe this idea of the incorrigible and desperate depravity of the Irish character has really a powerful hold on a great number of people in England. Any more deplorably wicked idea I am unable to conceive. . . . Nature does not work so. Whole nations are never incorrigible and reprobate; if they seem to be so, be very sure that fault is in the institutions and the social arrangements under which they have to live. And at any rate let us not venture to attribute the unfortunate state of Ireland to the mysteriously evil and hopeless character of its inhabitants until we are quite sure that England has fairly tried, first, to understand her duty, and then strenuously to do it.

Apart from the monstrousness of the theory, in the mouths of Christians, that God Almighty had created the Irish without hope and without capacity as members of a civilised society, let them look at the facts:

Take an Irishman out of Ireland, and he becomes a prosperous, intelligent, and virtuous citizen. The Irishman in the United States, in Australia, in Canada, as soon as he has had time to shake off the moodiness and depression of the emigrant, learns to be industrious, thrifty, and full of public spirit. Has nature then made the Irishman incorrigibly and hopelessly a rebel and a thriftless losel only in Ireland?

As, in all controversies, it is important to settle the first principles on which either side proceeds, Morley asked his Blackburnians to assent to two principles: First, that it is the original and most solemn duty of the Government of a country to do its best for the happiness of all the people who come under its influence. Second, that the Government is not to measure that happiness by its own views of what a nation ought to wish for, but simply and solely by the actual wishes of a decisive majority of the people of that country:

If our form of government were autocratic—if we were living under the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of the French—this would be denied. But ours is—at least we hope it is—a popular and free Government; and the very meaning of a

Government being popular and free is that it is conducted, not in accordance with what some man or small body of men may think good for a people, but in accordance with what the people think good for themselves. These, then, are the two points from which I believe we shall all start—first, that it is the duty of a Government to secure happiness and order; and second, that it is the right of the governed to have their wishes exclusively consulted in determining the nature of their own happiness. No Government which fails to comply with these two conditions can be called free, can be called other than arbitrary and despotic. . . . And happily with us, this, as a rule, with one single melancholy exception, is not mere theory, but the actual standard of our practice. In our colonies we give the colonists in their legislatures the right of making such laws with reference to their own affairs —with reference to religion, property, education—as they may think best, In India, where we rule many millions of Hindoos, we do not, indeed, confer upon our subjects the right of governing themselves—a right which they are not fit yet to exercise—but we insist with rigorous severity that the taxes shall be imposed and collected, the public education regulated, the religious teaching of Christianity itself strictly limited—mark that—all with steady and unshaken respect for the wishes of the people of India, and with an undivided desire for their good, and not ours. On no other conditions than these has any people the right to claim the obedience and the loyalty of another people. Now look at Ireland. Contrast our policy there with our policy in India. Do we govern Ireland for the benefit of the Irish people, as we govern India for the benefit of its people? . . . No: let us face the painful and most disgraceful truth that we have governed it for centuries, and suffer it to be governed now, not in the interests of the Irish people, not to confer happiness on them, not to give them the objects of their desire, but mainly in the interests of a selfish and fairly worthless class in England. What we want is to see Ireland orderly, tranquil, and prosperous; and I maintain that this welcome sight will never gladden our eyes until we have abandoned this policy, cut it up root and branch, and learnt to treat the Irish people as wisely and as generously as we treat the Hindoos, by paying

as implicit respect to their wishes, their deeply rooted ideas, aye, even their deeply rooted prejudices. If we could only bring ourselves to this point, depend upon it that Ireland, instead of being the disturber of our peace, the nursing-mother of our most relentless enemies, our reproach and shame in the eyes of other nations, would soon become the home of order, and tranquillity and strength, because order and strength are the fruit and the children of justice and right-doing.

Having thus made plain his point of view he put the simple question—"How can we make the Irish people happy and contented? Our right to do this is the only English right that I claim."

What, then, were Ireland's main grievances? First, we were holding up an alien Church with British bayonets. Was it not piteous and tragic to think that "this fair England, whom we have loved to think of as the sheltering mother of Freedom, always ready to help the oppressed in foreign lands", should figure in the eyes of some millions of her nearest subjects, and in the eyes of America, as an armed oppressor? This religious intolerance, this establishment of Protestantism in Catholic Ireland reminded the young lecturer that no religious establishments were maintained in India or Australia or Canada. The Anglican establishment in Ireland was not only oppressive but absurd. One parish in the diocese of Coyne supported an episcopalian clergyman whose whole flock consisted of one person!

The defenders of the Irish Church establishment replied that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church would make no difference, and that the Fenian spirit would be as strong as ever. That might or might not be true; but at any rate our consciences would be free: "Do justice, and then if the very heavens fall it will be well with you."

In a fiery passage he touched on the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century, the penal laws against Catholics, and the cruelties which accompanied the

suppression of the Irish rising in 'ninety-eight. Remember, he said, that the Irish are a romantic and impulsive race, a sentimental and imaginative race—"and you have given them too much black material to brood over". They had carried the dark and bloody memory of penal times over the ocean into the backwoods of Canada, the Australian bush, and the farms of the American prairie.

But behind the Church loomed a yet more tremendous question—the land. In two or three concluding paragraphs he pointed out that the mass of the Irish tenantry had no better title to their holdings than the will of the landlords; that they were rack-rented, that they could be ejected by a very summary and arbitrary process, and that they had no inducement to energy, frugality, or good farming. Then there was the absentee landlord:

> Have you thought what an absentee landlord means? Well, if you go to Hyde Park any afternoon about this time you will see swarms of them. It is now the height of the London gay season, and while the (Irish) tenant is toiling and moiling at the land, rising up early and late, taking rest without hope or outlook, or prospect beyond a pittance, there is a man in the English Metropolis who toils not nor spins, yet is clad in purple and fine linen; who never earned a shilling in all his days, yet never denied himself nor any of his family the most costly luxury; he it is for whom that other travails and labours. Gentlemen, I am not preaching socialism. . . . For my part I would rather be a Blackburn artisan, drawing my twenty-five shillings a week, that I had honestly earned with the sweat of my brow, than I would be one of those Irish absentee landlords squandering thousands of pounds that had been wrung from the rack-rented tenants.

These samples are enough to show with what fervour Morley, before he had turned thirty, was pleading the cause of Ireland, and how far he had already moved along the path which would lead him to Home Rule.

On October 12, 1867, the *Blackburn Times* had announced: "It is tolerably certain that Mr. John

Morley, the present editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and a well-known 'Saturday Reviewer', will stand for Preston at the next election. Mr. Morley is a Blackburn man, son of the late and brother of the present Dr. Morley of this town."

Morley was not adopted at Preston, and we may be pretty sure that this sharp disappointment opened his eyes to the obstacles that prevented Radicals, unless they had long purses, from becoming parliamentary candidates. But his ambitions were fired, and his lectures[1] at Blackburn are evidence that he did not despair of his local connections. A letter, for which I am indebted to Mr. G. P. Abram of Blackburn, shows that he had not yet settled down to the quiet life of a man of letters. It shows also that from the outset he was an editor indeed, who told his contributors exactly what he wanted.

GARRICK CLUB,
June 24, 1868.

DEAR MR. ABRAM—The copies have made their appearance at last; and I am heartily obliged to you for them.

The fact of your name not being prominently before the public would be no objection whatever to your appearance in the *Fortnightly Review*, and I like your subject very much. I cannot guarantee to accept an article until I had seen it—but I can only say that I think such an article would be certain to suit me, if you like to write it subject to the small risk thus implied. Only let me say two or three things. 1. It ought not to exceed 16 or 18 of our pp. 2. It ought not to go beyond one article. 3. Be sure to select salient points only, and not to attempt to exhaust the matter. 4. No figures and statistics. 5. Expound their *ideas*, manners, aspirations, above all their feelings about religion, property, their masters, etc. 6. The ordinary career of an average artisan. When will you do it?

I have been communicated with about writing in the

[1] On October 12, 1868, he gave another address, this time on 'Liberalism and the Irish Church', to a crowded audience of 3000 people in the Exchange Hall.

Blackburn Times, and perhaps I had better write to you upon it now, finally ; and if necessary you will kindly report what I write to Mr. Toulmin.

1. I cannot *on any account* think of any *fee*. And if it should transpire that I am the author of any articles, I should much like it to be understood that they are my modest contribution to the liberal cause. Please let there be no mistake on this point.

2. If I write at all I should like to write once every week, without break—unless some unforeseen engagements of my own should compel me to withdraw. If this be agreeable to you will you write and let me know what day you ought to have the MS., when I may begin, etc. I am ready any time you like.

With kind regards, always yours very truly,

John Morley.

William Abram's article on 'The Social Conditions and Political Prospects of the Lancashire Workmen' duly appeared in the October *Fortnightly*. It was exactly what his friend the editor had asked for. It shows how the Anglicans, the Roman Catholics, and the Dissenters created a variety of political and social divisions in the Lancashire towns ; and it prophesies that at the General Election, which was to take place in November, the Liberal Party would gain seats as a result of the extension of the franchise. But, wrote this very acute observer, "the Lancashire workman is no Republican", and "nothing but sharp privation could ever sting him into Communism". The left wing of the factory population fell into five groups :

1. A few surviving Radicals of the Hunt and O'Connor school.

2. Radicals of the Manchester school—Free Traders swearing by Cobden and Bright.

3. Radicals of the Oastler and Stephens school—Trade Union and shorter-hours-of-labour men.

4. Religious Radicals, comprising the bulk of the Dissenters.

5. Radicals of the O'Connell school, mostly Irish Catholics.

By bearing in mind these subdivisions of contemporary Radicalism we shall better understand how, and in what directions, the clean-cut doctrines and uncompromising ideals of John Morley the Journalist had to be modified in the practical life of politics, when he shaped for himself a parliamentary career. This letter to Abram and another, which followed a few days later, prove that Morley was mixing vigorously in local politics, doubtless hoping for a time when, with Abram's support, his name might be favourably considered by the Liberals of Blackburn. His chance was to come much sooner than could have been anticipated. But, fortunately for letters and for liberalism, the doors of Westminster did not open to his first or even to his second knock.

About this time his friend Cotter Morison published impressions of a visit to Ireland in a brochure, *Irish Grievances shortly Stated.* Morison had previously held the common opinion that what Ireland needed was merely a strong Government—not progressive but repressive measures. In an admirable review Morley praises his friend for an action, so different in quality and purpose from the ordinary inconsistencies and oscillations of the political opportunist: "It is eminently honourable and courageous in Mr. Morison that he should have in the first instance taken the pains thus fairly to re-examine the grounds of his former opinions, and then that—finding them no longer tenable—he should not have shrunk from a full and reasoned recantation." Some one had suggested that rapid conversions should be attended by a compulsory silence of three years. There were times, I think, in his later life when Morley would have been tempted to apply such a law to certain political mountebanks. But at this moment he was all for conversions. "We ought to attach no artificial penalty of any kind to altered opinion, least of all in a country like this where the danger is always a thousandfold greater from excessive

obstinacy and stolidity than from excessive mobility." Morison and Morley are alike insistent that Englishmen must study Irish history and learn to admire patriotism in Ireland as they admired it in Poland and Hungary, learn to shudder at the atrocities committed by Englishmen in Ireland as they had been taught to shudder at the crimes committed by Frenchmen during the Terror, and to class Helpenstall and Judkin Fitzgerald with Robespierre and St. Just.

"The Political Prelude", one of the most audacious and violent articles that Morley ever wrote, appeared in the July number of the *Fortnightly*. It is a terrific onslaught on the clergy for presuming to take part in politics—and on the wrong side too; for they were working up an agitation against Mr. Gladstone's plans for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. There is no arguing, he says, with 'cardinals, augurs, monks, archdeacons, obimen' about public affairs. You talk policy; they answer with the phrases of Thaumaturgy. You ask about the common weal; they tell you about the sacred fowls or the thirty-nine articles. In the sphere of theological doctrine he is content to leave matters to the march of science and to the spread of the scientific spirit. But Reformers could not afford to allow the pacification of Ireland to be obstructed by a violent movement of religious prejudices marching to such familiar cries as Church and Queen, the Light of the Reformation, our glorious Constitution, or Abracadabra. If Lord Derby had originated the project, the Conservative Party would have abolished the Irish Establishment in a week; but they would not have anything countenanced by Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill. Besides, it was an assault on privilege. "The great hive of Troglodytes is already noisy with irritated buzzings." The sacred rights of the House of Lords might be assailed next. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church would mean that other privileged institutions must show cause why they should be spared. Then there was the Irish

Land Question. "Do the Irish landlords dream that Mr. Mill's pamphlet is dead and buried?" But when would Reforms begin? Will the new voters return the new men to do the great work? Those who believe it are sanguine. What do we see?

> Preparations for a colossal and absolutely unrivalled consumption of beer; scarcely any but old names, and none but the old sorts of candidates before the electors; more than one of the most excellent members of the present House —men from whom England had something to hope—thrust aside to make way for rich nobodies: the creatures whose business it is to undermine the fabric of the Government in a state of quite unexampled liveliness and hilarity. The Election of 1868 promises to be the most corrupt and dishonourable in our annals, and to give us for rulers some of the richest and stupidest men that ever entered the Chamber.

He expects indeed a majority against the Irish Church; but that could have been got without a lowered franchise. The trouble was that the local Liberal juntos selected, in accordance with the old tradition, out of two or three rich men in the neighbourhood the man they meant to run. The mass of the voters were not consulted. Their rôle was to follow the caucus, and sport the Tory or Radical colours. "But in choosing who shall be the candidate they have no more power than the reader of this *Review* has of choosing what articles shall appear in the next number, though he has perfect liberty of choice whether or no he will read them." Hope lay in an alliance between land reformers and trade unionists. Give the newly enfranchised workmen time, and all would be well. But there was danger ahead if, "as is most likely", the new Capitalist Parliament should prove itself even less hopeful than "this Rump of old aristocratic Parliaments".

The political dyspepsia of this and his two next articles may not have been wholly due to disappointed ambition. It is clear from his correspondence and

from the anxiety of his friends that he had been having rather frequent spells of ill-health, brought on no doubt by over-work. In a letter to Frederic Harrison from the Garrick Club (September 6, 1868) he tells his friend :

> I am finishing de Maistre for the next number : then for Turgot, who has never been presented in England—so far as I can find out. I am *not* standing for Parliament this time —though I should try if an easyish opening offered. I am too seedy just now for a fight on a large scale ; I am not very, very eager to sit in the new Parliament. What miseries confront Gladstone, when he comes to deal with the funds of the Church—and the land !

He little knew Gladstone's temperament, or the zest with which that grand Projector and indomitable worker would throw himself into these new legislative tasks. No, it was with great joy, not misery, that Gladstone faced the difficulties and disentangled the knotty problems of establishments and endowments, of landlords' rights and tenants' wrongs in Ireland.

The editor's political pessimism reappeared in a *Fortnightly* article on "Old Parties and New Policy"[1] written before the results of the General Election were known, and again after the election in "The Chamber of Mediocrity". But before we examine these the reader may wish to be reminded of the strange series of events that led up to the Gladstonian victory of 1868.

Upon the death of Lord Palmerston in October 1865, soon after the General Election, the era of political stagnation ended. Earl Russell became Prime Minister with Gladstone as leader of the House of Commons. The reform movement under John Bright could no longer be resisted, and in March 1866 Gladstone introduced a very moderate Bill enlarging the electorate by some 400,000 new voters. A Whig cave, nicknamed by Bright the Cave of Adullam, was formed against the Bill ; and in

[1] Another article in this (September) number was on "The Right of Women to Vote," by Mr. Pankhurst, whose widow, long afterwards, became militant.

June the Government was defeated by a few votes. Russell resigned, and Derby became Prime Minister, with Disraeli as leader of the House of Commons. But the leaders of the cave refused to join the new Government. Apart from the franchise question there was a Whig-Liberal-Radical majority in the Commons of nearly seventy. The popular agitation became formidable; an immense crowd, finding the gates of Hyde Park closed against them, tore up the railings and clamoured for reform. At the beginning of the session of 1867 Disraeli started the double process of 'educating the Tories' and 'dishing the Whigs'. At first his proposals were narrow; but as the session went on he allowed the Bill to be enlarged into a more democratic measure than the one he had defeated the year before. It became law in August 1867; in the following February, on the retirement of Derby, Disraeli became Prime Minister. Discontent in Ireland had been growing and the Fenians were busy. Liberal opinion began to press for reforms as an alternative to coercion. Gladstone introduced Resolutions for disestablishing the Anglican Church in Ireland, and carried them in May against the Government by a majority of sixty-five. Disraeli tendered his resignation; but the Queen dissuaded him, and gave him authority—so he told the House of Commons—to dissolve Parliament as soon as public business would permit. Disraeli's conduct towards the Commons and his affectation of royal favour were denounced by the Opposition as unconstitutional; but he held on until the end of the session and dissolved Parliament in November. The General Election, which took place in the second half of November, turned on the Irish Church question and on the personal issue between Gladstone and Disraeli. When all the constituencies had voted it was found that Gladstone would command an overwhelming majority of 100. Disraeli at once resigned, and Gladstone formed his first and most successful administration—an administration which was to carry

the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, a reform of the Irish Land Laws, the great Education Bill introducing School Boards, Vote by Ballot, and the Abolition of the Purchase System in the Army. To these domestic achievements must be added the submission of the Alabama Claims to Arbitration, and a Foreign Policy which in the Franco-German War preserved the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg while maintaining strict British neutrality in accordance with the Cobdenite principle—to be upheld for another forty years—of non-intervention in Continental Wars.

Such were to be the actual results of a General Election at which the young editor, now a Radical to the finger-tips, looked so despairingly!

"Old Parties and New Policy", an editorial in the September number of the *Fortnightly*, is a diatribe against the Party System—ardent and eloquent, but wanting in foresight and wisdom. *Satis eloquentiae sapientiae parum*, I can imagine Morley saying if he ever re-read this article after judgment had ripened with experience. An erroneous prophecy that Disraeli would come back from the elections stronger than from those of 1865 was grounded on the theory that "Church and Throne" would prove a better rallying-cry than peace, retrenchment, and reform. He is inclined to complain that the State is not doing enough or spending enough. Savings could and should be made in some directions, but in others there was still greater need of additional outlay. There was a long list of needful reforms, but little sign or hope that they would be handled with sincerity by public men so long as politics remained a party game between Whig and Tory. A good authority assures us, he says, that the new Parliament will consist of "Young Lords and elderly soap-boilers". For that they would have to thank Government by party, which keeps political action on a low level, tarnishes the best causes, thickens the air with odious charges of place-hunting and self-seeking, when it should be clear and warm with the

glow of principle, of generous enthusiasm, and high conviction. The feud between the parties figures in these pages as a feud between the Ins and Outs, a scuffling of pigmies about £5000 a year, or a duel between two rival chiefs, both hungry for power. Among the nation at large "it produces brawling, interchange of ribaldry . . . beery enthusiasm for blue or yellow". Little credit is given even to John Bright for the extension of the franchise, or to Gladstone for proposing the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. To overcome the cry of "Church in danger" public spirit is needed, and public spirit cannot be aroused by the mere repetition of Whig shibboleths. While we ask for a policy, "our ears are filled with the absolutely false, hollow, and threadbare cry of retrenchment, of all things in the world; as if this miserable sham had not figured in all the addresses for a generation past, with steadily increasing and virtually unopposed expenditure going on the whole time. What the nation seeks is that substantial retrenchment which comes of efficiency." With an income tax which was soon to fall to fourpence, threepence, and twopence in the pound; with national education, sanitation, and roads sadly in need of a more generous outlay, we can understand how a young reformer, eager for measures to conciliate Ireland, to create a system of national education and to improve the public services, remarked with angry impatience how 'this phrase of retrenchment, essentially hollow and hypocritical', was spreading like wild-fire through the addresses of the 'unidea'd rich'. They would waste more, he cried bitterly, on debauching the electorate than they would ever save by action in Parliament. The nation had no faith in their retrenchment: "It is party convenience only which brings this ragged flag of economy forward, as though it were some Holy Lance or heaven-sent palladium." Half a century later when, amid the din of arms and the pressure of armaments, Gladstonian economy vanished even from election addresses, and

income tax was measured in shillings instead of in pence —nay, long before then—Morley had quite changed his opinions about the sober policy which since his boyhood had kept the country at peace and was making progress possible in every walk of life and in every branch of administration.

From this spectacle of Parliament our disgusted critic proceeds to conjure up an equally repulsive vision of government by anonymous journalism :

> The immense predominance of helpless men of this sort in the new Parliament, and in Parliaments after that, will produce some consequences of very remarkable importance. To begin with, it will throw an ever-increasing power into the hands of journalists. The more stupid and incapable the man, the greater his reliance on the press; the less his power of forming an opinion for himself, the greater his obligation to these who will form an opinion for him. . . . A Parliament of millionaires will be the whipped slaves of the newspapers. We shall be governed by leading articles. . . . Every editor in London will be made a minister without portfolio.

Such a system of government would be mischievous, because journalists, being anonymous, " fail to comply with the most indispensable of all the conditions on which power should be possessed "—responsibility.

Then he returns to his bitter plaint about the selection of parliamentary candidates. Constituencies were accepting the weak rich man without any zealous search, or any search at all, for the ablest man who could be persuaded to represent them. This involved ' the disappointment of a highly honourable ambition in individual cases ' ; but the really sad thing was that the people who had the choosing of candidates did not recognise the importance of conferring supreme political power on supreme political intelligence. For theoretically the best element in representative government is that it opens so many channels for the access of ability to office. " A General Election is not merely an appeal

to the country on a special issue of the hour; besides being this it is designed to sweep the nation as with a drag-net for all the political capacity in the nation that is available. The electors are asked not only to pronounce an Aye or No upon the Irish Church, but also to choose rulers." And how could they hope for a strong Ministry from a feeble House of Commons? Whence would come the successors of Disraeli and Gladstone?—"From an assembly composed of patricians, who have nothing but their birth, and rich merchants who have nothing but their money."

In short, disappointed, he was inclined to despair of democracy. Certainly the cost of elections was preposterously high, making it impossible for a poor man to stand, unless the money could be found locally or from a party fund. But Morley's pessimism was overdone. He under-estimated the political intelligence of business men and the capacity of the candidates. Neither the Cabinet nor the Parliament created by the elections of 1868 compared ill in ability, common sense and character, with its successors, though Morley may not have been far wrong when he said: "Take Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright out of the lower House, and there is probably about as much political genius and administrative power in the foremost men of one chamber as there is in the foremost men of the other." He was less right as it turned out when he predicted that a Parliament of noblemen and capitalists would make a farce of representative government. What you want is men of good character, and such men are no worse for coming out of a county family or for possessing an income which makes them independent of patronage. History tells us that the staunchest leaders of liberalism, the trustiest Reformers, and the best representatives of popular aspirations have mostly been well-born or well-to-do. To expect that the average candidate for Parliament should be a man of talent or genius is to expect too much; and it may even be doubtful whether as a rule the professional politician

—who lives on his wits off a party fund, and is subservient to the Whips, who provide him with briefs or pay him for his speeches—does not on balance do more harm and less good than a man of independent means who, if less agile, is also less servile, less ready to compromise principles, making up in unselfishness and public spirit for the lack of more showy and sparkling qualities. Still we may be sure that there was then, as now, plenty of room for improvement; and it is very interesting to see how Morley framed his indictment of the system, which was causing him such anguish in the autumn of 1868. He had no difficulty in explaining to his own satisfaction why the election managers in each constituency did not secure the right type of candidate: "It is Party that sits with deadly weight on us." People believed that Government was only a question of Whig or Tory; that the only choice lay between mumblers of shibboleths, hack adherents of sterile creeds, mechanical followers of moth-eaten banners. On all sides he saw a timid repugnance to creative ideas. Candidates of the conventional type, groping unhappily in the twilight of rich men's notions about social ills, were apt to tremble at every shadow and every rustle:

> Do you propose to prevent the officers of Trades Unions from stealing the funds with impunity? You are a Socialist. Do you maintain the policy in the public interests of an alteration in the law of real property in cases of intestacy? You are a Jacobin. Do you project schemes enabling the famished and brutalised serfs of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire to combine for their deliverance from the selfish and inhuman indifference of their so-called betters? You are an incendiary kindling the flames of a Jacquerie. If you hold our isolation in Europe to be as dangerous as intervention on the old principles, and with the old aims, was immoral, you are a mischievous dreamer; if you maintain that the State service is in need of a new and stronger organisation, you are a Caesarist; if you protest against breaking up the civilisation of such a country as China, in order that barbarians from

Manchester may supply them with dry goods, you are a Comtist.

But our Unconsolable, after exhausting his rhetoric, had no practical substitute for the party system, or any hopeful proposal for modifying its "fatal grip" on legislation and government. He tells his readers that England was not governed by party under Elizabeth or Cromwell, that the Opposition was bought off by Walpole, and did little in the best years of the first and second Pitt. Not very fortunate examples for one who sought a democratic substitute for party government! Two suggestions are put forward. The first is that factious opposition to Government measures should cease. The presumption should be in favour rather than against a Government Bill. The maxim that it is the function of the Opposition to oppose, should be dropped. The second change would be an extension of the method of select committees. "The most fanatical sticklers for old usage must see the impracticability of government by public meeting." In the confusion and pell-mell of amendments a good bill is soon spoilt or lost. To illustrate the operation of a good committee system in removing delicate and important business from an over-large assembly, he cites the Foreign Affairs Committee in the American Senate "of which Mr. Sumner is the able and distinguished chairman". The House of Representatives, he added, "passes headlong and preposterous resolutions", which the Senate refers to the Committee; and the Committee pays no more attention to them than is needful. With a prediction that the theory of Cabinet responsibility will have to be modified, and another that the destruction of the old parties "already morally consummated" may lead to a fusion of leading men, Morley's philippic ends—rather tamely. His prentice hand was certainly not yet qualified to remodel and recast the Constitution, or to draft a party programme.

In this irate mood the editor contributed to his November number a brief review of a well-documented

book on Lord Liverpool. The compiler, he says, has shown laudable industry; but "his style is wooden and his political principles are obsolete". Lord Liverpool is summed up as one "consummate in what most English politicians treat as the supreme and characteristic feat of statesmanship. He knew how to keep his Cabinet together and let things alone; to the very last moment he sat complacent and firm on the safety valve."

The General Election results were sufficiently known in time for the December number, and the title of Morley's article, 'The Chamber of Mediocrities', supplies a clue to its contents. His fit of ill-humour has not passed. He finds small cause for congratulation in the size of the Liberal majority, destined though it was under Mr. Gladstone's leadership to achieve a grand series of beneficent reforms. What could be expected of the Liberal or Whig members? Colonels, squires, lawyers, railway directors, millionaires in search of social tone, striplings of great houses, "are all there in as great force as ever". The needy patrician, haunting public places in search of *sportula*, was never wanting in aristocratic countries; but 'no adumbration of a Robespierre' lurked even on the back benches, no horny-handed artisan, no one, in fact, to suggest that the reformed Parliament differed from the unreformed. The pledges given by successful candidates had been as harmless as their opinions. No sign was visible of a new charter, or of an accepted Radical programme. "Those who most eagerly hope for an ultimate modification of existing institutions most clearly perceive that, for such a change as they desire to be enduring, there must first be a leavening of public opinion with ideas to which at present only a few men have reconciled themselves." In these words we have Morley's conception of the task before him. He feels that his opinions are too advanced for immediate success. He is a Radical, an extreme politician, that is to say, "a person who looks five years in front of him", whereas a leading statesman who wishes to preserve a reputation

for soundness cannot, he says, afford to look more than six months ahead. The restoration of Mr. Gladstone to office is good ; for he will bring to it " all the powers of industry, consummate official knowledge, a rare degree of financial ingenuity, and a fervid and elevated love of improvement ". But some felt that an alteration in the character and composition of the House of Commons was what the country needed. Take Lancashire. What is its political landscape ? " Manchester, thriving home of mean ambitions, has just filled three out of five seats with Conservatives." The acquisition of wealth is converting Lancashire to a politer faith :

> The sons of weavers are hunting up genealogies and spreading their wings for sublime apotheosis among the county families. The man who began life as a beggar and a Chartist softens down into the Radical when he has got credit enough for a spinning-shed ; a factory of his own mollifies him into what is called a sound Liberal ; and by the time he owns a mansion and a piece of land he has a feeling as of blue blood tingling in his veins, and thinks of a pedigree and a motto in old French.

The defeat of Mill at Westminster is magnified into a disaster " as significant as the fall and disgrace of the great Turgot " ! But the success of mediocrity had been too complete. The most exultant enemy of philosophers might wish that half-a-dozen Radicals had crept into Parliament. As it stood, " the composition of the new House will prevent us from resorting to the old taunt against the Americans, that they excluded the best men of the country from Congress, just as at the same time the recollection of Sligo and Drogheda and Blackburn ought to modify our too unfavourable notions of political life in Arkansas ". Thus the old year went down on his wrath, and Morley passed his thirtieth birthday ruminating mournfully over the failure of representative institutions, the backslidings of Lancashire, and the political corruption of his native town.

But a chance of introducing into Parliament an 'adumbration of Robespierre' was to be afforded within a few weeks. In Blackburn the General Election of November 1868 had been preceded by a strenuous campaign. Both parties, foreseeing that the passing of Disraeli's Reform Bill must be followed by an appeal to the country, had made appropriate efforts for the tussle. Conservative Clubs were set up in different wards, and the Liberals replied with Reform clubs. In August 1868 the Conservatives announced that the sitting members, Messrs. W. H. Hornby and Joseph Feilden, would offer themselves for re-election, and the contest began in earnest. The selected Liberal candidates were Mr. J. Gerald Potter of Mytton Hall, the defeated candidate of 1865, and Mr. Montague J. Feilden, who had represented the borough from 1853 to 1857. Both sides did their best (or worst) to secure victory in the registration court. The Liberals set the pace by issuing about 3500 objections; the Tories replied with 3000. By this wholesale process about one-half of the prospective electorate was objected to. Polling day (November 18) ended in the return of the two Conservatives by larger majorities than in 1865.[1] The customary riots followed, during which windows and heads were broken in various parts of the town. A petition lodged against Messrs. Hornby and Feilden for corrupt practices was heard before Mr. Justice Willes in the Town Hall, Blackburn. When the court opened on March 12, 1869, counsel for the petitioners abandoned the charges of bribery and treating, but proceeded on undue influence and intimidation. On the fourth day Mr. Justice Willes found the election void, holding that the members by their agents, but not personally, were guilty of undue influence.

No corrupt practice was committed by, or with, the knowledge, or consent of any candidate. . . . Upon the evidence

[1] The figures were:
W. H. Hornby (C.), 4980; Joseph Feilden (C.), 4887; J. G. Potter (L.), 4307; M. J. Feilden (L.), 4184.

it did not appear that corrupt practices extensively prevailed, nor that there is reason to believe that corrupt practices prevailed at the election. . . . Undue influence was exercised by the threatened discharge in some cases, and the actual discharge in others, shortly before the election, of workmen in certain mills on account of their political opinions, such treatment having a direct tendency of intimidation.

Blackburn was the only Lancashire constituency called upon to reconsider its November verdict. All the other Lancashire petitions failed or lapsed.

It is well known that in English boroughs a good deal of sympathy is usually felt for members unseated on petition, especially where treating has been on a generous scale. Nowadays the unseated party can usually take full advantage of this by nominating the wife of the offender. In those pre-emancipation days ladies were ineligible. But the Blackburn Conservatives did the next best thing by bringing forward E. K. Hornby and H. M. Feilden, sons of the unseated members. The Liberals met on March 22 and adopted J. G. Potter as their first candidate. The selection of a second was left over until the following day, when, after discussion, it was decided to leave the final selection to the Executive Committee. This committee met on Wednesday morning and chose 'Mr. John Morley of London', who being communicated with by telegraph arrived in Blackburn the same evening. Next morning he issued an address, which must have disappointed those who expected from their young fellow-townsman a fiery appeal to Radicalism. Whether because his opinion of the Liberal Party had improved after Mr. Gladstone's administration was formed, or because he could not afford to lose the moderate vote, the junior candidate in this his first election address struck a rather subdued note. Certainly there is little in his definition of the issue to suggest that if elected he will roar like a lion of the *Fortnightly Review*:

To the Electors of the Borough of Blackburn

Gentlemen,

In compliance with the request of the representatives of the Liberal party in Blackburn, I beg to offer myself, in conjunction with Mr. J. C. Potter, as a candidate for your votes at the approaching election.

The issue before you is no longer that which excited violent dissension in the borough last autumn. The Irish Church question must be looked upon as practically settled, and there are many signs that the party most strenuously opposed to the change of the Established Church in Ireland into a Free Episcopal Church, now perceive that this measure, formerly regarded by them with such deep distrust, will bring no ill to Protestantism, while it will assuredly do something to remove the discontent in Ireland which has so long been a source of weakness and danger to the Empire.

What you have to decide in the present election is whether you will send two members to be lost in the hopeless minority who follow Mr. Disraeli, and are led by that statesman into shallow compromises, inefficacious for any practical good, either to their party or to their country; or two members who will support a strong and resolute Government, first in lightening and re-adjusting Imperial and Local Taxes, and second in giving the country a large and beneficent measure of National Education. These are the two momentous subjects on which I invite you, as citizens, to form and express a sober and well-weighed opinion. They are subjects in which the rich and the poor among you have an equally pressing interest. To lighten the burden of the taxpayer and the ratepayer, both by reducing their amount, and by a better arrangement, will help to improve trade, will add to the prosperity of the rich, and give a better chance of comfort and security to the poor.

Of national education we may say the same thing. The merchant, the shopkeeper, and the workman are all equally concerned, each in his own way, in the establishment of a system which shall place within reach of his children efficient and useful schools at such a cost as he can afford to pay.

On both of these immense and vital reforms the present

Government is pledged to take speedy action. It contains the only Ministers who have proved their skill in dealing with the difficult questions of commerce and finance; and it contains the only men who have shown themselves competent and earnest in the matter of education. On these grounds I appeal to you as citizens of an important commercial community, to whom the reduction of taxes and increased skill, such as education never fails to give, are objects of supreme importance, to record your votes for men who would support the existing administration.

I may add that I am in favour of the Ballot, which we need to protect the many against the few, and which we may, by and bye, need to protect the few against the many.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, Your very obedient servant, JOHN MORLEY.

THE TEMPLE, *March* 24, 1869.

The writ arrived on March 24, and, according to the custom of the day, was publicly read by the Mayor in front of the Town Hall. Nominations were fixed for Monday, March 29, at 11 o'clock, the polling to take place the following day. The hustings were erected on Blakey Moor, where it was computed that 20,000 to 25,000 people could be massed. But even this large area proved inconveniently small. A stout wooden barrier separated the two factions. The appeal of the Mayor (Mr. Jack Smith) that party colours should not be worn was ignored, and the speakers were subjected to continual interruption.

The candidates were proposed and seconded in the following order: Potter, Morley, Hornby, Feilden. Then in turn they briefly addressed the crowd.

Morley's speech, verbatim, makes forty-seven lines. He gave three reasons for seeking the suffrages of the electors. The first was that he belonged to that party which advocated the principles most conducive to the happiness and welfare of all—Whig and Tory alike. In the second place, the principles which he represented were founded not so much on matters of detail as on a

difference in temper and spirit. Thirdly, he abhorred and detested hereditary legislative chambers, and he particularly abhorred and detested ' clans ' in boroughs, which would make the House of Commons no better than a chamber of hereditary legislators.

After the nominations two or three thousand people collected in front of the Victoria Reform Club, and in response to their cheers the Liberal candidates appeared on the balcony. Morley took advantage of the occasion to deny a rumour which had been circulated that the Liberal candidates would not go to the poll.

Only one public meeting was deemed necessary by the Liberal organisers. It was held on Saturday night (March 27), in the Exchange Assembly Room. To judge from the report (of nearly two columns) Morley must have spoken for an hour or more. He argued at some length in favour of the ballot, promised to support the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and advocated a national system of education. On Election Day (Tuesday, March 30) the Liberal candidates were soon left far behind. It was open voting, and a good many of the newly enfranchised workmen were afraid to display Radical opinions. "The contest was virtually over", says the *Blackburn Times*, "long before noon; and as the time passed on, the lead acquired within the first hour by the Conservative candidates was steadily increased until the disparity was so great as to leave the Liberal candidates almost, if not altogether, hopelessly behind."

The poll closed at 4 o'clock and the result was declared at 6 o'clock on Blakey Moor as follows :

E. K. Hornby (C.), 4738 ; H. M. Feilden (C.), 4697 ; J. C. Potter (L.), 3964 ; J. Morley (L.), 3804.

At the declaration neither Potter, nor Morley, nor any of their supporters put in an appearance, a circumstance which evoked some unrefined ribaldry. At night the free and independent electors boozed and rioted. One man let off a musket ; but there were no serious casual-

ties. The borough police, strengthened by a draft from the county force, kept rowdyism in check. The two unsuccessful candidates, taking their defeat with a good grace, issued a letter of thanks to their supporters, in which they said that the result of the polling had not taken them or their Committee by surprise. The canvass had shown them that the influences employed in November had operated still more powerfully at the bye-election, owing to bad trade and precarious employment. Though seeing the hopelessness of the contest they had persevered, in order to show their continued opposition to 'the Tory system which rides roughshod over the borough', and secondly to strengthen the hands of advocates of the secret ballot throughout the country. They were prepared at the proper time to produce evidence of electors who had voted Liberal in November but had been deterred from so doing on this occasion by well-founded fear of being discharged. "Meanwhile we are persuaded that, without the ballot, the franchise of the borough, as the expression of the true opinion of the inhabitants, is not much more than a farce."

Whether Potter took any further action history does not tell, but Morley was as good as his word; for at a meeting in favour of the Ballot on April 21, in the Arundel Hall, London, he described the intimidation practised at the Blackburn elections.

A letter to his stout ally, William Abram, written a few months before the General Election—when Abram had tried unsuccessfully to get Morley adopted as a Liberal candidate, may conclude our account of what must have been an instructive if not an agreeable initiation into the practice—so very different from the theory—of electoral contests.

GARRICK CLUB, W.C.,
June 11th, 1868.

I am much obliged to you for your very full and very kind letter. Of course I knew the result before; and it did not at all surprise me, nor greatly afflict me. For I fancy the

times won't be ripe for me and my views for five or six years to come; perhaps not for fifty for that matter. However, I shall keep my eyes open, and if there should be a Blackburn vacancy on our side again, shall try a more intrepid course. Meantime, as I write to Mr. Shackleton and Mr. F. Johnston in answer to letters from them, if I can do anything for the cause in the borough by pen or by tongue, I am at the service of the party, so far as my engagements will possibly allow. Happily for myself, I am not a man of a single taste or pursuit; if practical politics are shut up for the moment, I make all the more eager use of the interval in less heating and less transitory matters.

Don't forget what I told you about the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If you like to send anything to me, I'll gladly forward it to the editor.[1]

If you can spare a copy of the *B'burn Times* now and again, I shall read it with pleasure. I think it is a great advantage to Blackburn Liberals to have a man of your cooler and more instructed mind among them; in time you ought to have a great power over them. I may tell you, privately, that even Mr. W. Harrison spoke of you to me in terms of great respect, tho' of course he deplored that you, like myself, should have bowed the knee to the Radical Baal. It must be an immense thing—in time, as I say—to have established a reputation with both sides for sound judgment.

I hope Ernest Jones [2] got on well on Monday; I should particularly like to see a report of what he said.

Morley's first association with the Manchester School of Radicalism, which differed on several points from the Millites, came almost immediately after his repulse from Blackburn in the shape of a rather dismal first experiment in daily journalism. In June 1869 he was appointed editor of the *Morning Star*, a newspaper which had been started in March 1856 by Cobden and Bright to sustain and promote the principles of their school —free trade, peace, retrenchment, and reform. The newcomer was welcomed and commended with charac-

[1] Frederick Greenwood, at that time a Liberal.

[2] The well-known Chartist leader and poet, who died a few months later, in January 1869.

teristic geniality by the *Saturday Review* for its freedom "alike from the vulgarity of the *Daily News* and the imbecility of the *Morning Herald*". Its influence proved far greater than its circulation; it guided the peace movement, supported Gladstone in his struggle against Palmerston, and inspired for many years the vigorous Radicalism of Lancashire and Yorkshire. How Cobden directed and supervised its policy has been shown by Mr. J. A. Hobson in a most instructive study.[1] But even then, with Samuel Lucas, an efficient managing editor, the joint circulation of the *Morning* and *Evening Star* never exceeded 15,000—so Fox Bourne states in his *English Newspapers*. After Lucas's death (in 1861) it dwindled until, when Morley took over the paper, the circulation had dropped to 5000. During the Reform agitation—from 1865 to 1867—John Bright was actively interested in the management. Justin M'Carthy was then editor, but retired in 1868, when Bright severed his connection a little before joining the Gladstone administration. Justin M'Carthy and Edward Russell in their Reminiscences record some of the difficulties which beset the paper. The question whether racing news should be admitted was a standing trouble among the directors. There is a story that Bright mentioned his dislike to a brother Quaker, who replied, "Dost thou think so? I always read that." Bright was much impressed, we are told, by such unlooked-for variety or laxity of taste, and 'confessed that it modified his opinion on a point he had previously considered beyond doubt'. Probably the directors had already half resolved to wind up the undertaking, when they decided to give it a last chance by appointing an editor of talent. But it was too late. Evidently no funds were provided to improve the paper; for an inspection of the files from June to October indicates that Morley made no changes in the make-up. It was for those days a good pennyworth, consisting of eight sheets. The

[1] *Richard Cobden, the International Man*, 1918.

front page had a useful summary of general news, followed by five or six leading articles, which usually filled about five columns. A large space was allotted to Parliamentary and other reports. The sporting department—so much criticised—was certainly not excessive, judged by modern notions; it seldom contained more than a couple of columns of racing, with a little cricket during the season. Literature was almost entirely neglected. Even under Morley hardly a book was reviewed. But if he felt that he had been called in merely to conduct the obsequies, he would not think it worth while to make changes. The *Morning Star* rose for the last time on October 13, 1869, when it was amalgamated with, or rather absorbed by, its Liberal rival, the *Daily News*. An obituary notice in its last issue has some historical interest. It was doubtless written by the editor:

> The proprietors of the *Morning Star* have to inform the public that after to-day this journal will cease to appear.
>
> It is nearly fourteen years since the *Star* was first published. Its objects were twofold: one of them was the advocacy and propagation of political principles which were then counted extreme in their Liberalism; the other was to establish the feasibility of providing journalism of the best sort under what were then the untried conditions of a penny newspaper. So far as the latter of these two aims is concerned, the Proprietors of the *Morning Star* may point to the enormous number of contemporaries in London and the provinces which have repeated their experiment with a success that testifies to the soundness of the cheap principles. With reference to the former object, it is not too much to say that the political ideas, which the *Star* was founded to spread, and which were fourteen years ago thought so extreme, are now accepted and organic articles of the Liberal creed; and causes which seemed forlorn and men who seemed impossible have achieved a recognised triumph.
>
> Under the circumstances there is no longer any sufficient reason for dividing the newspaper forces of the Liberal party. The proprietors of the *Star*, in referring to the *Daily News* in

this connection, only desire to state that its success as a penny newspaper could not but form one of the elements in their estimate of the situation, and to express their confidence that those public principles and aims which are cherished by readers of the *Star* will be safe in the keeping of the *Daily News*, to whose proprietors, accordingly, the interests of the *Star* have been transferred.

The last leader in the *Morning Star* may also be ascribed to Morley. It praises Professor Seeley for advocating the improvement of female education, but complains that he makes too sharp a distinction between the training of men and women. The article concludes : " It will be found upon adequate investigation that the instruction of men and women on such absolutely different systems as now prevail is prejudicial alike to the strength and gracefulness of our average cultivation."

BOOK III

EDITOR AND AUTHOR

"He had the gift of bringing his reading to bear easily upon the tenor of his musings, and knew how to use books as an aid to thinking, instead of letting them take the edge off his thought."—MORLEY on Emerson.

CHAPTER I

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870–1871

DEFEATED at the Blackburn bye-election, our Aspirant after Fame returned from Politics to Letters—from nineteenth-century England to eighteenth-century France—and resumed a task which was to occupy the best part of his time for a decade. From De Maistre (working backwards) he passed in the autumn of 1869 to Condorcet and in the following year to Turgot. Both are masterpieces of an art in which Morley made his name, the art of critical biographer, or biographical essayist, who wraps moral and political ideas in the form of a narrative and makes them live in the character which he has chosen to portray. Morley had found the form, the period, the stage, and the dramatis personæ most appropriate for conveying his own reflections on life and politics. As interpreter of the Frenchmen of the Revolution he was to be guide and philosopher to a generation of English Radicals, supplying animation and direction to a comparatively small but increasingly powerful constituency of thoughtful readers and through them in some sort to the multitude.

In these studies he was encouraged not only by Mill and Meredith but by the eager admiration and sympathy of another friend, Frederic Harrison, who wrote to him on January 11, 1870:

I have read your *Condorcet*. It is perfectly admirable. I think it an absolute model of biography. Do continue these studies. I think you have found your vocation. You

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write a history of Sociology—something like Lewes's *Biographical History of Philosophy* in form, and not much larger—beginning with Plato and Aristotle (St. Augustine, St. Bernard, Calvin, Cranmer, etc., just touched) and then lightly hitting off the 16th and 17th century people, Hobbes, Locke, Vico, etc., come to the *Theoretic Precursors of the Revolution, i.e.* Montesquieu, Rousseau, d'Aguesseau, Turgot, Hume, Condorcet, D'Alembert, Diderot, etc.

This last should be about half the whole, even 2/3rds and might be done first. After all in the real history of social philosophy the others (before Montesquieu) are but the Preface.

Work these up separately in a series of highly finished studies of which you are the greatest living Master; for if Lewes has had more practice I can (at present) trust you better.

How Helen Taylor crunches up Trollope. I hear his bones crack like the eating of larks. What a Gorgon. Cairnes is very good. The whole number is first rate. But why did you put Tyndall's jaunty stuff before yourself? You ought to have come first. In doing so you were wrong to yourself, to Condorcet, to the Revolution, and to the *Fortnightly Review*. You must assert yourself over these literary dogs.

To judge from Harrison's letters the correspondence was lively. But Morley's answers are missing. One would like to know how the *Fortnightly* editor replied when Harrison (in May) called him "an apostle or rather 'entrepreneur' of apostles. Let us say for short Diderot *plus* John Wesley". In another letter of August 1, Harrison announced his wedding. Though he was to be married in a church, he hoped his friend would be present. Then he went on: "Your *Turgot* is an admirable piece of biography. I wish or hope you will give us some more personalities. You are becoming our English Sainte-Beuve."

About this time Morley established himself in his favourite county of Surrey. He loved the exhilarating air of its sandy heaths and the fine prospects that so

many of its knolls and chalky ridges afford. In less prosperous days he would escape from the precarious drudgery of London journalism for a lonely ramble or a jovial day with Meredith at Esher. His first Surrey home was Flexford House, which he took furnished in 1870. It stood in large well-wooded grounds less than four miles from Guildford on the northern side of the Hog's Back. He found the walk from Guildford late at night so lonely that he actually bought a revolver, and practised with it once or twice; but he was no marksman, and the weapon was disposed of, much to the regret of a Blackburn nephew, who happened to be on a visit to Flexford at the time.

Morley's eighteenth-century studies were rudely disturbed, though not suspended, by a sudden convulsion on the Continent, from which England providentially escaped.

In the summer of 1870, as in the summer of 1914, the jealousies of crowned heads, the designs of Machiavellian statesmen, the ambitions of generals longing for glory, the natural craving of all inventors or exploiters of new arms, had prepared the ground for war between France and Germany. It came about with startling suddenness. In Gladstone's words "the unclouded skies of a glorious July seemed, at the commencement of that month, to reflect equally cloudless tranquillity on the face of Europe. . . . But before one week of the month had passed the storm burst upon the world."

Lord Granville had just succeeded Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office when the French Empire picked its fatal quarrel with Prussia out of a Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne. Hammond, the permanent secretary of the Foreign Office, told his new chief on July 5 that in all his long experience he had never known "so great a lull in foreign affairs". The next week was spent by Granville in fruitless efforts to prevent war between the Prussian king and the French

emperor. When Bismarck and Moltke, perfectly prepared, accepted with joy the challenge of Napoleon the Unready, and of his restlessly aggressive but corrupt and incompetent staff; when excited Parisian mobs began to shout 'À Berlin', and all Germany, now united, responded with 'Die Wacht am Rhein', the British Government made a strict observance of neutrality its first duty. Its next object was to save Belgium and Luxemburg from invasion. Short of armed intervention, no mediation between the combatants had any chance of success. But by a skilful stroke of diplomacy—which might have served as a precedent forty-four years later—Granville immediately invited the two belligerents to sign treaties agreeing that each would abstain from invading either Belgium or Luxemburg, and with British support would aid in protecting their neutrality from violation. Thus the Low Countries were saved. But when, after Sedan, our Foreign Office began to sound the Prussian king and his minister in the hope of securing generous terms for France, the king's answer was: "In shaping the terms of peace I must place in the first line the protection of Germany against the next attack of France, which no generosity will stop." At the same time M. Favre, the new Foreign Minister of the French Government of National Defence, issued a circular declaring that France would not cede "a stone of her fortresses or an inch of her territory". As this could not be reconciled with Prussian ideas, the war had to be continued for four months longer, until Paris was starved into surrender and all the new armies which sought to relieve the capital had been beaten off.

In war, as in sport, the average Englishman is apt to side with the loser so long as he fights gamely. After the surrender of Napoleon and Bazaine, followed by the flight of the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial to England, this feeling began to operate in English society. At the same time republican sentiment

in the Trade Unions made signs of sympathy with the French, as soon as the Empire seemed likely to be replaced by a Republican Government. Thiers, too, came over to plead with passionate eloquence for his country, and Granville had difficulty in restraining Gladstone from "firing shots in the air", which could only have exasperated Germany and encouraged France to prolong a hopeless resistance.

The outbreak of war, as we have seen, had found Morley deeply engaged in literary pursuits. He had turned from Condorcet to Turgot, Carlyle and Byron. Fortunately he had now a comfortable home in his favourite Surrey; but the distraction of the war, superadded to the tasks in hand, brought him to the verge of a breakdown before the conclusion of the year.

On August 18 the battle of Gravelotte sealed the fate of Marshal Bazaine; on September 1 the German forces encircled MacMahon's army and drove it headlong into Sedan. Next day Napoleon the Third surrendered. Within a month of the first skirmish ten battles had been fought, and 300,000 brave men were dead, wounded, or captive. One military empire was shattered; another was being forged. After more than a thousand years of Christianity the tribes of Germany were still contending against the Gauls whom Cæsar had subdued and civilised, but who in their turn, under a romanised German king and a Corsican adventurer, had twice conquered Germany and dominated Europe.

An Oxford man, it has been said, fancies that the whole world belongs to him; a Cambridge man does not care to whom it belongs. On the Saturday after Sedan, Leslie Stephen turned up at Flexford House. For two or three hours the friends discussed books and ideas. As they parted, after sauntering down the avenue together, Stephen slowly turned round and dropped as an afterthought the casual observation: "I suppose you have heard that the French army has

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surrendered at Sedan and the Emperor is a prisoner." [1] Morley was fond of this anecdote; and we can imagine how the news, refrigerated and almost left untold by the Cambridge bookman, would set his mind ablaze.

The fall of the French Empire split the small radical group of Millites and Positivists. From the first, Maxse was hot for France, Morison equally so for Germany. After Sedan and Metz, Harrison and Beesly began to urge that England should go to the rescue of Republican France, even at the cost of war. "Morley and I", wrote Meredith in October, "do our best to preserve an even balance." Morley's views, founded partly on British interests, partly on a perception that France must pay the penalty for having bowed to the corrupt tyranny of the Second Empire, were steadily opposed to intervention. He once referred me for his reasonings to the pages of the *Fortnightly*; and the *Recollections* re-echo his concurrence with Meredith, who in the second stage of the war so brilliantly expressed their joint opinions. At the outset Meredith differed from Morley, being inclined to sympathise with the French, and to argue that they were right in disputing the aggrandisement of Prussia. It was not, he thought, a vanity war, or an emperor's war. Then, on July 25, 1870, a letter from Meredith to Morley puts the issue a little more philosophically:

> The war of '70 is direct issue of '66. Just as we abused the Prussians then, we howl at the French now; but the tremendous armaments on both sides were meant for this duel, and it mattered very little what was the pretext for the outbreak. Surely it's a case of Arcades Ambo. The French felt themselves perpetually menaced by distended Prussia, irritated by her tone, even alarmed by the rumour and dread of projects the existence of which her antecedents might seem to warrant. . . . As to the Emperor, he appears to have thought the season for a trial of the new breech-

[1] *Recollections*, vol. i. p. 118. Compare Leslie Stephen's cool tranquillity with Meredith's excitement: "The newspapers are mere chips of dry biscuit to my devouring appetite for telegrams and details."

loader field pieces and mitrailleuse had come, just as Bismarck could not afford to delay in trying his needle gun on the Austrians. The Emperor had note of warning that his routed Prussians were also busy perfecting mysterious instruments. Poor devilry! All devilry is poor in the contemplation. But it is still the chief engine of history. You and I are forced into our channels by it. Friend, in the woods, you and I may challenge the world to match us in happiness. Out of them I feel myself pulled back a century or so—and into a splash of shuddering matter.

The conclusion to which they came (or Morley brought him) is best set forth in a letter from Meredith to his son, which Morley afterwards (in 1917) stamped with approval. Written on October 25, it abounds in sympathy for the sufferings of the French peasantry:

But do not let compassion or personal sympathy make your judgment swerve. This war is chargeable upon France, and the Emperor is the knave of the pack. Two generations of Frenchmen have been reared on the traditions of Napoleonism, and these meant the infliction of wrongs and outrages on other nations for the glory and increase of their own. They elected a Napoleon for chief because of his name and in spite of his known character. . . . This man was the expression of their ignorance or folly, or vanity; he appealed to the Napoleonism in them and had a prompt response.

In a notable paragraph (with which Morley associates himself in the *Recollections*) Meredith restated their views to Maxse at the end of the struggle: "I am neither German nor French; nor unless the nation is attacked, English. I am European and Cosmopolitan — for humanity! The nation which shows most worth is the nation I love and reverence." He thinks "with pain that the Germans enter Paris this very day" (February 27), but Paris is not for him a holy city which is being desecrated. "Morley", he goes on, "is not 'German'; he agrees with me that it would have been a silly madness to create a terrible and justly wrathful enemy for our-

selves (looking to the origin of this war) on the chance of securing a frenzied, phantastical ally. . . . It is better to bow the knee to Wisdom than to march in the chorus ranks of partisans."

Morley's line in the *Fortnightly* had the support of John Stuart Mill. He once gave me his own copy of Mill's letters,[1] in which the importance of those on the Franco-Prussian War is indicated by pencil-marks. Writing from Blackheath at the end of September to Dilke about Alsace-Lorraine, Mill said :

> They [the Germans] have a just claim to as complete a security as any practicable arrangement can give against the repetition of a similar crime. Unhappily the character and feelings of the French nation, or at least of the influential and active portion of all political parties, afford no such security. I feel with you a strong repugnance to the transfer of a population from one government to another, unless by its own expressed desire. If I could settle the terms of peace, the disputed territory should be made into an independent self-governing state, with power to annex itself after a long period (say fifty years), either to France or to Germany ; a guarantee for that term of years by the neutral powers (which removes in some measure the objection to indefinite guarantees), or, if that could not be obtained, the fortresses being meanwhile garrisoned by German troops.

At the beginning of November Mill wrote to congratulate Morley on not having yielded to the "utterly false and mistaken sympathy with France" :

> Indeed I go further than you do on the other side. Stern justice is on the side of the Germans, and it is in the best interests of France itself that a bitter lesson should now be inflicted upon it, such as it can neither deny nor forget in the future. The whole writing, thinking, and talking portion of the people undoubtedly share the guilt of Louis Napoleon, the moral guilt of the war, and feel neither shame nor contrition at anything but the unlucky results to themselves.

[1] Edited by Hugh S. R. Elliot, London, 1910.

Undoubtedly the real nation, the whole mass of the people, are perfectly guiltless of it; but then they are so ignorant that they will allow the talkers and writers to lead them into just such corners again, if they do not learn by bitter experience what will be the practical consequences of their political indifference. The peasantry of France, like the women of England, have still to learn that politics concern themselves. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine will perhaps be about as painless a way of learning this lesson as could possibly be devised.

This letter was followed by another (November 18) on a newspaper agitation, against Russia's action in repudiating the Black Sea clauses of the 1856 Treaty:

We congratulate you very heartily upon your marriage, of which it gives us great pleasure to hear. Home life is the best possible *milieu* for work, and I hope you will be able to subordinate your work to the claims of your health, a task, however, which is found very difficult by everybody who can and will work well.

I am very anxious just now that there should be some proper protest against the infatuation of our press on the Russian question. I can compare it to nothing but the infatuation of the French press, which we have all been wondering at. Almost in the same breath, in which our journalists tell us only too truly that we are utterly unprepared for war, nay, unprepared for the most essential defence, they call upon us to declare war with one of the most powerful military empires of the world—a naval power, too—and that at the very same time that our quarrel with America is still pending. So much for their common sense. As for the rights of the question, it is doubtful whether they are not substantially on the side of Russia. At all events we are not bound in honour to attempt to carry out the treaty when our most important co-signatory can give no help. Least of all are we bound in honour to insist upon the perpetual adhesion to a treaty which in all probability we ought to be ready to abrogate. As for the argument that Russia is simply casting off all treaty obligations, that simply points to the fact that all such obligations always have been disowned

directly the party unwillingly bound by them perceives a relaxation of force in the powers which attempted to bind it. This will always happen so long as treaties are made in perpetuity. Were they terminable, as they might be, those who object to them would have a rational hope of escape in some more moral way than an appeal to the same brute force which imposed them. It points also to the inherent weakness of the scheme of joint treaties and guarantees which must of their own nature fall to pieces directly there is any great change in the conditions or the relations of the joint powers.

An invitation to luncheon accompanied this letter, and Morley visited Blackheath. The host thought his guest ailing; for a few days afterwards he wrote:

I have been thinking much over our conversation when I last saw you, and I feel so very strongly how wrong it is that your health should be seriously risked, as I fear it is being, by the impossibility of putting the *Fortnightly Review* aside for a time, that if you cannot find any other friend to whom you would like to confide it, and if you think it would be possible for me to do it for you in a satisfactory manner temporarily, I should be very happy to do what I can.

Morley did not avail himself of this generous offer, as he was able to make other arrangements, and at the beginning of the New Year he reported that a short visit to the seaside had done him some good. At the same time he asked Mill to write on what should be the British attitude towards Germany and the terms of peace. Meanwhile Mill, deviating strangely from his own gospel of individual liberty, was endeavouring, in conjunction with his distinguished disciple J. E. Cairnes, to popularise the idea of compulsory military service, which had been brought into prominence by the triumph of conscriptionist Germany. This aberration, in company with wiser thoughts on intervention and Alsace-Lorraine, appears in a letter to Morley of January 6, 1871:

If I were to write on the attitude which England ought to take in regard to the war, without entering into the subject

of the war itself, what I should have to say would be soon said, for my answer would be, no attitude at all. It does not seem that there is any urgent necessity for saying this, as there is at present no danger that England will interfere in any way. There is not likely to be any party in Parliament for going to war with Germany in support of France. I greatly regret to see the political leaders of the working classes led away by the Comtists and by the mere name of a republic into wishing to drag England into fighting for a Government which dreads to face any popular representation. . . . The really vital subject of debate will be the necessity of strengthening ourselves for military purposes; and the subject on which Cairnes is writing seems to me to be that which, at the present moment, it is of real importance to take up energetically.

If, on the other hand, the question to be written about is the war itself, and its probable or desirable issues, I would rather that this work should devolve on any one than on myself. It is only an evident call of duty that would make me willing to write and publish all I think about the conduct of the French from first to last and about their claim, aggressors as they were, and defeated as they are, to dictate the terms of peace.

Any one who writes on the subject might make good use of a remarkable pamphlet by Count Agénor de Gasparin, in which he proposes as the only right condition of peace the erection of Alsace and German Lorraine into an independent neutralised republic. I do not know if the most useful thing that you could publish at this moment on the subject would not be a short analysis of this pamphlet with copious translated extracts. I am afraid the French authorities by their obstinacy have let the time go by when the German people might have been induced to content themselves with this amount of concession. But it is really, though not unattended with difficulties, the only settlement that would be just to all parties.

There are some of us who, after another half-century of experience and another far more murderous and destructive Armageddon, believe that Gasparin and Mill were right, and that the formation of neutral and

neutralised states separating France from Germany, but without protective tariffs, offers by far the best means of healing Franco-German discord and of making another war impossible between the two nations.

Let us now see how the editor of the *Fortnightly* steered his course through this hurricane. His first article, 'France and Germany', in the September number, must have been hastily written in the closing days of August, when the triumph of Germany was practically assured and English sympathy, at first outraged by the madness of the French Government and the delirious chauvinism of Paris, was swinging over to the losing cause. Starting with the thesis that public opinion in England ought not to be indifferent, the writer denounces the falling French Empire, and the insanity of the people who had supported it, in strong terms. Postulating German union as necessary to the stability of Europe, he blames France for trying to prevent it, and predicts that the forces which had made Germany a nation would in due course take a liberal form. Bismarck would not live for ever. Should victorious Germany display territorial rapacity, he hopes that the public opinion of Europe will protest. But before deserving sympathy France must purge herself of Bonapartism and its criminal ambitions. Our hopes and vows should be directed to the establishment, as soon as circumstances permit, not of a makeshift Orleanist Monarchy, but of a French Republic.

There is no need to linger over the article. It is as good as could be expected from a level-headed exponent of English liberalism at such a moment of confusion. He has at least kept his head.

'England and the War', in October, is a far more important contribution to the politics of the war. The editor agrees that the British Government was right at the outset not to join Germany against France. It was not our concern. It might have postponed war, but it would only have embittered the French against us. How,

then, can we be right in intervening now? "We did not vindicate public right against the supreme outrage of the French declaration of war. It would be monstrous to take up arms against the minor outrage of annexation, considering that this will be the first occasion of denouncing annexation under such circumstances as an outrage at all." He was all for a strong republic in France. It would help to de-aristocratise our own Government, and to spread the fire which had consumed an empire of stockjobbers "to some of our own superabounding rubbish". But M. Favre's first circular had proved that even Sedan had only scotched, not killed, the national vainglory. The lesson that war is a serious enterprise—something to be avoided—had not yet been learnt. Once undertaken, its tremendous forces cannot be recalled, and instantaneously chained up, to suit the convenience of the defeated party. Yet he thought it very base of the *Times*, which had so long flattered Napoleon, now to turn round (September 7) and advise the French humbly to surrender Alsace and Metz. He much preferred the sympathetic attitude of the English working classes and their compassionate feeling for French democracy. "There are no sacrifices which an English Republican ought not to be willing to make" if his sacrifices could do something to ensure the triumph of freedom in France. But he looked with suspicion on any project to reproduce the military system of Prussia in England, or to invent something of a similar kind under a cloak of liberal professions. What might be necessary for Prussia, with a national system to vindicate and complete against hostile neighbours, was neither suitable nor requisite for England "with her territory rounded, without any aggressive power at her gates, without designs of conquest or trespass on other powers, and fairly launched in industrial and pacific paths. . . . Is our entry into the competition of bloated armaments to be the first condition of impressing on other countries that universal disarming, which we

have been so sedulously and in truth so honourably preaching for the last fourteen years ?" The case of the United States went to show that moral power, far from depending on military force, is thereby diminished :

> There is such a thing as moral power, but not for a nation that proves its own lack of faith in moral power by arming to the teeth. . . . Can you raise no voice for peace, for humanity, for freedom, until you have committed yourself to a domestic policy [conscription], that is to fill people with ideas of war, to teach them skill in a savage trade, and to substitute for civil liberty the licence of martial law ?

He heartily agreed with Beesly, who in a powerful address to London workmen had warned them that, if they were persuaded by noblemen and capitalists to accept compulsory military service, they would " deserve to lose their liberties ". Those politicians who talked most of " military improvement " were the chartered enemies of all other kinds of improvement.

In November the *Fortnightly* published a letter from Colonel Charles Chesney which, while supporting the editor's objection to intervention, favours compulsory service and protests against the welcome he had offered to French Republicanism and to his democratic confidence in the wisdom of conferring political power on the working classes. " A note to the above " follows. Morley repudiates Robespierrism. " Whatever is written here in a revolutionary sense is obviously a warning to those above, and not an invitation or an incitement to those below." As to a new model of military organisation with elements of compulsion, unless you throw overboard every principle of free government, it is the workman's interest that should be considered :

> The rich look forward to militarism as a thing of reviews and trumpets and fine clothes. With the rank and file the case is very different. They have not such a margin of income and comfort and assured prospects that they can

afford to be dragged away from work into fatuous soldiering. . . . They know better than lords and men of letters how a Landwehr system, or a conscription, or any other form of interfering with their earning power will work for them; it is their very lives and hopes that this silly military panic is going to take for counters. It needs no philosophic breadth nor subtlety, nor profundity of erudition, to enable an English workman to decide whether it is a good thing for him to surrender his personal liberty, because the Germans happen to have crushed France.

This is plain speaking and shows that Mill's disciple could take an independent line when he thought his master in the wrong. Nor did he fear to print a philippic against Bismarckism, in which Harrison took as text Bismarck's saying: "It is desirable and necessary to improve the social and political condition of Germany. This, however, cannot be brought about by revolutions and votes of majorities, or speeches of individuals, but by blood and iron."

Another telling article by E. S. Beesly pointed out that the Central Committee of the German Social Democratic Party were in prison for having issued from their headquarters at Brunswick a Manifesto protesting against the proposed annexation of Alsace and Lorraine.

The variety and quality of Morley's literary output in the second half of 1870 is truly remarkable. Besides his writings on the war he published in the *Fortnightly* not only two chapters of Turgot, but closely meditated sketches of Byron and Carlyle, which well deserve their place in the *Miscellanies*, though hardly on a level with the French studies.

CHAPTER II

COMMUNISM, COMTISM, AND VOLTAIRE

Morley's letters to Frederic Harrison during the Franco-German War are unfortunately missing; but there are several of Harrison's before me (beginning in January 1871) to prove that an animated correspondence was in progress. On the 11th of January Harrison describes a crowded and enthusiastic meeting at which he and his friends evoked tremendous enthusiasm by demanding war against Germany. He calls the peace folk, who were howled down, 'psalm-singing fanatics'. The tone of the meeting was splendid. Moloch himself could not have been more unmistakably for war. But it was too late. "The situation in France is frightful." It is all over. *Finis Galliae.* As to their differences: "I grieve over our separation; but if the spirit of friendship can soften it, what you say will do so."

Though all for war, he was opposed to compulsory service and regretted that Morley should have been influenced by Cairnes's arguments in its favour—this because the editor kept pointing out that the Comtist policy would involve conscription. By the middle of February Harrison is busy collecting money to relieve French emigrants, and thanks Morley for a subscription. The Commune and its personnel inspire him with hope of a republican future on both sides of the Channel. He has been preaching republicanism to a radical club in Bermondsey, and in forwarding a copy of the lecture, offers to write it up into an essay for the *Fortnightly.*

"I want seriously to raise the whole question of Monarchy into a principle." Mill's approval of Morley's line in the *Fortnightly* about France and Germany evidently rankles; for Harrison says that he does not yield to Morley in admiration for Mill, "even if you did tell me that you approved of all Bismarck's atrocities because Mill did, and Mill had written you a kind letter". Mill, he adds, is not a good guide in politics; because the object of politics is to articulate passion. Mill reasons about politics, whereas politics are a matter of feeling; and the part of intelligence is only to help you to express articulately your passions. "Mill teaches you all to chop logic in politics—very sound logic no doubt, but you ought to feel with a mysterious force of nature." Politics should be felt instinctively, as men feel dishonour.

Before printing Morley's answer it may be as well to warn the reader that Harrison was not only the warmest of friends but the hottest of controversialists. His emotions boiled and bubbled over into these letters; and his vehemence seems to have infected Morley. They often corresponded for the sheer joy of controversy, and we must sometimes make almost as liberal a discount for their exaggerations as if we were scanning the verbatim record by an unseen shorthand writer of a private conversation in which two friends are contending for dialectical victory. I have made rather copious extracts, because it is a fencing match in which Morley used all his resources against a very competent adversary. Part of the amusement it affords us now springs from the fact that, when one pokes fun, the other often takes it in deadly earnest. Then, in the heat of writing, bitter words are dashed on to the paper, bringing fierce replies and elaborate explanations. We must remember, too, that Morley was really fond of Harrison, enjoyed his letters, admired his courage and eloquence, sympathised with many of his opinions and set store by his assistance.

On Morley's side, as I have said, many letters are

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missing. The first of those left is dated Flexford House, near Guildford, February 22, 1871 :

So be it, my dear Harrison, politics shall be one of the hysterical arts, and the poor devils who insist on applying reason and intelligence to this sublime mystery may go down to the infernal pit. I am one of them, but I have such an inborn passion for minatory epigrams like yours, that I clasp my own with enthusiasm. An infallibilist always charms me ; and a Positivist, swearing that the Master-Science of society goes by 'force of nature', is overwhelming to me. I get a clearer view of the hierarchic arrangement. Mathematics at the bottom ; hysterics at the top. As you say, it makes political action so simple. Tush, my dear Harrison. There is not a Positivist among you. There are only two in England—Mill and George Eliot.

Then he goes on to the new situation in Europe, following the defeat of Napoleonic France by Bismarckian Germany, on which Harrison was offering to write :

I will keep ten pages (equal 20) for you with delight in the April number. But you are in a cleft stick. If we are going to operate in Europe at all, we shall have to militarise. The ingenuousness of your position is too much ; and the more you vituperate the Prussians for being barbarously military, the more willing you ought to be either to let them alone (which is our true interest and duty) or to arm in the least costly and least demoralising manner. The idea of your sending out poor besotted George of Cambridge and 20,000 Britons against Moltke and 500,000 Prooshians recalls to me nothing so much as Innocent III. blessing the *Children's Crusade* in the 13th century.

What do you say to this idea—call it a dream from a hermitage—within twenty years Franco-Russian alliance ? The Slav peoples are the most instinctively and phrenetically communistic in their aspirations. Add to these Slav aspirations French form, grace, practical enthusiasm, always eager to move in the Communistic direction. Do you—who are not a Communist—think there is not far more peril to the foundations of Europe in this politico-social alliance of

peoples with such ideas, than in the Prussian Junkers? And do you not see that Germany and England, by geographical position, by slow Teutonic ponderosity, by common sense and true scientific training, are the just allies against this? Come out of that narrow Comtist pinfold, my dear Harrison, and dash your blinkers into space.

Your gracious innuendo that I am a Bismarckian because Mill wrote me a civil letter [1] would be more skilful if I had not taken up my position in the matter—as Congreve will bitterly tell you—long before the civil letter, and many weeks before I had any sort of idea what Mill's feeling might be. That position I have never seen good grounds to leave. So none of your sneers.

About the other papers you speak of, I should like them above all things, whenever they may be ready. I expect in them I shall have the good fortune to agree with you, and that will be the revival of an old and very pleasant sensation. Read Mazzini [2] in the new number.—Ever yours, J. M.

Sir H. Bulwer says: "Europe has lost a mistress, and gained a master." Neat.

Replying to this Harrison says he will drop his article on the scheme of Army expansion, as it has ceased to be of practical interest. He proposes instead to mature his ideas about the Republic and prepare them for publication. He has read the article by Mazzini, whom he ridicules for imagining that Rome is the centre of civilisation. Morley responds:

FLEXFORD, GUILDFORD,
March 4, 1871.

MY DEAR HARRISON—For the first time in my life I am glad you do not write. I think you would have committed yourself to a position which would certainly have hampered you by and bye. However, I had better say no more, or else out of your invincible passion for a Contrary——. I hope you will stick to the Republic or some other theme. Your pen is as a pillar to us. I am going to fire pellets out of my

[1] No doubt that of November 1870.
[2] On Italy and the Republic.

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pea shooter at you next month. . . . I wonder if you have looked into Darwin's new book? Surely all that about ethical evolution and the Function of Natural Selection in Civilisation is very queer and doubtful. I feel a dismal confusion in reading it, but fail as yet to put my finger on the fallacy. There is a criticism on a piece of Mill's Utilitarianism, in a footnote, glaringly false. The specialist part *seems* very masterly, but then one is not competent to judge that.

Four days later another letter was despatched:

My dear Harrison—I am much obliged to you for your trouble in writing to Michelet. It would have been very useful to the *Review* if he could have written. But his book is the most flatulent piece of rubbish I ever came near. What you say of Mazzini I fully agree with even to its being tedious, which it is—though the opening has some noble pieces.

I have not read G——, but as he does not take the same view of events as you do, I shall not hesitate to believe that he is a fool, a slave, a base hypocrite, a professor, and animated in his sympathy with Germany by some mean or sinister personal motive—the foul dog! I don't find Darwin at all satisfactory, and think his way of dealing with morals and society as fallacious as Huxley's. I want to find an opportunity of saying so somewhere—perhaps in the *Pall Mall*—as soon as I have digested my ideas. Spencer is going to contribute to the discussion in the next *F.R.*—Ever yours, John Morley.

P.S.—At the Polit. Econ. Club last Friday a vacancy had to be filled up—Lefevre got in with 9 votes, I had 5, and the Lord of Frystone [Lord Houghton] had 1.

About this time Harrison received from Morley a volume of *Miscellanies*, and wrote, March 18:

I have just got your volume. It ought to put you at the top of the critics of our time. What dilly-dallying stuff (Ste-Beuve well adapted) is Mat Arnold after this. I am glad to see you have materially enlarged Vauvenargues and others. After all with Byron you play but a Balaam to him and say he is a great poet—bar that he had no ear for music,

no imaginative gift of speech, was an utter philistine, and rather a humbug.

Harrison, too, would like to write 'something rather æsthetic, simply to calm my own mind'. He says his natural tone is enjoyment of things pleasant, and he would find a kind of pleasure in expressing that enjoyment. "This roaring business I have fallen into is factitious and not natural, and the way in which in these rages I express myself is unutterably disgusting to me in cooler moments." So he suggests that he might write a sketch on Woman's Education. To which Morley answers with a rather mischievous reference to the murderous proceedings of Harrison's Communist friends in Paris [1]:

FLEXFORD HOUSE, NEAR GUILDFORD,
March 20, 1871.

MY DEAR HARRISON—Your letter of yesterday enchanted me, and I meditated on it with entire satisfaction, because it shows you are thinking of speaking on subjects where the world will see a loftier side in you than misology (yes, misology) and unsurpassed fire of invective and fine epigram. But to-day I despond. Only the gods know how you will be affected by the Pyriphlegethum which your Parisian friends have once more set flaring. And these are the phrase-mongering curs, whom an Uhlan or two will suffice to send howling back into their dens. I sometimes think there is no chance for republicanism in Europe until the site of a razed Paris is sown with salt.

However, let us forget for a moment this frightful disaster, and if you will hearken to my entreaty don't let it turn your soul away from projects which will give us something of your diviner mind. For my own part, I should like nothing better from you than what you mention—your ideas about the education of women. There you touch the root of the matter, or of many matters. It is all in that—the companions of men and the trainers of children, themselves left almost barren of true cultivation. Do, my dear Harrison, expand

[1] The Revolutionary Committee had just put to death General Leconte.

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yourself on this. There is nobody to whom I would as lief listen on it. You object to women having even the chance, which is all I seek, the chance and freedom of direct political action. All the more reason why you should develop your own notions of the direction in which the education of women may best be guided. As I have before now told you, when I disliked your projects, you may believe that I am heartily sincere when I say how much I like this.

I presume you mean to give it us for the *Fortnightly*. I trust so, anyhow. Mill is going to do two papers for us which will interest you—one on Maine's new book, t'other on Jowett's *Plato*.

Arnold has done good work, but I can't see the fun or sense of the last. It is clumsy, very, though *you* are handsomely enough dealt with. Why kill Arminius again ? You had run the creature through with your dialogue three years since. Never was trucidation so complete.

Thank you for your thanks for my volume. Lord Lytton wrote me about it, and thinks the Byron the finest criticism on the man extant—which puffeth me hugely. He says he used in his youth to love the dreams of Condorcet and the Perfectibilitarians, and he believes in Perfectibility still, only on the other side of the grave. Ld. L. also makes vigorous protest for Richardson—whom I never meant to depreciate, for that matter.

Now do stick to your idea. The world will be your debtor.—Ever yours cordially, J. Morley.

Why do you spell ' damn ' as if you meant the mother of colts ?

Harrison, who admits the badness of his spelling, sends back a dithyramb on the Commune : " The people of Paris have again (as Comte said of St. Bartholomew) preserved France." Civil war in France—workmen versus the rich—was inevitable. The rich, he remarked, always send some tyrannos to save society. Then follows a brilliant little philosophy of French history with a sharp attack on the French bourgeoisie. At this time Harrison, fresh from his championship of English Trade Unionism, was an undiscriminating

protagonist of the workmen as against the peasants and middle classes of France. Though Morley was moved by his friend's fervour, his own more cautious faith in popular government allowed him to remain distrustful of the Paris Commune.

FLEXFORD HOUSE, *March* 29, 1871. . . . I am with you, now, to the extent of seeing that the sympathies of an English Republican ought to go warmly with the Commune. Perhaps I stop short of your Maratish hatred of the Bulgarians.[1] And, moreover, I feel certain that the Commune will be crushed, first by the mass of outside force; second, by weakness of faith inside. The new society will have to be perfected, my dear Harrison, not by Celts, but by Teutons, who can take deeper draught. . . .

. . . I told you I had abandoned the anonymous—so I bid you take notice that I have resumed it to the extent of writing on Darwin in the *Pall Mall*. Darwin himself sent a too flattering letter to his critic, so I of course was only too glad to throw off the damnable mask, which I would much rather not put on—if only Greenwood would have a more flexible rule.

If you know anybody who wants a small house—1¼ hours from London—of unrivalled situation for air and prospect—during the month of *July*—from 1st to 31st—I think I may let my new abode for that time, in case I take a foreign jaunt. No dog, and no child, allowed. I'd leave my horse to a man of strictly Freemanian views on cruelty to animals.

Morley, it should be said, was so indulgent to his horse that he used to walk with him up the hill from the station. Then comes a letter from Harrison—again on the Commune—protesting that he is not a 'misologist'. The answer (March 31) throws light on the character and strength of an intimacy which permitted the two friends to disagree violently on questions they both cared about, though both were touchy and sensitive:

[1] A pet name for the bourgeois and governing classes of France.

My dear Harrison—Don't take my words too narrowly, nor read them with professional closeness. If I had not a very deep respect for your clearness and solidity of judgment, I should think it very impertinent to call you names. Nobody believes in the solid foundations of your opinions, however unqualified in expression, more firmly than I do, and this is why I take such extraordinary interest in your work and ideas. But then, in using the word misology, I congratulated myself on having neatly formulated a striking letter you wrote me some weeks back, in which you distinctly put reason in the second place in politics, and implied that one must discover the right side in the struggle between France and Prussia by mesmerism, clairvoyance, or God knows how. Your better mind I hold to be truly statesmanlike, and on the only occasion when you have been called upon for statesmanship, in the Trades Union matter, you proved that you can be practical, clear, firm, and just. Your report was a masterpiece, and showed outsiders new lights in your capacity. Well, your letter to-day about the Commune seems to be full of light and reason—a true sketch of what the situation really means, and one is really glad to be instructed in that way. But about Germany, all the time of the siege of Paris, you were, I think, truly misological. However, that is over. Time will show, whether we or you were sounder in that great matter. I only want to say now that you must not think my unlucky word was meant to cover more than one of your many minds, for I will be confounded if you do not offer as many varieties of cloud, shine, glaring noon, pleasant twilight, as my neighbouring hills here. . . .

. . . The Crown Prince, by the way, apropos of Germany is, I am told, so persuaded that Bismarck's policy ends in the Republic, in consequence of the blows it has dealt to German royalties, that they are barely on speaking terms.

Harrison's next letter asks if the editor is now willing to take an article on the Paris Commune. By this time the troops of the government of defence (which had just summoned an Assembly seemingly reactionary at Versailles) were investing the National Guard who held

Paris for the Commune. It looked as if republicanism might fall with the Commune.

FLEXFORD HOUSE, *April* 14, 1871.—My dear Harrison—I have been in the Isle of Wight, which made me remember that I ought to have gone there with you, and made me grieve because you were not there too, and because we are not very likely to be there together for long stretches of unforeseen time. . . .

I pray you, don't excuse your correspondence, nor mitigate it. It is one of the things that prevent my recluse life from going bad, as the life recluse tends to go. I only feel that such letters ought to have a wider public; and that the confidence of the post is inviolable [*sic*]. Still, I'll tie them up in a blood-coloured ribbon, and they will be revised by some Bowdler, now, like your revolutionary chief, "in his cradle or at school", and so ultimately take their place with posterity as the Epistles of one of the great fathers of the Positivist Church. Ah, my dear Harrison, you have the making of a Church father in you more than any of us—but London and Lincoln's Inn!! the two will fritter you away.

I am your disciple in the present case, as warmly as I withstood you in the former issue between Prussia and France. My reason is the same. I am for the side whose moral quality is highest—patriotism, discipline, principle. Bismarck and William have more of these than any French party in existence, and less egotism. But among French parties, assuredly the Commune has more of the good quality both of head and social feeling than the Monarchists of Versailles. I shall not flinch, if they decapitate or flagellate all the bishops and curés in Paris. Blood and iron in a life crisis don't frighten me more than you, and I go with you to the utmost. [*N.B.*—I consider all your majestic fury against blood and iron in the famous Bismarckism as forgotten, and forgiven.] Let your guillotine be of red ochre, if you prefer. Only let us have the true morality of the fight put first, and excommunicate the Bulgarians after. If I may tender counsel to a master of rhetoric, it seems best to persuade and stroke your public for fifteen pages, and then, having got fair hold of them, lay the flail on in the final five.

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Here, of course, Morley has assumed the air of a Terrorist in order to get Harrison to modify the language of his article. The next letter from Harrison tells of a visit to Hatfield, which gives his correspondent another opening. He pretends to think that Harrison the Communist has been staying with the Marquis of Salisbury :

Flexford House, *April* 17.—I am glad to hear of your being down at Hatfield. The social intercourse of political adversaries is the secret of the wholesome absence of the French cut-throat element in English public activity.

Have you read de Tocqueville's *Ancien Régime* lately ? I find it full of instruction again just now—take the opening of the second part, chapters i. and ii. for instance.

I sent you a notice of my book which ought to amuse you consummately. The hit of my venturing to disbelieve in future consciousness because I ' possess a robust physical constitution ' is really happy. However, as the good man has no faggots alight for me, he may malign me by accusing me of physical robustness as much as he likes.

A few days later Morley went down to Southampton to meet his younger brother who had returned from India, but the correspondence with Harrison was soon resumed. Harrison was still rejoicing over the Revolution in Paris, and confident of the success of his Communist friends ; but he was mightily incensed by an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which had said : " The Comtist agitators are as unscrupulous in the machinations of turbulence as the revolutionaries of any age." Had Morley written the article ? he asks. As to the taunt about fine society : " the drawing-room ", he retorted, " is the Capua of patriotism . . . I went to Hatfield town not Hatfield House." Finally he asks is friend's advice about moving. He was then living close to a low inn. Should he accept his father's offer of a better house in more respectable surroundings ? As a democrat he felt scruples about such a move. Morley in his reply made fun about the house, but took

the question as to the authorship of the anonymous attack on Comtism very much to heart :

FLEXFORD HOUSE, *April* 25.—I don't know where to begin—as usual when I write to you to whom I have so much to say. Well, I'll start with your insulting question whether I wrote to the *Pall Mall* something about Comtist agitators. The last time you saw me, I lost a pocket handkerchief. Did you take it ? That's my answer. Once more, why does the religion of humanity involve such radical belief in the meanness and insincerity of most human beings ? When you have found me out in the tricks of the journalist, it will be quite time enough for you to ask me whether I fire shots at my friends. I've written no word in the *Pall Mall* or any other paper for many months, except the review of Darwin, and Darwin has my name, and writes me that I have found out important faults. Besides, if I were to write about the matter, I should speak of 'Congrevite agitators', not Comtists. You are all of you (when acting collectively) worshippers of abstractions ; you are the votaries of the literary phrase ; you follow an absolute method ; and you are penetrated with the vices of French political thinking. I don't believe there is a single leading principle of Comte's philosophy which has not been egregiously violated by the Church of Mecklenburgh Square since the outbreak of the German war with France. Judge, then, if I should be likely to call you Comtist agitators. Anyhow, *I did not.* I say this with profound despair, because if I am capable of speaking ill in print of men with whom I feign friendship, I am certainly capable of such a trifle as an untruth. Come ; don't malign me. . . .

By the way, one other grievance. That Hatfield imposture was too bad. It wasted me two whole days, which I spent in meditating most profoundly, after the manner of Aristotle, Hobbes, de Tocqueville, and others, on the wisdom of the English aristocracy in seeking their assailants, in recognising the power and social merit of a hostile leader, in trying to construct and strengthen some portion of common ground, etc., etc. The picture was most delightful and instructive—the leader of the Church Conservatives graciously exchanging

ideas and sharing patriotic aspirations with a leader of Humanitarian Reds. Yet all the time you were only standing on tiptoe and trying to peep over the park palings ! The most outrageous imposture, I declare. What will you bet that you don't hob-nob with the Hatfield chieftain before ten years are over ?

As to the advantage of living next to a public-house, and Harrison's notion that he would escape respectability by having 'a malodorous pot-house' under his nose :

A good friend of yours and mine thought he saved his republicanism by keeping no man-servant, and his atheism by not letting the ladies retire before the men. . . .

There follows some serious advice to his friend.

What we all have to seek is the modification and instruction of the current feelings and judgments of our countrymen. This is the only way to ripen them for change. Well, in all this, you might be as consummate as old Carlyle has been. You have the public ear. You have a full mind. You have a power of expression now unsurpassed by any living writer, French or English. I say this is being frittered away. Contempt for literature (and I wholly sympathise with your contempt for the literary spirit) is leading you away from the organ where power resides at this moment. It is as if Voltaire or Diderot had lived in Paris in a little set of *frondeurs*, and thrown the pen away.

He winds up by warning Harrison not to expect too much from uninstructed workmen. By this time the article on the Commune had arrived ; it was published in May. Then came the hideous massacres in Paris, and in August Harrison wrote again on "The Fall of the Commune".

Flexford House, *April* 26. . . . Now your paper on the Commune is really admirable. It is right, as I think, and it is put with your full vigour. It is a real example of keen and far-reaching political judgment. And you have not put too much pepper and salt for the amount of meat in

your broth. It is truly first rate, and I follow it heartily. It will not be your fault if the public does not perceive the utter childishness and fatuity of its current impressions. But there will be mild squalls for you. No more enthusiasms from your Tory worshippers of December, *mon ami*. The fine ladies, the old parsons, the political nincompoops, who adored the vituperation of Bismarckism, will now turn you out of their hearts and doors.

You will taste the vicissitudes of the popular fancy, and the Club-men who would have given you a banquet for your fiery darts against Bismarck, will vote you a mess of thistles.

What I said, or meant to say, was that I am for the *cause* which is most moral—*i.e.* for the men whose *aim* is most moral. The aim of the Slaveholders was not so moral as that of the Northern abolitionists—though the former had plenty of virtues. They were fighting for a selfish cause —their property. The North fought, partly for the establishment of the freedom of the blacks, partly for the preservation of the Union, with which not their property, but the strength and freedom of their society, was held to be identified. Neither section of the North, the religious abolitionists, nor the political unionists, was struggling for a purely personal or caste set of interests.

So the Prussian cause (of course, only in my judgment) was the cause of the order, discipline, loyalty, steady development of Europe, against the cause of irrational violence, reckless disrespect of the just rights of independent nations, and (strike, but hear) a political incapacity so gross as to rank with that *crassa ignorantia* which your law pronounces criminal. France was egoistic, rapacious, vain, ready to submit to the villainy of the Empire—for the sake of *gloire*, *i.e.* her cause and aims were immoral, as against Prussia, whose *militarismus* is only the natural condition of her stage of development, and the indispensable guarantee (from geographical reasons) against the jealousy of reactionary counts and princelets and kinglings. The persistence in the war after Sedan was the just and stern retribution which a wholesome and robust morality never forbids us to exact, when its exaction may teach a lesson.—Ever yours,

J. M.

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On the same day he found time for another letter—first on the question whether Harrison should accept his father's offer and remove into a more respectable neighbourhood; secondly, concerning criticism he had passed on Comte, unjustly as Harrison thought:

Flexford House, *April* 28.—My dear Harrison—After assuring you diffidently, that I am no literary assassin, chiding you for giving me a false scent as to Hatfield, and sagaciously warning you that you will not escape Respectability by keeping the scent of a beer-house under your nose, I proceed to close my letter by vindicating my remark about Comte.

My position is this—that Comte valued Greek speculative effort meanly. Mark that I do not say their *scientific* effort, but their philosophy. If you think science would be commonly apprehended in the name 'speculative', then I have used a too broad word for my meaning, and in so far have done him injustice. In this case, however, the fault really resides in a popular misuse of a word.

If not, if you use speculative as equivalent to philosophy, then I conceive that he did value their speculative effort meanly. When Comte says (p. 277), that our intellectual destinies were at stake on the day of Salamis, and that (p. 290) the separation of Greek science from philosophy was the intellectual spring of occidental destinies—he means, so far as I can tell, that it was their *scientific* contribution for which we owe them so much.

Then he quotes some contemptuous phrases of Comte about Plato and Socrates, and winds up:

Surely all this warrants one in saying that the writer valued Greek speculative effort meanly—even though he did think Socrates good enough to go into the Calendar, like the good Dr. Francia.

If I were the depository of the spiritual power—the general of the Order—I should command you to write the History of England in exactly *three* volumes of, say, the size of my last. You are the man for it, I now see; you have

the eye of the statesman-thinker, where your passion is not irritated by the sight of triumphant force.

In a postscript about the state of feeling in France he adds : " Bryce, who has been to the N.E. districts, says that at Lille, etc., the indifference to the Commune is profound."

At this time Morley was so near to the tabernacle that Harrison invited him to address the congregation of Positivists. " The faithful ask if you will discuss on Whitsunday, Shakespeare." Morley excuses himself (May 7) :

> The invitation to discourse on the great Shakespeare is a distinguished compliment that entirely takes me by surprise. Under ordinary circumstances I should have flown to the rostrum or pulpit or whatever it is, with eagerness. But I have sworn a mighty oath to undertake nothing that I can possibly avoid until I have finished my Turgot. This is a piece of necessary firmness and necessary self-denial on my part ; for I am by nature vagrant and bee-like, gathering honey (and acids) from every subject that opens. . . .

Then he goes on to deal with a long letter from Harrison, enclosing another from Beesly, whom Harrison praised as ' a Party Leader '.

> I should like to write you a folio volume on the enclosed letter, and the yet more intensely interesting letter which it moved you to write to me. But I am afraid of trusting what I have to say to mere written sentences, which do not admit of the digressive and half casual developments which oral discussion of the matter would occasion, and which so personal a topic imperatively needs, because the ground is delicate, and I should be taken to mean more or less than I say. But I would only hint this—though I have something like affection for him, and certainly *entire* respect for his good faith, loftiness of motive, and real disinterestedness—yet surely zeal is not always according to knowledge, and why should politics of all fields in the world be treated emotionally ? To use my former trope, which I don't think

original, there is no nourishment in broth that is all made of pepper and salt. It is all very well to talk of a man being a great party leader—but the truth is that the great party leader *makes* a party to lead, and if he cannot do this, either from excessive *roideur* or from contempt for the men he has to use, why, I don't see any proof in your correspondent that he deserves your title. He (Beesly) and Congreve are not politicians, but clergymen gone wrong, or rather gone right. I have always felt that there is only one genuinely political mind, one really statesmanlike temperament in your party—and that is the man who whimsically writes himself Conspirator. I don't say whether I respect passionate and almost cruel fanaticism more than sagacity ; I assuredly don't deny that it is on occasion both lofty and useful. Only I don't accept your division of the parts of the play.

Your letter appears to me entirely to strengthen what I said. You admit that in the main, and apart from possible, but not probable, crisis, you are not likely to intervene in things temporal. Then your function, meantime and provisionally, is spiritual—*i.e.*, is to instruct and preach, not only in Chapel Street, but through the press. I don't mean you are to write nonsensical flummery about sweetness and light —but to expound your doctrine. How is that poor eunuch, the British public, to understand what he reads or does not read, if Philip, instead of kindly getting into the chariot with him, gives him a surly curse, and bids him drive on to the bottomless pit ? And why should writing mean writing for the glutton, and the etc., etc. [see the literature of the religion of humanity, *passim*] ? . . . I see all the advantages of organisation and mutual consultation between men accepting common principles and common standards. But I also see growing up among you—among us, if you like—tendencies to iterate the formulas of the master, instead of constantly applying, translating, and vivifying them : to pour malediction on men for not embracing Positivism, instead of explaining to them what Positivism is : to become more and more esoteric and special, instead of compelling the Gentiles to come in by full and frank statement of the case, and by dwelling on the ground that is common at least as much as on the ground of debate and dispute. Finally, is not there

growing up an excessive self-consciousness—not as individuals, but as a sect ? CHAPTER II.

I write this to you confidentially—tho' all might be proclaimed on the house-tops, if only men would take pains to judge words fairly.

The editor of the *Fortnightly* was careful, as we have seen, not to allow himself or his review to be identified with the Comtist sect, and in this correspondence we find Harrison dubbing him 'the Positivist Heresiarch'.

During his tenancy of Flexford Morley hit upon a little farm-house on the topmost ridge of the Hog's Back, half-way between Guildford and Farnham. It was to let. The place pleased him, and in the spring of 1871 he bought the lease. Pitfield House, as it is still called, abuts on the main road. Exposed to all the blasts that blow, it has a noble prospect and affords delightful walks in all directions along the ridge, or down its steep sides by woody lanes or springy paths to open heath and common. In this neighbourhood Morley loved to saunter with his dogs—alone, or with Mrs. Morley, or some congenial friend. At Pitfield he did some of his best work on the great Frenchmen of the eighteenth century.

Pitfield, when Morley leased it, consisted of two little houses thrown into one, with stables adjoining where the bailiff and his wife lived. Morley enlarged it, and since then some small additions have been made. It is a low two-storied house of brick, painted white, on the south side of the main road, with a large porch looking over the garden and commanding that wonderful view which Mill pronounced the finest in the south of England. Its weak point was, as Meredith remarked when his friend took it, that there was not a tree or a shrub on the place. There are now a few bushes and two good apple trees planted by Grace Morley ; but trees would obstruct the view ; if the house were not bleak and exposed, its peculiar glory would be lost. The view is indeed superb, embracing Morley's favourite corner of Surrey. On the

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north side you look, beyond Flexford and Ash Green, away over wide stretches of apparently flat country to the Epsom Downs. Far more lovely is the prospect from the garden on the south side to the heights of Blackdown and Hindhead, the Hampshire Downs, and the rich weald of Surrey and Sussex. The country towards Hindhead is a rolling expanse of sandy heath and common, with woods of birch and pine, interspersed by farms and parks and pleasant villages, watered by the river Wey and other streams. In the green meadows beside the Wey lie Frensham Ponds, and Tilford with its ancient oak and bridges, and Elstead whose old water-mill and bell turret artists love to sketch. These lowlands, so well described in Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, are not rich; for the red sand draws away moisture. You see few orchards or fields of corn. Their charms are leafy lanes, secluded woods, the freedom of the open common, and glorious views from every hillock or bit of rising ground. All this and the richer weald beyond were spread out at Morley's feet when he sat in the porch at Pitfield. His garden below was terraced from the hill-side, which drops steeply some two hundred feet through beech hangars and hop fields down to Puttenham, a pretty hamlet not much altered since the Normans built its little church more than eight hundred years ago. No better country of its kind can be found by the pedestrian who loves a landscape. In June foxgloves and wild flowers innumerable brighten the lanes and the edges of the woods. As summer advances into autumn the waste spaces and hill-sides are purple with heath and heather. Edna Lyall used to say that Surrey was like a plain shawl with a beautiful border, and that of this border the Farnham country was the part she liked best.

On June 4, Morley, having "just passed through the horror and anguish of flitting", wrote to Harrison from his new house, Pitfield Down, about the punishments that were being inflicted on the Communists in Paris :

'Tis all very sad and grievous. Twenty years ago they used to sing :

Ils ont des fils qui grandissent
Soldats en désespoir.

and it was true, and is just as true now. Anyhow, we can at least prevent extradition of any poor wretch who finds his way to Leicester Square. I wrote to Beesly, offering to subscribe, speak, or write, on the matter. I have not heard from him, but you are doubtless active, so if you think my name or subscription worth having, will you put them down ?

Ludlow sends me a letter from Pierre Leroux's son-in-law (*not* one of the Commune), assuring us that there were Buonapartist and Prussian agents on the Central Committee. Ludlow says he hears the same from quite a different quarter. After all, it is of no consequence. The movement was certain to fail, just as it is certain to succeed one of these days. Trochu's speech last week justified what I said to you in the winter, that he is the most far-sighted man among the French leaders, and worth a million Gambettas.

Morley has been invited by his friend Lord Lytton to meet " some of the less stupid members of the stupid party "—Lords Derby, Carnarvon, and Stanhope.

But I had a cold and could not go. So I enjoy the privilege of calling them villains, idiots, selfish, sinister, silly, and the rest of the patriotic vocabulary for a while longer. Dining is the ruin of true patriotism. For how can you perform the noble function of vituperation on a man who has hobnobbed with you overnight ?

A P.S. shows that he still wrote, as he no doubt talked, with abandonment and wild hyperbole according to the mood of the moment :

This dilettante fury about the destruction of books, pictures, Gothic masterpieces, and the rest stirs my wrath. I never sympathised with it, when the charge of such destruction was brought against the Germans ; still less do I now. The murder of D. was bad, horrid. The destruction of every picture in Paris, and every book and MS. would not

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turn a hair on me—though I love such things and their associations from my heart.

Pitfield Down, *June* 16, 1871.—I would give anything in reason to have a long quiet chat with you—on a number of things. . . . I am not myself; and the stir slays me alive. Moreover, a fortnight ago, I was seized, after the manner of poets, with a phrenetic and wholly invincible oestus—to write a monograph—Voltaire. Everything else has vanished from my mind. Night and day I am possessed with him, and I stick to my table like a slave. What a subject!!! I shall beseech you to do me the favour to read it with a more *un*friendly eye than usual, for you are the very kindest of critics to me, when it is in the proof. It will be about the size of Burke, or a trifle bigger.

R. Lytton writes from Vienna that since the Commune fell the slimy theologists have all come wriggling out of their holes like worms after a thunderstorm.

About this time Karl Marx was very busy with the Workmen's International and had sent one of his publications to the editor of the *Fortnightly*. Morley gave Camille Barère (who fought under the Commune and had just escaped from Paris) a letter of introduction to Harrison, adding that the youth was grandson of 'immortal Barère, Anacreon of the Guillotine'. Then Harrison, troubled by decorators in his house, proposes a day's excursion to Pitfield. Whereupon his friend replies:

Pitfield Down, *June* 25.—It is very kind of you to think that a summer day on my heaths will be pleasant. Fix your own day, but let it not be a *Monday* or a *Thursday*, for on those days I go to Guildford to polish and consummate my knowledge of German—the language of European culture, my dear Harrison. . . . Are you ready to be trampled on and despised and possibly imprisoned during ten or fifteen years? That is the time of our humiliation, I anticipate. We are between two stools—the politicians with power, who detest us as incendiaries; the mass, who are lethargic, dull, and sodden, except in one or two towns, like Sheffield and

Nottingham. I hope you are going to speak next month in the *F.R.* ? I shall be curious to know what Mill said to you. I've not heard from him since the Commune fell. He has little confidence in French methods. Nor I. . . .

. . . I fully sympathise with your feeling of humility before your decorators. We had workmen here for three or four months, and the superiority of their career to mine struck me daily. A clever joiner is the noblest work of God.

At the beginning of July Morley was hearing from Lytton in Vienna, from Morison and Maxse in Paris, from his old friend Austin, who had been special correspondent of the *Times* in Paris, and from Louis Blanc, whose long exile had just ended. Our extracts from his correspondence with Harrison in 1871 may now be resumed:

PITFIELD DOWN, *July* 16.—I am curious to know how your plan of dictating will work. For my own part, I could not do a line on those terms. . . . I am very glad you have seen Morison. He seemed to me to give the view of men like Louis Blanc with particular intelligence—and there is really much in it—that the Commune is a type of those Gothic, Visigothic, Ostrogothic, barbarous invasions of the decaying Empire, which had no polity nor plan, but that of destroying and taking possession ; that just as the Empire deserved to be destroyed, so does the social empire of to-day : and that just as a new Christian organisation arose out of the chaos and confusion, so some new and as yet unforeseen system will rise out of the many wild and purposeless outbursts of which the Commune is a type. But then this is not Positivism, by a long way, is it ?

PITFIELD, *July* 23. . . . I hope you rejoice at the bloody nose which Gladstone has dealt to the Tories. It has its dangers—but there is not much fear of such a weapon being over-used just now. . . . Read the article on Russia in the new *Edinburgh*—and reflect whether Prussia *can* be anything but a military power, betwixt two great people of military aggressiveness—like Russia and France. I urged that on you in the winter. If we are going into European politics—let it not be against Prussia. How WRONG you were ! . . . I am over my head in Voltaire—*ce grand homme.*

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Harrison's 'Fall of the Commune' arrived a day or two afterwards:

Pitfield Down, *July* 26.—You have never written anything more noble or glorious, and there are passages in it as noble as anything in the language. It is reason and passion in just proportion, with most splendid result. I go with you in every word, and cannot say how grateful I am to you for so humane a deliverance—I don't mean in the interests of the *Review*, but in a larger sense. You give us nerve. It will reach the heart of every man young enough to have a humane fibre left in it.

When he turns over the page "to sink to detail" the editor finds the article too long, and suggests several cuts in order to get it into twenty-seven pages. Again—

I doubt if it is quite fair to call Thiers *a vile old man*—I mean fair to yourself. 'Tis not dignified, and 'tis personal. Don't be eristic, but *weigh*. Thiers is a vile politician, and most likely a bad man, but we ought to keep words like *vile* for such inhuman devils as Gallifet. . . .

N.B.—*Now* we *must* have constant, iterated, reasoned exposition of what that Positivism *is*, which you oppose to Communism.

The cutting down of this 'noble' and 'glorious' essay, which appeared shorn of some vituperative passages a few days later, enraged the author and provoked a row, which did not blow over until the autumn, when Harrison again set to work on the Republican article he had put aside so often. The reconciliation was sealed by a more than handsome eulogy of *Voltaire*. Harrison tells how night after night it had kept him from his bed and held him in a glow of admiration and excitement. "I pronounce it our best modern biography." But he could not help thinking that the author's immense obligations to Comte were not adequately expressed.

Pitfield Down, *Dec.* 9.—Your letter is more generous than I could have expected even from you. I have got so worn down with *Voltaire* that I look upon it as a flat failure,

though perhaps this is only a morbid bit of passing depression. If the thing deserves half your praise, 'tis enough.

I am cut to the heart by your hint that I have failed to confess my obligations to Comte. That my whole idea of history is his, is certain: that my particular ideas in nearly all the subordinate points are his, is not less certain. That his influence, direct and indirect, is the source of 3/5 of what may be useful and true in the estimate of Voltaire, I admit most gratefully. Why, then, you may say, not categorically state this? Now I will tell you. I actually wrote a preface defining my obligations to him, and the extent to which I go with his ideas of social reconstruction: respectfully stating my exact relations to the whole system. This piece I threw aside after real exercise of spirit, for these reasons:

1. *Quis vituperavit?* What has the precise more and less of J. M.'s acceptance of Comte to do with Voltaire? The question is personal, and what right have I to assume in the public an interest as to my ideas about Comte, when I invite them to read about Voltaire?

2. The reception of my last book showed that the people who think about me at all, habitually and firmly think of me as a disciple of Comte. I have let them take this for granted—in the *Voltaire*—only being careful to point out my dissent from Comte's view, *when that dissent was truly relevant to the subject of the book.*

3. I agree with you and Bridges and Beesly and Crompton five million times more than I differ from you. Who am I that I should gratuitously take the world into my confidence, and for the sake, too, of repudiating such a company? Everybody calls me and writes of me and of my poor productions as Comtist. Let them. I am not Comtist but Positivist. I accept your statement (your own, I mean) of the Positive Problem. I do not accept your solution—certainly not Comte's new organisation, which I entirely dislike. If I had published my intended preface, 'twould have seemed, to me if not to others, a mean attempt to save my own skin; a pitiful skulking from a company of poor men. Or, shall we change the figure, and say that finding myself in a cock-boat with you, I prefer this, with whatever crampings it may entail, to jumping into my own wash-tub,

and fighting against the hideous billows of British hypocrisy on my own account—*i.e.* to being submerged in five minutes.

4. My mind isn't made up. I don't know Comtism (forgive the word, which I use for momentary convenience) well enough to be competent either to accept or repudiate it. I want three or four more years of reading of him, and of social observation. I believe I shall become more and more Millite, less and less Comtist. But I must wait.

In short then—I did not express my profound general debt to Comte, because I am universally (universally ! ! ! ! !) called a Comtist. I did express my dissents in two or three points of importance, because this common presumption would otherwise lead to a false view of my ideas about Voltaire, Protestantism, etc. The only direct and consciously immediate debt to Comte was a point about the Encyclopædia, to which I give a proper and exact reference (at p. 336), with my humble assent. That I am indirectly and involuntarily indebted to him at every line, I will admit on affidavit, if necessary. Finally, the moment when you say to me this : " Your half-and-half adherence to us we find weak, unsatisfactory, unmanly ; your place in the eye of people likely to be interested in the matter is not too insignificant to make your statement of your position an egotistic impertinence "—at that moment I'll speak in the most generous and full spirit I can summon. Meanwhile, no word comes from me in the matter—beyond the expression, as in *Voltaire*, of such dissents as truth and right apprehension (from my own point of view) seem to call for.

Evidence of the *assumption* that I am an out and out Comtist, on which my vindication rests, you don't want. Every review of my last book proves it, and Clotilde de Vaux and all the rest was thrown systematically into my very innocent face, though I heartily detest everything about Clotilde de Vaux, including the ideas that Comte associated with her name. Why, even with reference to the chapter of *Voltaire* which has already appeared in the *Fortnightly*, a critic said at the time—" This piece is chiefly interesting as showing the tendencies of the Comtists to violent and despotic government." Now, we shall see from the reviews whether any specific acceptance of Comte's

unparalleled services to the study of history is needed from me. CHAPTER II.

He concludes with an apology for this " merciless bit of egotistic talk ".

Ten days later there is another letter from Pitfield. Morley has been buying pottery at Williamson's, and suggests that one of the vases might look well " in the dish on your small Chippendale ". Then he falls into a rage over one of Kingsley's sermons :

If he is not a mere grovelling toady—which I don't think he is—he is the silliest of mystics. I wonder if he goes as far as the glorious old de Maistre, who would have it that the blood corpuscles of kings are differently composed from yours and mine. My dear Harrison, we are in for the most greasy and hateful reaction—So buckle on your armour. . . . Don't forget your Republic for February.

About this time there appeared a review of *Voltaire* in the *Saturday*, no doubt by " a veteran slasher of the old school ". Who can it be, asks Harrison, and suggests " Lord Salisbury " ? Then he goes on :

I have a question, however, about *Voltaire*—who are the band of " Eastern fakeers " on page 36 ? I read it to be the school of culture whom I thought it exactly hit off. But I am now told it means the school of Comte, and is so shown to be by comparing the contents table. This cannot be—for anything more unjust, more wildly untrue could not be said of us—least of all by you.

Draw ! draw ! and defend your head, for if it be [meant] for us, I swear though you were my own brother I will have a stiff quarrel about it, and press you all I can.

The brethren are not satisfied with your attitude towards them, and I must admit that your book distinctly severs you from Comte morally and intellectually. *E.g.* the calendar does not consist of those who have " promoted truth " (p. 36), but of those who have promoted human nature.

But draw—and fight it out without seconds.—Yours as you use me, F. HARRISON.

After a sharp reply and rejoinder Morley relaxed.

"My dear Harrison," he wrote on December 24, "you are a kind soul, in spite of occasional ferocities in private life—and so you will forgive any petulance of which I was guilty. And attribute it partly to over-strung nerves, and partly to a true dismay on my part at finding myself suspected in any way by the only men—bar Mill—whose good opinion is of real price to me. . . . 'Tis my birthday: 33—*Eheu, fugaces anni*." [1]

In this charitable mood the tired editor and author went off for a week to Paris.

Frederic Harrison's praise of *Voltaire* has been echoed by a long succession of discriminating critics and by the public verdict of half a century. No one would expect such a book to sell like Macaulay's *Essays*; but a third edition of *Voltaire* was called for in 1878. Perhaps the most finished of his masterpieces, it illustrates within the modest compass of 263 pages—I refer to the early editions published by Chapman and Hall—as well or better than any of his other books, the wealth and variety of his prose. It is the work of a careful student familiar with Voltaire's voluminous writings, of a discriminating critic, but above all of an eager truth-seeker and fervent moralist. Its didactic purpose is evident from first to last; for John Morley was a teacher and a preacher, a man with a mission. No doubt his first aim was to rehabilitate Voltaire; but in so doing he was delivering a message to his own generation; he was trying to liberate and liberalise the England of his day from superstitions less gross but, in his view, not less irrational than those which Voltaire assailed and slew.

Nor can there be a doubt that he succeeded, in so far at least that many good Christian men and women, who

[1] Cf. Morley's *Voltaire*, chapter ii.: "Voltaire landed in England in the middle of May 1726. He was in the thirty-third year of his age, that earlier climacteric, when the men with vision first feel conscious of a past, and reflectively mark its shadow."

had been taught to shudder at the very name of Voltaire and to shun his writings as of the Evil One, learnt from Morley's pages not only to admire his genius, but to recognise the superb courage and tireless pertinacity of his often single-handed struggle for naked truth against armed bigotry, and for the victims of injustice against the tyrannies practised by absolute rulers under pretext of law or in the name of religion. With the spirit indeed in which Voltaire's mocking dialectic attacked the organised superstitions of his time Morley has nothing in common. Voltaire, he owns, " had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice ". But then " the Christianity which he assailed was as little touched as Voltairism itself with that spirit of holiness which poured itself round the lives and words of the two founders, the great master and the great apostle ". No rationalist was ever more spiritual than Morley, more pervaded by a sense of the great mystery of Life and Death, more ready to pay reverence to true piety. Let any one who doubts this read chapter v. of *Voltaire*, where he examines the Voltairean attack on religion, premising that it was not merely disbelief in a creed but exasperation against a church. The chapter must be read as a whole, if we are to comprehend Morley's power and skill as an interpreter and penetrate into the recesses of his own soul. But with this caution we may select one page, if only to show what sublimity of thought and style he could achieve in his two-and-thirtieth year. After arguing that the creed of a Rationalist or Positivist may provide a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct, he proceeds :

> There are new solutions for him, if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice, but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter, the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a

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wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be stronger, not weaker, when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance and advantage, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers. And he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in the ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succour from her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast may still remain; for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if at the hour of sunset a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and each good cause yet find worthy defenders, when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men for ever.

There is—and let us be thankful for it—a wonderful diversity of style among the masters of English prose, nor can any arbiter lay down a law for taste. But few readers, I think, will fail to appreciate the fine quality of the paragraph above quoted. In this same book, at the very end, we come upon another example of the sense of mystery which underlay the rationalism of Morley's thought and often made us feel in later years that he too was an inspired sage. After speculating on Voltaire's pre-vision, and after quoting one or two passages which seemed to foretell the coming of the Revolution, he adds: "Whether this meant much or little none can know. It would be shallow to believe that such men as Voltaire, with faculty quickened and outlook widened in the high air to which their fame raises them, really discerned no

more than we, who have only their uttered words for authority, can perceive that they discerned. Great position often invests men with a second sight whose visions they lock up in silence, content with the work of the day."

CHAPTER III

REPUBLICANISM IN 1872

RETURNING from Paris at the beginning of the New Year, Morley at once indited an epistle to Harrison :

PITFIELD DOWN,
Jan. 5, 1872.

I have come back from my run to the Metropolis of the Religion of Humanity, which has refreshed me consummately. We had very decent weather, considering the time of year, and saw all the sights. What made the visit particularly agreeable to me was my introduction to Lafitte,[1] of whom I saw a good deal. I dined and passed a long evening with him at Morison's. I heard his discourse on Sunday—an admirable exposition, more than two hours long, of the Comtist ideas of the civic life and the proper preparation. Perhaps it contained nothing absolutely new to me : but it was full of vigour, manliness, common sense, which made it all glowing and alive. It was wholly free from Sectarian jargon, and from the technical pedantries in which your London chief [Congreve] delights. After this, he showed me the room where Comte died, and a lot of Clotilde de Vaux's letters. Then he and I sallied forth to see some of the sacred spots of *le vrai Paris*, as distinguished from *le Paris vulgaire* of the Boulevards, *e.g.* the Church of the Cordeliers ; Danton's house ; Marat's, where Charlotte Corday slew him ; Diderot's ; the street in which died Vauvenargues ; Turgot's hotel ; etc. We got on most excellently, and I don't think I ever met a man with whom I felt more entirely sympathetic. On

[1] Pierre Lafitte, leader of the French Positivists, whom Comte had designated as his successor. Two essays on Lafitte's character and teaching will be found in *Illustrations of Positivism* by J. H. Bridges. London : Watts and Co., 1915.

Monday I went to hear his commemoration of the Fête de l'Humanité, when he gave an admirable address—just to Germany, hopeful for France—and marked by a true Positivist gravity and elevation. I kept wishing you were there; you would have been truly edified. Your efforts along with those of Beesly, Congreve, and Hutton were most generously commemorated. . . .

I saw none of the politicians, but could gather from nobody any truly reassuring word, or any sign of sane political intelligence among the people, high or low. They are children, children, children—as graceful and full of delight, and as little sensible. At this moment they would accept a monster like Buonaparte I., if such a creature should get his foot upon them. However, you insist they are the great organ of progress in the universe—so I'll not go on in a vein that displeases you.

Harrison's reply is too clever to be omitted. He certainly got the better in this exchange:

January 9, 1872.—I am amused at your tirade against the poor French. Your literary spleen drives you into droll contradictions. You say they are worthless children, etc. etc. Lump of inconsistency. Why did you go to Paris—having been there 50 times and last only in September? Why did you not go to Berlin to refresh yourself? Why did you have conversations with Lafitte and not some Dryasdust at Leipsic? If what you say of the French is true your whole life has been a mistake. It has been devoted to popularising the French social and political ideas. How many lives of Eminent Frenchmen have you written—a dozen. How many English—1. How many German—0. What is it that is about to place you in the first rank of living writers—your *Voltaire*, your Voltairean estimate and conception of the most typical of Frenchmen. Why is your *Review* flowing over with French ideas, French history, and French systems? Why don't you translate the maunderings of some German professor about Pan-Germanism and give pictures of the last Berlin revolution? Why?—because the British public could not stand it. They want to be awakened, interested, enlightened. Nor will it serve you to say that it

is only past French thought that holds you. It is not so. You are surrounded with a French *milieu*. Why are you my friend? Why, indeed? Why does it brighten you to go to Paris and talk to Lafitte? Is not Lafitte a model Frenchman? Would it interest you equally to talk to Von Sybel? The French may rave and they may be—they are—sorely sick and bad now—but their raving and their sickness is more socially and humanly interesting and instructive than the sense and the sobriety of as many Germans. If it is not so, your whole life, and your conduct of the *Review* is a self-contradiction. . . . I have my "Republic" in my head complete.

This had to be answered, and answered it was the very next day from Pitfield:

You are too perplexing for anything. Lafitte a model Frenchman! Why, he is learned, just, moderate, moral, wholly unegotistic, sees the faults of his country and the virtues of other countries, and—though more hopeful—thinks of the present condition of France as I do, and not as you do. He says she *deserved* to be crushed by Germany—that she was *sapped* by Cousin's eclecticism years ago—that her only chance of national existence *de jure* or *de facto* lies in the acceptance of Positivism—that she has not a single statesman (no, not one) comparable to ours (! !). That is his account, not mine. Why do I write on French subjects? Tell me any French subject I've written posterior to Napoleon I. Before him there was a true, a great France. Since, nothing except Comte (whom I will place as high as you like, and the higher you place him, the better for my contempt for the nation which has paid him less respect than England even). France produces martyrs to the social cause; true. And they are driven over to rot in London. You mistake me wholly. I love the great spirits of the 18th century. I love the one or two continuators of their work, Comte, and Lafitte, his disciple, who is singularly and emphatically an admirer of the Eighteenth Century, and who is the one man I have found precisely of my mind about Vauvenargues, Turgot, and the rest. Finally, in all their social relations I love the French people, but when you talk of France I pre-

sume that you mean the nation—the millions who voted for Napoleon III., who voted for the Assembly at Versailles, who will vote a rotten monarchy before the year is out. If you mean the élite who meet at Rue de la Prince, or that other élite who give their blood on barricades, let us understand that, and don't call it France.

'Tis no answer of mine to champion the Germans. I think they were right in the war against France last year, and I wish we had taken their side at the outset. I don't like them in the least, and I do like the French. But I'm for justice, and as the Germans were accidentally on the side of justice, I wished them well in a given set of circumstances. Enough—enough.

Morley encloses a subscription for the Communist refugees. He is not quite serious in his argument, but is exaggerating to annoy Harrison. The letter drew a spirited reply on January 11 :

Jan. 11, 1872.—Worse and worse—why, the true spirit of a nation is always its minority, the few. . . . What might Johnson have said of Frenchmen in Turgot's and Voltaire's time—what did the court of Louis XV. appear to men here ? We now know that France was great because in spite of a vicious court, a frivolous aristocracy, and a besotted people she had a dozen Turgots and Condorcets, and a large middle strata capable of popularising their ideas.

Then he tells the editor that he is too busy with Positivism, and with the poor Communist refugees, to finish his article on the Republic. Their misery has saddened him :

I was struck with humiliation too when I went to see the Old Prophet at Chelsea. He seems to live in a very dismal corner of this foul city. When I thought of the poor, soured, wild old genius, coiling himself up in his own virtue in that alley where one might expect to find one's washerwoman, I could not help contrasting it with the luxurious homes and lovely scenery wherein sundry articles against luxury are produced and the royal palace of the "Bard" at

Blackdown—who is after all but an organ-grinder to the true Bard at Chelsea.

Morley replies :

Pitfield Down, *Jan.* 12.—I am with you in every word ; and you put it in a way that has sent me staring blankly and gloomily over my landscape all day. You were never more right than in your word of honour for that rugged old hero at Chelsea—the frugality and simpleness of whose life, added to an unvaried industry for tens of years in preaching his word, is a real honour to human nature. I confess I was moved in the same way at the sight of the dingy den in which your own Comte used to sit, often all through the night in concentrated abstraction nineteen hours at a stretch, poverty and domestic wretchedness and isolation thick upon him. Well, after all we cannot choose. *Spartam nactus est.*

As for literature, don't you trouble yourself too much about points that may be well left aside for the present. One cannot have too much rectitude, but one may easily be too fastidious. The Strahans, Chapmans, Longmans are indeed worthy of your pillory, like five-sixths of the writers whose stuff they deluge a silly world with. But what does it matter to an upright man ? Where Mill (a wise and good man if ever there was one) and Carlyle have gone, I think we may condescend to follow, without too ostentatious a tucking up of our skirts. You won't go into Parliament : I can't. You won't preach : and I have no pulpit. The alternative is the pen, of which you are as consummate a master as Turner (say) or no—you shall be Salvator Rosa, who painted ruffian Bismarcks and other brigands—was of his pencil. This is the true waste—to hide your talent in the ground. The dying Arminius was a wise monitor to you.

About your Republic, I feel some delicacy in urging you, as I am an interested person. However, I can't help saying that it is time somebody spoke, and you are the proper man, because on politics (exclusively *home* politics, you understand ?) you write with such a mixture of penetrating energy and shrewd sense, such fire not of straw, and such light not of sour-smelling phosphorus, as nobody else approaches. The rest of us are too sterile, too bitter, too sullen. . . . I wonder

how you would bear to sit down as I do day after day laboriously reading and more laboriously writing what gains recognition from a tiny public of generous and appreciative friends—of whom you are the chief—and then will very deservedly and properly pass away. My stoical obsession of my table drives my sister so mad out of its sheer monotony that she flee-eth to the noisy house of a surgical brother in preference. My wife, kindest of souls, sometimes wonders whether it would not be better to live in the carter's cottage whose farthing dip glimmers at this minute in the bottom of the valley at our feet, and earn a subsistence, I at the head of the team and she picking hops, pulling turnips, and binding the sheaves. Well, just so. But somebody ought to tell this stupid England of good and bright spirits like Vauvenargues and the rest, and as I have a taste for it, and nobody else does it, and life is parlous short—why, of course I sit at my table *comme trois diables*. The old Hindhead understands it all; he has a friendship for me, and the steady tenacity with which he lifts his peak into all sorts of atmospheres and winds and lights is my standing encouragement.

So he urges Harrison to follow his example and buy a small cottage in the country. In the same letter he encloses a cutting—above which he has written "Prophet in his own Country"—from a Blackburn paper, beginning:

John Morley, Esq., of London, and Voltaire. The gentleman who figured at the bottom of the poll at the parliamentary election which took place in this town in the early part of 1869 has been occupying his time in writing a biographical panegyric of the Frenchman, Voltaire, the sceptic, cynic, and infidel, of the last century. We do not know if the religionists belonging to the Nonconformist sects ever inquired what manner of man it was for whom they were voting, when they tried so hard to return Mr. John Morley in 1869. . . . But, when we tell them of one or two ideas put forward by Mr. Morley, in his book on Voltaire, our Dissenting friends may not be unthankful to Churchmen and Conservatives for preventing their electing even him. . . . If any of their affection for Mr. Morley as a

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representative still lingers in the minds of that large class of professing Christians who accorded him the support of their votes and influence in 1869, we commend to their careful study the following reflections, and should like to be present when they utter their opinions thereon.

The passage quoted is an argument against the supernatural origin of the Christian religion.

In January Frederic Harrison postponed 'The Republic' for law work. On the 18th Morley wrote to his friend from Pitfield: "We are going to Oxford for two or three weeks on Saturday, as I want to have the run of a library for my *Rousseau*, which will soon be on the stocks. . . . I hear Mill is back in England."

His next letter is dated March 6, 1872:

Pitfield Down.—We were at Oxford a month, then in the Isle of Wight, and now we have just come back to our peak, which we like best of all. Oxford socially amused me a good deal, and from the libraries and one or two men I got something more than amusement. But I would not live there—no, not if they would make me Chancellor with endless thousands per annum. . . . I shall be only too glad to make a place for you in the next number. People think we Republicans are cowed. Why don't you send a blast from your trumpet?

You will hear with friendly satisfaction that *Voltaire* is going off quickly. The thousand are nearly exhausted, and a cheaper second edition is being prepared. I've made an addition which ought to satisfy you and your brethren.

Second, I've accepted an invitation to deliver a Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institute on April 12. I'm going to give them a screed upon Rousseau.

Third, I've been made a member of the Polit. Econ. Club—to fill a vacancy occasioned by Lord Overstone's retirement—so you see the property qualification is elastic.

A few lines follow on the death of Charles Eliot Norton's wife. "My heart aches for Norton."

On March 7 Harrison writes to tell the editor that he is setting to work on 'The Republic'. An article has

appeared by Goldwin Smith—a sharp attack on the House of Lords. Harrison thinks it very good on the Monarchy, but unfair to the peers. Morley replies :

PITFIELD DOWN, *March* 8.—By the way, Rousseau always headed his letters with a maxim, usually in Latin, and dated them thus—18$\frac{8}{3}$72. . . . What you say of Goldwin Smith's view is just : still I believe you would stimulate national self-respect by making the lords sit in the lower chamber : 'twould have a wholesome indirect effect. And though there is much in what you say of Granville, Mayo, Derby, etc., who have opportunity and a sort of statesman's tradition, the real statesmen have been Peel (whom I loathe !), Bright, Gladstone, Cobden—all plebeians. I should have said the lords had traditions of *administration*, but that consciousness of moral and political weakness had taken all backbone out of anything like a policy, such as they undoubtedly had up to 1832. Besides, after all, nothing can meet the plain fact that their interests are sinister, and that the policy of which they have kept up the tradition has now been transformed by changed national circumstance, and international circumstance also, into something wholly anti-social. They are no longer, nor can ever become, the national organ.

In this month, though engrossed in Rousseau, Morley found time to review a book pleading for Irish Home Rule. Without committing himself or the *Fortnightly*, he argued that " the question should be brought into the domain of free discussion and not kept in the realm of brutal and violent prejudice " :

PITFIELD DOWN, *Mar.* 27. . . . I wish I had not agreed to make an absurd discourse at the Royal Institution. What is the good ? The pen is my instrument, rather than the tongue. And what can any mortal, *Isaeo torrentior*, say of Jean Jacques in an hour ?

I am off to Fryston tomorrow, D.V. until Tuesday or Wednesday. As I am in the neighbourhood I hope to get a day for Wootton in Derbyshire, where Rousseau began the *Confessions*.

The discourse referred to—"Rousseau's Influence on European Thought", delivered before the Royal Institution on April 12—was republished in the May *Fortnightly*. One sentence about Rousseau's influence brings in Morley's favourite French writer, George Sand: "The royalist Chateaubriand and the Christian Lamennais are as much inspired by him as the Jacobin Robespierre and the transcendental deist, George Sand."

Meanwhile several rather amusing letters had been coming from Harrison confiding to the editor his difficulties in writing the Republican article. He wants to avoid the fiasco of Dilkism or Odgerism, and also the look of rudeness or pertness to which his epigrams seem to run at times. But he has spoken of the Queen "with delicate homage". On April 30, he is still weeding out hasty phrases, but solemnly agrees to be ready by May 15:

I, Frederic Harrison, an occasional contributor to the *F.R.*, etc., etc., hereby for myself, my heirs, exors, and assigns, covenant and agree with John Morley, Editor of the same, that I will on or before the 15th of May next supply, furnish and deliver to the Printers of the same a Manuscript writing or article on the British Monarchy in which I, the said Frederic Harrison promise and agree and hereby covenant to speak out my mind—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help me God—one shilling. Signed and sealed and delivered, etc.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Morley replies on May 1 from Pitfield:

Your solemn League and Covenant is not stamped, but I hereby accept your terms and our pactum is complete.

. . . I read your old piece on the Limits of Political Economy last night. 'Tis masterly: yet here am I standing for Cairnes's old chair of P.E. at University College and writing on the Wages Fund. . . .

. . . What an end to the Alabama! I am heartily glad—tho' my love for the States has suffered a terrible blow.

England is now the only nation with a rag of morality to cover her nakedness.

By the beginning of May the Republican article was ready and its author was a little nervous. The editor sends him encouragement. He need not shrink from writing on republicanism under a monarchy. "The enemy does not care what a private person *writes*. . . . It is the platform and the rude crowd which the obstructives fear." A postscript (May 13) adds: "The Catholic press in Ireland is making a hero of me—in spite of Voltaire. I wonder what your opinion is."

PITFIELD, *May* 19.—I am unable to think of anything but your article which reached me yesterday. Its brilliance and energy, its changes from force and strength to the most admirable wit, make it a true masterpiece, and it will be the literary sensation of the season. I am jotting rough notes on the proof.

Two days later he despatches further remarks on Harrison's article, with which in the main the editor concurs, though differing on a few points:

It is a protest of the most manly and wise kind. Many episodic bits I dissent from: I don't look upon the existing system as worse than any other now to be found in America or elsewhere, but as much better; and the moment we began to discuss the system to which movement should tend, I fear horrid chasms would yawn betwixt us. . . .

Thinking over your Irish objections, I reply two things.

1. Your tone is doctrinaire: *i.e.* it involves the assumption of rigid and absolute principles—without the measure of the truly special circumstances of Ireland—which need quite peculiar ways of dealing with it.

2. It is not here a question of a *majority*, but of a nation. Protestants and free-thinkers are *such* a minority as not to be worth taking into account by a ruler (always saving their equality of rights, etc.) who has to appease and develop a barbarised country.

3. The argument against me, on the ground of the

matter being beyond state function won't hold, because the state directly endows the Queen's colleges and permits Tri. Coll. to hold her endowments, which is tantamount to state endowment. Besides, I'm not sure that in the development of a country so abnormally backward as Ireland has been, the state is justified in abstaining from special positive interference, that might be objectionable in a country like England.

Harrison accepted most of the editorial suggestions, but would not excise his praises of the Queen. Even so he expected to be cut by some of his friends!

On June 14 Morley invited Mr. and Mrs. Harrison to come down to Pitfield. By this time Harrison's Republican article on "The Monarchy" (as they had decided to call it) was in the hands of the public:

It has distinctly made a sensation of a marked kind, and the *weight* of it has been felt, and admitted tolerably respectfully. The brilliance has had scandalously inadequate recognition. In fact, there is no audience in England, certainly not in the London press, for this admixture of striking literary expression with political judgment. Our people are afraid of it. It has a French smell about it, and that is the smell of burning palaces. . . . England takes its Politics, or likes to take them, very seriously—with plenty of dour cant and a heavy head. I saw all the notices except the *Observer*. The *Spectator* was really good and honest—for a miracle. You must have been letting Hutton drink your share of the wine at the Metaphysical.[1] So long as you don't drink his metaphysical small beer I don't mind.

He had sent the article to Mill.

As Morley was in a high degree responsible for this republican outburst, a few words on "The Monarchy" are required. Harrison took as his jumping-off grounds the adulatory transports of Bumble (the newspapers) over the auspicious recovery of the Prince of Wales, some questions about the Civil List asked in the House

[1] Harrison and Hutton were members of the Metaphysical Society.

of Commons by Sir Charles Dilke, and some remarks by Disraeli upon the Queen and the Monarchy. These last had annoyed the Radicals, who intimated that 'Dizzy' was again[1] trying to make political capital out of the throne. Harrison's article begins:

> One of the most cool and sagacious of the dignitaries of Oxford is wont to speak of the Republican Club which flourishes in that loyal University as "The Society for the Encouragement of the Day after To-morrow". Thoughtful men, of whatever party, have long been generally of the same mind. They see that the ultimate adoption of the republican form by both branches of the English race is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun.

But in reality, wrote the essayist, the Republican Club is only engaged in accelerating the day before yesterday; for in truth England is, and has long been, "an aristocratic republic with a democratic machinery and an hereditary grand master of the ceremonies".

What is a Republic? It is not a synonym for democracy—it does not imply mob rule. Think of Venice, Rome, Cromwellian England, or Lincoln's presidency of the United States. The keynote of true republicanism is a state the principle of which is not privilege but merit—where government rests on public opinion, not force. England has "a monarchic pageant in the midst of republican realities". Of Disraeli he remarks:

> The formation of a genuine Beefeater Party, whose political mission it is to rally round the throne, is certainly a new feature in party history. Still, since Conservatives decide to make it the topic of the day, Republicans will naturally have something to say.

The writer hopes at least "to raise the subject from the cataract of cant in which it has been drowned". Then comes a clever caricature depicting the powerless-

[1] John Bright's famous 'pomposity and servility' speech was delivered in the Commons on May 7, 1868.

ness of the sovereign, much as a Gilbert and Sullivan opera might treat the Mikado. The future of the Monarchy depends on public opinion. Its " position, functions, and existence " are as much within the jurisdiction of public opinion as the Established Church or the Unpaid Magistracy. After some lively sallies at Mr. Gladstone, the Princess Pocahontas, Osborne and Balmoral, he concludes that there is a " tacit understanding among the educated classes to keep things as they are ; but we are all conscious around us of perfectly settled though perfectly well-behaved republican convictions ".

When Harrison wound up on the note " we republicans ", the reader could not have been surprised. What does surprise us now is the brilliant audacity of the whole piece. And it is only fair to remember that the editor rather egged his friend on than pulled him back on this occasion.

Morley started on June 18 with his sister Grace for Fontainebleau, after offering Harrison his house for ten days with servants included :

> I want to turn my horse out, so I will not guarantee you a mount. All the other inexhaustible resources of this residence—so ' suitable for a family of distinction '—are absolutely yours.
>
> If you come down suddenly any day it would be well to bring down your own food. I would leave out some most amazing Gladstone claret, of an excruciating *cru*. As I imprudently bought it to serve one friend, I will prudently leave it behind to serve another.

After this there is a gap in the correspondence until the end of July, when Morley writes ' in bad spirits ' :

> We go into exile on Tuesday for three months down to the sea, having let this to Lady Stephen. I don't know where we go to ; all the sea places are equally unfruitful to me. The sea is the least suggestive of companions.

A postscript refers to some rhymes by Mortimer Collins:

I hear a man has written a burlesque poem called 'The Birds' in which you and I figure fraternally at the fag end of a line, thus—'Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Mill, Morley and Harrison'—which is supposed to sum up the great positivists, and you rhyme with comparison.

The Morleys chose Brighton for their 'exile'—a place of which later on they became very fond. Thence he wrote (20 Allingworth Street, Aug. 14) of the forthcoming *Fortnightly*:

I shall have a good number—Swinburne on Hugo's *Année Terrible*, you—and a chapter out of my *Rousseau*, viz. R. et Les Chaumettes. Novel! This method of treating reality is the true fiction.

What do you think we have just come back from doing? Standing in a crowd who were cheering Louis Napoleon most lustily! I kept a protesting silence and my hat stuck fast on my head. It is twelve years since I saw the monster—then walking with Thouvenel in the Tuileries garden. He looks awfully old.

I hear you are or were going to interview the young Dictator. He seems playing a wise game just now—and he's the best man they have—but his rule means blood and war. Mark my prophecy.

BRIGHTON, *Aug.* 7.—Quite true about the *F.R.* 'Tis a bad number, very. Two men of merit disappointed me, and spoilt it.

We are pent up in prison here for seven weeks to come. My wife amuses herself in the sea, and I am living with Rousseau at Geneva, Chambéry, Montmorenci, etc. 'Tis a very great subject, after all, and I hope when you come back to have done work that will interest you, and that may advance good causes. But I'm all in a new vein, and perceive that I was meant for a novelist.

On August 18 he was still "cooped up with Rousseau" and quite sick of Brighton: "I am nearly knocked over by the climate, and sea or no sea, we don't stop here

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beyond the end of next month." At the beginning of October Harrison was back from the Continent, full of George Sand and her wonderful writings, which he contrasts with the sad anatomical novels of George Eliot. He had been reading an 'admirable' instalment of Rousseau in the *Fortnightly*. He offers to write every month for the *Fortnightly* a *chronique*, or survey of events, rather like the introductory pages of the *Spectator*, but less snippety.

Morley's next letter is dated Haywards Heath, Sussex, October 8:

I am thoroughly glad to think we are in the same island again together, but you had better keep a civil tongue, for I am in the thick of Rousseau's quarrel with Grimm and the others, and so have as good an armoury as yours of vituperative French. 'Tis a little too monstrous though. You have had literally nothing to do the whole solid day, and you have been receiving new impressions from morning to night: I have been working like a bondslave, and seeing no human soul except my wife, and receiving no new impressions, yet I am to write to you, and you to send me no word. Is that your altruism? . . . Your visit to Fontainebleau must have been delicious. I feel that my life is imperfect until I have spent a day with that wonderful woman [George Sand?], and I mean to do so before I am much older. . . . I have a goodish number.

I don't think I can find room for your communist on that subject. The newspapers got pretty well behind the scenes, and people have found out what you could have told them before, that the International is not a body to overthrow European civilisation. . . .

. . . You two happy folk ought to read George Eliot: happiness narrows the intelligence, don't you know that? She is great and profound, but I certainly go with you as to the superiority of G. Sand *qua* artist.

Oct. 8 (continued from our last).—George Sand seems to me simply the loveliest prose-writer that ever lived. I have been reading her sedulously, partly to prevent myself from falling asleep before bed-time, partly to try and soften out

some of the crudities of my own prose. A man who had absorbed her, and Victor Hugo, and Goethe—I mean their tones, not their ideas—would be a superb writer. Not for politics. There let him assimilate Burke, with a dash from the too few and uncollected writings of F. Harrison, a publicist who in my judgment would have struck the highest mark of composition in that order, if he had not been addicted to the bar, to London, to society, to Switzerland, and to happiness generally, which is quite incompatible with the finest forms of prose or verse.

Am I the creature of fancy in thinking I can trace her Saxon blood in George Sand's work?

What nonsense is all this about the sadness, the anatomical preparation, etc. of *Middlemarch*? The art seems to me indifferent in many respects—being strained, showman-like, pedantic, even pert. But the sadness! Good heavens, does not our smug grocer public need to be taught that its Protestant well-to-do optimism is a lie and a delusion. There is a kind of Pharisaism in other things than religion—and *Middlemarch* touches this with a drop of acid.

Besides, I am a humble man, and if a great soul like G. Eliot chooses to give me this, I like it. The creative imagination is so rarely given, that we are barely wise to carp at a shade too much black or white in the philosophy, eh?

Your proposal fascinates me as with the eye of basilisk. My inclination leads me to close eagerly—but I'm half afraid of you. I had resolved on a *chronique* for the beginning of the year—and strain my eyes for a man to do it. Moderate men are blockheads, and extreme men have hay in their horns. I think I'll close with your offer. But we must meet and discuss it in proper form. . . . We are quartered in a country inn, studying the agricultural labourer in his pleasures.

P.S.—I'm glad you like the *Rousseau*, so far. Pity is the right mind in which to think of the miserable wretch. I should like to submit my half dozen pages of introduction to you, if you will let me. They will be printed—and so not troublesome to read. You found fault—and alas with too perfect justice—with the preliminary chapter in *Voltaire*—and I would fain do better this time.

From Haywards Heath on October 11, apropos of an article on metaphysics which F. H. has sent to the *Fortnightly*, Morley writes :

My feelings about metaphysics are in temporary abeyance. I only know that I can't bear the unknowable. . . . I have accepted a long paper on the House of Lords during the last fifty years from F. Bowen, whom you sent to me. . . . It will appear in January, when I mean to start an energetic political crusade in the *F.R.*

His next from Haywards Heath, October 16, asks :

Why do you talk of Supreme Power with capital letters ? It is the thin end of the wedge of a new theology, with incorporated abstractions instead of the old gods. Beware—or you become a theist and a metaphysician in positivist's clothing.

A letter from Harrison about the *Rousseau* (October 26) praises the opening pages as " a true Overture ", but thinks the parallel should be not between the Revolution and the Reformation but between the Revolution and Christianity. He also objects to ' the *divine* mystic of the Galilean hills '. It was a characteristic of Comte and his school to depreciate the Reformers and to belittle the Reformation. Morley's answer (Haywards Heath, Oct. 26, 1872) runs :

You are quite right about Christianity being the true parallel to the Revolution, and I will change. Everything in the book is conceived in that notion—with Rousseau for a bad and bestial version of the ' divine ' mystic. I used it in a strictly secular sense, as who should say divine weather, divine poem ; but since it is open to misconstruction I substitute some less equivocal term, as sublime, etc.

He did in fact substitute ' sublime ' for ' divine ' in the introductory pages.[1] The letter continues :

[1] " The Christian organisations which saved Western Society from dissolution owe all to St. Paul, Hildebrand, Luther, Calvin ; but the spiritual life of the West during all these generations has burnt with the pure flame first lighted by the sublime mystic of the Galilean hills."

Your idea of the Reformation revolts me. To compare those great-souled men with the poor creatures like Sieyès, Robespierre, and the whole French crew (except Danton) is outrageous. Comte's ignorance of Protestantism is the curse of his historical survey. The whole western situation at this moment (including the United States) is a hopeless riddle to a man who does not see that the Reformation was a turning-point on which the history of nations has depended ever since. Why are America and France so different? For many reasons, no doubt—but principally because Rousseau's teaching and the rest of the 18th-century teaching fell in one case on men braced by Protestantism, in the other on men enervated by absolutist catholicism. For all this I refer you to my forthcoming work passim! By the way, Robespierre is really a sort of parallel to Calvin, but a wretched scarecrow version; just as the *Contrat Social* and *Émile* are poor things in comparison with the Bible.

PUTTENHAM, *Nov.* 13.—My dear Harrison, I found myself so fagged last Monday week, that I flung down my pen, hurled my pile of books into space, and rushed off as fast as steam would carry me to the heroic and immortal capital of the western republic, whence I returned on Friday night by the mail like a flash of lightning. It has refreshed me thoroughly, and I am now at my final grapple with Rousseau, who will be given to the gaze of the most absolutely stupid and unsympathetic public in all Europe at the end of January.

On this visit to Paris he had visited Mademoiselle Souvestre and spent an evening at Cotter Morison's.

Lafitte always delights and instructs me. Eighteenth-century France is our common ground. There we are both enthusiasts. The moment we come to the nineteenth we part company—but I like him heartily all the same.

He fears civil war is approaching and deplores the violence of opinion in Paris. An account of his evening at Cotter Morison's follows:

After being talked to by at least three people at once for six hours or so—my faculties and my apprehension of the

French tongue quite failed, and I sat with feebly deprecatory face, while the state of France was still being poured into unconscious ears. Lafitte began his Course on Morality on Sunday in a lecture, which the shorthand writer said would occupy ten newspaper columns! I wish I could have heard it, short as life is.

Frederic Harrison was preparing a second article on Republicanism; but he was in low spirits about it, and seemed inclined to throw it up:

You have plenty of time for your Republic; plenty—more than you want. Why worry: why despond? I count on it sacredly. 'Tis the keynote of our movement. Who is to review *Middlemarch*? Have you seen the new Darwin? It is very amusing, but also, in my poor judgment, awfully daring in its leaps from solid ground. We are wondrously pleased with our hill-top again—though the wind is most stern.

Another letter from Puttenham, November 17, gossips pleasantly about various friends—Maxse, Robert Lytton, and La Souvestre, and then continues:

Women, my dear Harrison, have so much cold sense. They are born positive—and that's the contradictory of positivist. . . . Is there a sun in the heavens? We don't see it—much less do you in your foggy Babylon. You can't think of the sense of superiority which a man who shivers on a peak has over a man who shivers in a street.

On November 20 Harrison confesses that after all he has not been able to touch his second article on Republicanism. He asks for more time. The editorial reply is severe:

Puttenham, *Dec.* 1.—My dear Harrison, I declare I don't see why faith should not be kept with a wretched editor, just as it is with a wretched solicitor, or anybody else. You vowed by Humanity, the Grand Être, the Supreme Mother, and all the other capital letters of your faith that you would lead off in January. 'Tis indispensable. Without that for

keynote, the 'new social movement' is unintelligible. I must have it. You must write it. You have three whole weeks. You might beat the Psalms of David in that time. And consider how many months this has been ripening in your mind. . . . I asked Taine to review *Middlemarch* and George Eliot in general. He says he is engrossed with a work on France at the end of the 18th century, and cannot bear to tear himself away: he thinks she is the greatest of English romancers, which is true—but not true enough. She has no second. . . .

The hurricanes have *almost* frightened us out of our nest. I assure you at times they were alarming positively. I have been in the middle of the Atlantic in a hard winter gale for four days, and did not realise the violence of the wind nearly as I did up here last Tuesday night.

Harrison replied dutifully (December 3, 1872):

I am the vilest of men and you are the most considerate and encouraging of editors. What a task you must have if you have to bottle-hold all your contributors and keep up their peckers as you do mine.

He promised to set to work. In his next (Dec. 4) Morley says that when he was last in Paris he bought a little portrait of Dr. Guillotine. This he now offers as a decoration for the walls of the Positivist School! "I take it for granted that meritorious inventor is in the Calendar?" Then turning from jest to earnest he replies to some strictures passed by Harrison on Thiers:

I can think of nothing but France. It is a tremendous moment. I don't quite see that Thiers deserves to have his head cut off just yet. Let us wait. If he does not move speedily, he'll miss the tide. Opinion in France is so irresistibly drawn to any man or party who shows firmness and will in power, that in a fortnight—if he does not take care—they will be all for the accursed right.

I held my breath this morning when the letter-bag arrived. I saw your hand and Mill's. In the January No. or not? It was too good to be true. You both write. So does

Maine. So does Swinburne. *Nunc dimittis.* I see the most magnificent number of any review ever issued. You shall head the list—on the charger of your prose, and wearing the sword of republicanism, the buckler of moral fervour, the cocked hat of rhetoric, etc.

P.S.—If you come across the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, you will see an account of poor me that has been unequalled since the old prophecies of a Messiah.

On December 6 Harrison replies :

I think the *Atlantic Monthly* a very able organ of criticism, and I highly approve of its judgment on the designated successor of Mill—I hail you young Dictator and future President of the Republic of Letters. But I regret their impertinence in calling the first of living biographers a *rising man.* Seriously it is the best criticism on you that has appeared, and every word of it is true. The chapter on the *Héloïse* is most interesting and just. You rather by criticism of your hero, weaken the effect of a biography. I am not sure that the two can ever be combined.

He declines the portrait of Dr. Guillotine, and adds :

The portraits of the School are all strictly confined to the Calendar, and certainly have nothing in common with the collector's itch for material relics of names accidentally famous. I don't care for the cloak which Raleigh spread in the mud for Elizabeth, nor the breeches which Wellington wore at Waterloo—send the portrait to Madame Tussaud's ! It will draw.

Morley's next letter describes a visit to Carlyle :

Puttenham, *Dec.* 8.—Let me confess my follies. I was in town yesterday with the object principally of seeing you. By evil chance I saw Chapman, who said the Old Prophet wanted to see me (which was wholly untrue). On this I drove down to the old man, with whom I had never had a word before. On the whole my impression after three-quarters of an hour was not pleasant ; so different from Mill, or Lafitte, or even Congreve. He said to me just what he said to you—everything was to be flung up in favour of a

man Goethe, and another man called Schiller, and then there was a man called Jean Paul, who clung to the eternal fact in this hideous welter, etc., etc., in the vein you know. Of instruction, or hint, or inspiration of any kind—not a jot or tittle. The *Fortnightly*—"Wha-at a na-est of cackatreeces!" I was silent and discipular—and came away much as I expected I should, very moderately pleased with the disposal of my time. There is nothing precise or definite about him—and after twenty one wants that.

Then I was for coming to take the taste of this out of my mouth by a long chat with you. But the devil tempted me. As I passed St. James's Hall I saw I was in time for a lovely quartette of Mozart's. My ear was filled with delicious sound—I forgot or cursed all politics, sociology, republics, and everything else—paid my shilling—and went in. When I came out 'twas just in time for my train, and I knew you'd have left your Chambers. The Mozart quartette repaid me, but I was bitterly repentant at having wasted my time with the cynic, instead of using it with you.

So you thought I was serious about Guillotine? Why, man, it was the profoundest, darkest, subtlest *irony*. In heaven's name don't be so obtuse, or I lose my whole public.

P.S.—Yes, Charlotte Corday is my heroine—but good Frenchwomen have all got *the heroic fibre* in them. Goodness does not run to workhouse visiting and night schools and drainage with them.

PUTTENHAM, *December* 10.—Three days at my masthead, my dear Harrison!! *They* would finish *you*, I can tell you. Such a hurricane as blew on Sunday night; it was really too much almost for my seasoned nerves. However, the cottage stood it most bravely—not a plank gave—the editorial chair was as fixed as the rock of ages. My cook, who is a Wesleyan, is said to have been heard praying to her deity that if he would let her off this time, she would never broil a chop or overdo a joint for a positivist master again, as long as she lived; nay, would help Satan to broil the positivist himself and overdo his own atheistical joints in the gridiron of pandemonium, etc. To such heights does devotion rise in a gale of wind.

PUTTENHAM, *December* 15.—On a Sunday afternoon.[1] Never was a landscape so grey and detestable, and it is made worse by the accident that I am writing about the Isle of St. Peter in the Lake of Bienne, where I had a glorious day last July. The contrast is too diabolic.

I notice this by the way, that Rousseau omits to mention the fact that from the island you have a most superb view of the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, or at least dismisses them in two words, 'montagnes bleuâtres': yet there is not one of your pedants of the Alpine Club—from the sensible and social and civic you, and the cynical, anti-enthusiastic Stephen—who would not have revelled in giving us a string of uncouth names, heights, ascents, and only the god of mountain, cloud, and human pedantry knows what besides. Yet Rousseau really loved nature, while the Alpine Club takes her as a pick-me-up after the exhausting imbecilities of the London season; or as a concentrated tonic, bearing them up against the future fatigue of writing articles for the *Saturday*, or scraping up guineas in Lincoln's Inn. Oh, how I despise Alpine Cant.

. . . I am bent on your opening the year, with Mill, Maine, Swinburne, Trollope, flying through space at your tail. The picture is Homeric, Dantesque, Rabelaisian.

In another letter, December 17, Morley expounds his ideas about secular education and disestablishment—two subjects which were to provide him with plenty of work in the coming years.

My notion about the Education Act is this: The occasion was ripe for a real settlement on the base of no state money nor parish money going to denominational schools. The clergy were expecting it.

That would have ended the matter—and in accordance with dominant tendencies towards disestablishment, secularism, etc.—worthy of a statesman preparing the future on the extending lines of the present.

[1] Morley had asked: "Why am I always writing to you on a Sunday afternoon? . . . There must be a law in it." Harrison replies: "There is a perfectly sound law which accounts for your Sunday letter to me—which is my lively expectation of getting it on Monday."

School boards ought to have been compulsory, as enlisting the interests of laymen in the greatest of national objects. The church would have been strong enough on them (as the elections have shown), but its strength would have had a right and popular basis. As it is, the country parishes have no boards—*i.e.* the school remains the parson's school: more than that, in every country parish under my observation (about a dozen)—advantage has been taken of the Act to increase buildings and get larger grants, in accordance with special clauses in the Act. In short, the effect of the Act in the country has been to deepen the hold of the church (by increasing their school accommodation out of public money): in the towns, to breed endless dissension between the sects.

Again there is no compulsion in the great part of the land. Ergo, as here for instance, the Act is as if it did not exist.

N.B.—You can only thoroughly consider the education policy in connection with disestablishment. The latter is one day inevitable, isn't it? Well, by strengthening the material power of the parson in the country, and giving him the control of education, they have done their best to create in the villages a strong pro-church feeling, when the battle comes. If our people here get county votes, they will all be pro-church.

Then follows a note about the date of a projected visit to the Harrisons:

PUTTENHAM, *Dec.* 18, 1872.—I shall be better pleased for Monday than Tuesday—for I have just remembered that the latter is my birthday—"How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth, Stolen on his wing my fourth and thirtieth year." Good god, what glorious music that old blind puritan had—what reverence and full solemnity! "All is, if I have grace to use it so, As ever in my great taskmaster's eye." Oh, that we were in those old ages of noble, grave belief. I'm a Teuton after all, with a longing for the Eternities, Immensities.

On the same day Harrison wrote to say that his long-delayed article was finished at last. But he would

not have it called 'The Republic', and suggested instead 'The Principle of Authority'. The editor thought the suggested title too abstract and asked for something more concrete and dramatic.[1] When the article arrived, he was much pleased with it, and wrote to his contributor: "The subject is grave, and you have the art of being serious without solemnity, and without the bustling ponderosity of the man who is killing the *P. Mall Gazette*." Harrison had called Morley's attention to a harsh sentence just passed by Mr. Justice Brett on five gas stokers. The news set Morley ablaze with righteous indignation. "I am so much cut up", he wrote, "about the iniquity of Brett, and the injustices, and the sycophantic press, and the base, bloody, and brutal middle and upper class that I cannot think of anything else, and lie awake at nights. I must let my flame forth. It is the worst atrocity in my time. Our workmen are such idiots; they have it in their own hands. Any one of them who asks any other question of a candidate at the next election except the alteration of this law, or who votes for any man who won't pledge, *deserves* twelve months. Whig and Tory make no difference. This is the one question of the day for a rational man, and no other."

He let his flame forth, as we shall see, in the new year's number of the *Fortnightly*.

[1] In the end they called it 'The Revival of Authority'.

CHAPTER IV

1873. ROUSSEAU AND MILL

To Morley 1873 brought anxiety and nervous strain. The publication of *Rousseau* in March stirred up a host of hostile critics, and some of their arrows pierced a skin more than usually sensitive. Morley's letters to Harrison, still his most intimate friend and confidant, tell us that he was often overwrought. Mrs. Morley fell ill, and the doctors recommended a change from their beloved Hog's Back to Tunbridge Wells. There was a period of house-hunting and uncertainty which upset Morley's life and his work. He hated removals, groaned over leaving Pitfield, and never really took to Tunbridge Wells. In May he lost his teacher Mill, the Saint of Rationalism, and about the same time found a new friend of quite another type, who organised Radicalism as a business, formulated a popular programme, put new machinery into the mills of the *Fortnightly*, and revived the political ambitions of its editor.

In the January number of the *Fortnightly*—which also contains Mill's last article—there appears a hot note by the editor on the injustice of the cruel sentence passed on the five gas stokers. The five were punished technically for conspiracy. Morley tells his readers how they were charged with *conspiracy to break* the Masters and Servants Act—not with breaking it. Four hundred of them did so conspire, and five got twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour—four times the maximum penalty for breaking the Masters

and Servants Act. However, so the editor consoles himself, "though Mr. Disraeli gave the workmen Mr. Justice Brett, he also gave them the Reform Act". To Harrison he wrote:

I wish I had had time to write a dozen pages on gas stokers instead of a scanty four. The thing is of the first importance, and I shall curse at large in the next unless Bruce interferes—probably even if he does. You are right about the lawyers, and I mean to say my say about rulings—in spite of the sarcasm of all the Inns of Court put together. We are poor creatures if we reserve all hard words for the men who committed acts of damnable oppression in the last century. Brett may be an honourable man, as silly Hughes says: he is not an honourable judge, on silly Hughes's own showing.

An address had just been given by Congreve on politics and religion. Morley pronounced it "grand-iloquent but vague, often wrong about Foreign Policy but right about religion—that is the key to Comtism, and its strength. Alas, my dear Harrison, Peter and Paul, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John did not belong to the tailed-coat class. They lived in mortal spiritual stress, and clung to Christ as we do to clean linen and good hats. A mince-pie has disordered me and made me a cynic for an hour." When the January *Fortnightly* appeared, Harrison protested that his own article ought not to have preceded Mill's; but the editor replied: "Your theme entitled you to priority. . . . I can put you second with a relentless heart on occasion." Then he adds chaffingly, apropos of a laudatory puff of Harrison in the *Daily News*:

Mental sympathy is a cordial to you. Drink it without a blush or a hesitative gurgle. Jean Jacques was quite right in pronouncing modesty a false virtue. . . . J. J. R. is straining me—and I am in danger of exaltation. I wish my father and mother had taught me to play the piano—or else to smoke strong Cavendish. I am hopelessly without a sedative,

moral or physical. The smell of the heath and the fir woods is the only one I have.

At this time Morley wrote to Harrison regularly from Pitfield on Sunday afternoons. He was not always in a saintly temper. Thus on January 19 he burst out with amazing violence against Mr. Gladstone for republishing a discourse representing Rousseau as an atheist and sceptic "instead of a great religious reactionary". A visit from Freeman, which he records, may have enlarged his vocabulary of abuse. For after rating Mr. Gladstone he turns aside to denounce a well-known writer on jurisprudence as "a limp intelligence straining itself into mock force by philanthropic fervour", and his book as "a slackminded, wool-gathering, sluttish piece of work". But then, he remembers, "we have no respect for competence here, or else Trollope would never have written a book on J. Caesar".

By the middle of February he has so far forgotten Mr. Gladstone's mistake about Rousseau that he can praise his fine speech on the Irish University Bill—that unlucky measure which soon afterwards led to the defeat of the Government. At this time Harrison was reprinting some of his articles. Should he include one entitled 'The New Christianity'? Morley replied:

I should think twice before leaving out the New Christianity. "No one now cares for the old story." Don't they? You infidels will have a pretty waking up one of these days, I can tell you. There is a fund of brutal, stubborn biblicalism in our Briton, of which you will see more than you can manage within the next score of years. My dear Harrison, you don't know the provinces. Consider the school boards, watch their ways, and be wise. Far more instructive than that den of hypocrites and thieves at Westminster.

In his next letter Harrison sends some tittle-tattle. Carlyle was said to have declared: "Whatever that man [Morley] writes is worth having." From Mark Pattison he reported a mischievous remark about

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Morley's profits from anonymous journalism. At this the editor flared up (February 19):

That lying villain of a Mark. I wonder how much of what you say is banter? I am tolerably even minded about what people say—I shall be under the ground in say 20 years (if I live to my father's age)—and can't afford to fly into a rage more than once in a hundred times when temptation comes to my blood. About literary trifles for money, I can only say this. For 4 years, or nearer 5, I have written *not a line* in the *S.R.*; 3 articles in *Macmillan;* perhaps 20 in the *P.M.G.*—mostly reviews, and those mostly 2 or 3 years since; not a line anywhere else save the *F.R.* Last year the amount which I earned from the *P.M.G.* was *£19*, and not another *sou* had I from any other journal, serial, periodical, or publication whatever, save the *F.R.* Chapman gave me £500 for *Rousseau.* I thrust this valuable information under your disdainful nose, because you are, I believe, the only man in the world—no, Mill is another—whom it would distress me to find with a doubt as to my being a sordid scrawler.

At the beginning of March, Morley, tired out, went to the Continent to recuperate. Some of his impressions are recorded in letters to Harrison:

March 9, Hôtel Royal, Bonn.

I spent this afternoon chatting with von Sybel (whom Beesly would feel a greater desire than ever to "conculcate" if he heard him talk about the Revolution. He is a singularly courteous, genial man, of the rather clumsy Germanic sort—but talks very bad English, and his views are dullish. He thinks highly of Karl Marx's speculative power, and finds his book *Das Kapital* able—though he hates socialism and all its works like the very devil; has recently written a criticism on Marx and Lassalle, which I'll give you if you like. Despises the whole French school of revolution not so much, or not only, because they are revolutionary, as because they do not contribute positive ideas to the revolutionary cause, as Marx and Lassalle have done. He does not seem to know

much about England nor to want to know anything at all. Even my German master, a poor devil of a student in philosophy, attending his lectures and earning money to pay for them by teaching people of neglected education like me—even this poor soul quietly assumes that England is tranquilly subsiding, as if the proposition were beyond debating. I tell them all with equal tranquillity that she is the only nation with a future—the only nation that has a thoroughly grand past in all departments. Do you see that goose Strauss says that if a man has Goethe's works, he need not possess another book, nor read one! How ridiculous—though I admire 'the man Goethe' as warmly as any rational man need do.

Von Sybel has a fine portrait of Bismarck in his room. I next went to pay a visit to a medical professor, and lo, a splendid bronze cast of the same. What a jowl the man has, to be sure. Shall I bring you one? Sybel, by the way, thinks Buonaparte not so black as Lanfrey paints him.

I saw a party of students dine to-day; they were 8 in number. They had the following liquor: *16* bottles of champagne, *8* hock, *6* claret, *2* sherry, *1* madeira, with cognac at discretion. Of course, they became as beasts of the field, including a blue-blooded Herzog. This at 3 in the day. They smashed 23 glasses jovially. Beat anything I ever saw in Oxford, as Bismarck beats Jules Favre. The waiter assured me they were often 'badder' than that. It seems this was only the first drink of the day. No. 2 is beery, and continues until 2 A.M. I can't worship Humanity if the German student belongs to it.

By the end of March *Rousseau* was out, and Harrison despatched a generous letter of praise. He calls it "in many ways the most important book of our time", and "a consummate piece of biography". It has conquered F. H.'s intense dislike of Rousseau. It is superior, he thinks, to Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, though he admits that Carlyle's personal portraits are more vivid. He wants to review it. "I say quite seriously that I know no book which contains so much that is at once central and scientific about the problems of our time."

Morley was still abroad. On April 3 he wrote to his friend from Paris :

I went first to Germany. . . . Then I had a couple of days at old Trier, which is full of interest. Then into France by way of Sedan, which I have longed to see for the last four years. What a place to take an army into ! Sunday I spent like a good Catholic in hearing masses and marching in jubilary processions at Reims. Then to Paris. I have had talks with Gambetta, Decazes, Rémusat, Renan, the *Times* correspondent, and so on. Gambetta was immensely genial—asked how you were—and thinks he may come to England, but not just yet. All the liberals of the doctrinaire type like Scherer, and of the economic type like Léon Say, agree in crediting Gambetta with the new situation. But of this more when we meet. . . . This is the first word I've said, and the first idea I've had about the *F.R.* for a fortnight —and I feel incredibly refreshed by the relief from all my usual thoughts. And I've written no letters—except short ones to my family. So I don't think I'll saddle you with the control of the great organ just yet. In truth it is not work, but social duty, that wears me, and I am going to leave social duties alone for a space—and return to my good old plan of going nowhere except to Southwick Place. . . . To-day Rémusat takes me to a *séance* at the Academy—and to-morrow I have a dinner at Decazes's.

Immediately after Morley's return Mill paid a visit to Pitfield. Here is the brief story sent to his sister Grace, April 6, 1873 :

Yesterday we had the most illustrious of men under our roof. I dined with Mr. Mill on Tuesday, and he volunteered to come and take a walk in my country. So I met him at the Guildford station, and off we set on foot up the old green road, along the ridge to the Hexford chalk pits, then down over the lower Puttenham Heath, and so on sauntering aimlessly for nearly four hours. The old man is an excellent walker, and a passionate botanist ; the day was very nice, and he was in his most genial humour, so you can imagine how delightful a day it was to me. He was enthusiastic

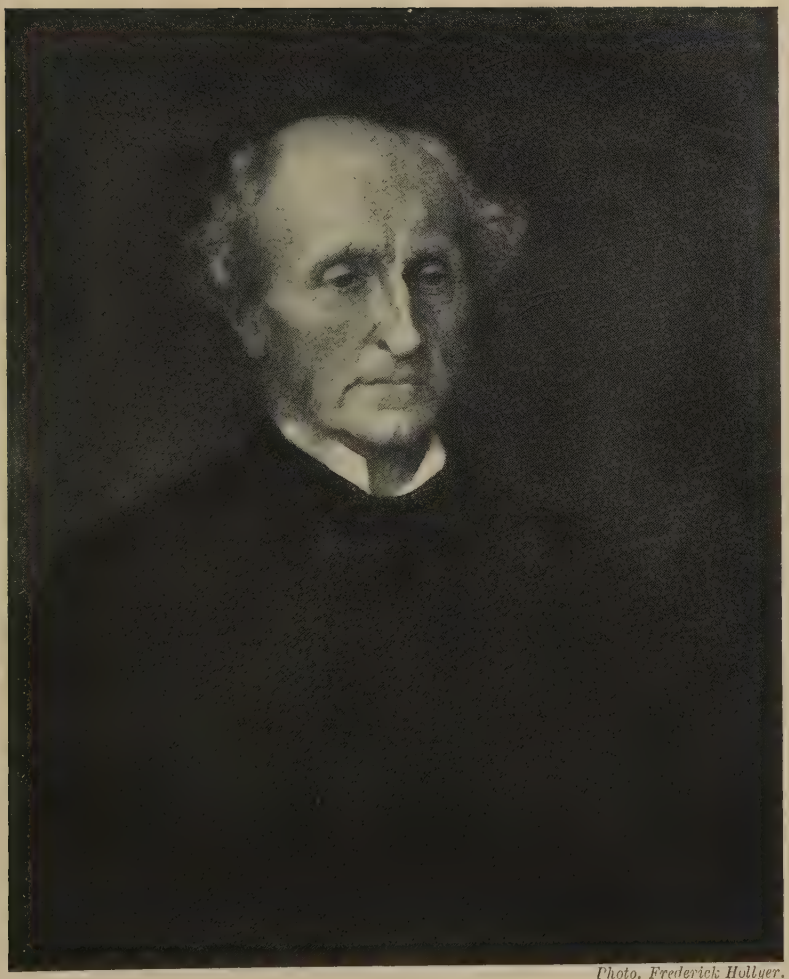

Photo. Frederick Hollyer.

JOHN STUART MILL

From a painting by G. F. Watts, O.M., R.A.

about the Pitfield view, which he pronounced the finest in the South of England. Rose was in some trepidation, but his simplicity and soft amiable way put her soon at her ease, and all through lunch they chatted most sociably and gaily about the wildflowers, and birds, and weasels, in which he takes as keen an interest as she does. Then I drove him down to Ash, and he returned home by the 4.30. He said—"I shall carry away the pleasantest memory of our walk, and of your house." I wish you had been here, to see the wisest and best of men. He is the one living person for whom I have an absolutely unalloyed veneration and attachment—and of whose kindness to me I am most proud. I even like our little house all the more for his having been in it. . . .

A much longer account of what proved his last talk with Mill was despatched to Frederic Harrison. It was composed in Morley's happiest mood, and is perhaps the best epistle of its kind in our language. A month later, on Mill's death, he borrowed the letter and reprinted most of it nearly verbatim in an article on the death of Mill, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. As it was reprinted in the *Miscellanies*, the temptation to reproduce it here must be withstood. One passage, however, shall be given from the original, as it differs in an interesting way from the published version. He is describing snatches of Mill's talk on religion :

In his youth mere negation of religion was a firm bond of union, social and otherwise, between men who agreed in nothing else. Thinks theism useful as a provisional belief, because people will identify serviceable ministry to men with service of God. Thinks we cannot with any sort of precision define what will be the next religion, but anticipates that it will undoubtedly rest upon the solidarity of mankind, as Comte said.

Agrees with Comte in the vital importance of the separation between the spiritual and temporal powers : wherever that fails, as in Russia or under Mussulman princes, you have either stagnation, or else an absorption of national energy exclusively in designs of conquest.

And so forth, very interesting and suggestive all through. Then when he got here, he chatted with something of the simple amiableness of a child to my wife, about the wild flowers, the habits of insects, and notes of birds, in which she is profound ; but he was not less so. Then I drove him to Ash, and one of the most delightful days of my life came to its end, like all other days, delightful and sorrowful. He is a wise, good, and kind man, all superlatively.

An omitted passage records Mill's opinion on the Irish question : " Things have come to such a pass between England and Ireland that, in spite of many serious disadvantages that will attend it, yet *separation* must be the ultimate settlement of it." In reading this letter, written *currente calamo* to his most intimate friend, one feels with what exquisite skill an artist has reproduced the serene atmosphere of a spring day passed in sublime company.

At this time Morley became alarmed about the state of his wife's health. Dr. Andrew Clark examined her and advised them to leave Pitfield. They would go for a few weeks, he told his sister, to an old farmhouse two and a half miles on the other side of Guildford, warm, sheltered, dry and on sand. " What we shall do with Pitfield I don't know. I cannot bear giving it up." He suggested to the Harrisons that they might take it. " I fancy our farmhouse would be the very place for you in the summer, so, if we leave it, I shall mention it to you. Five bedrooms, two parlours, kitchen, stabling for my horse, etc. etc., very cheap, bailiff and his wife on the premises, country most lovely."

In this letter Morley proposed a new subject on which Harrison should write an important article for the *Fortnightly*. James Fitzjames Stephen, elder brother of Leslie, lawyer, afterwards judge, who had made his mark as a journalist on the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall*, and was about to contest Dundee as a moderate Liberal, had just published a vigorous polemic, entitled *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, appealing from the new

to the old Utilitarians. It was a challenge to the Millites and Positivists, who saw a typical Philistine[1] assaulting some of their positions. Mill did not rate the book highly, but Morley felt that it must be answered without delay; so he turned to Harrison:

And now to practical affairs. I will send you Stephen's book to-morrow. I wish specially that you would make up your mind in two or three days whether you will deal with it, or not, and then let me know. He is becoming insufferable, and ought to be gently stamped upon. You are the man to do it, because you have as firm a grasp of the matter as he has, and you can make him ridiculous in a different way from that in which he makes himself ridiculous. So try to bring yourself under the yoke of composition once more.

Harrison had asked to be allowed to write a review of *Rousseau* in the *Fortnightly*; but the editor felt that it was a temptation to be resisted:

I wish to heavens my conscience would allow me to allow you to write on *Rousseau* in the *F.R.*—for the reason that you are the one man whose deliberate and frank criticism would do me good; and this criticism I shall never get from you except in print, which makes a man alive to his responsibilities. But 'tis wholly impossible. Meanwhile I am more pleased than I can tell you that my piece of work is satisfactory to you. It is a little prolix in parts, but I think it is an honestly executed task, with some good analysis of a very mixed personage. I doubt whether there is much of a public for this kind of work in England, or anywhere else out of Paris.

To his sister he had written:

The reviews of *Rousseau* are fair so far, but none of the important people, like the *S.R.* have yet spoken. Carlyle said some handsome things of it the other day, and Harrison is loud in its praises.

[1] The word Philistine had been introduced lately into fashion by Matthew Arnold as a nickname for the unenlightened opponents of 'Culture'.

But he had put his soul into the book, and must have longed for generous and competent criticism.

Though he would not log-roll on his own account, he was very ready to help a promising author. His friend and Oxford contemporary, Walter Pater, had just published *Studies in the History of the Renaissance.* Morley wrote a friendly review for the April *Fortnightly*, and explained why in a letter to Harrison :

> I think it very desirable to call attention to any book like Pater's, which is likely to quicken public interest in the higher sorts of literature. And, moreover, a young and unknown writer like him ought to be formally introduced to the company by the hired master of the ceremonies, myself, or another to wit. So pray pardon my light dealing with his transgressions.

The review shows that Morley took an interest in the little clique of Hedonists and Pagans, among whom Pater was to make his mark. He saw in it an artistic movement, following naturally at Oxford on Rationalism or Utilitarianism and appealing to the æsthetic emotions in another way than Ritualism. Pater thanked Morley " for your explanation of my ethical point of view, to which I fancy some readers have given a prominence I did not mean it to have ".

Pater's work naturally evoked remarks upon style :

> Mr. Pater's style is far too singular in its excellence not to contain the germs of possible excess in some later day. All excellent style does so. If it is of a large and noble eloquence, like Burke's or Bossuet's, it holds the seeds of turgidity ; if it is racy and generously imaginative, it may easily degenerate into vulgarity, or weedy rankness, or the grotesque ; if it is of a severe and chastened elevation, it is apt to fall over and substitute ætherialised phrases for real and robust ideas. And so subtlety and love of minor tones may lead a writer who is not in constant and rigorous discipline into affectation and a certain mawkishness.

Though remarkably free from the natural egotism of the author—so common in the great, and so tiresome

in the little—Morley was always sensitive, and the outpourings of incompetent assailants in reviews of *Rousseau* were not adding to the amenities of country life: "I wonder, my dear Harrison," he writes (looking forward with amiable anticipations to his friend's impending torture), "how you will like being tied to the whipping block when your book comes out; the folly, the banality, the impertinence, the patronage, one has to endure from every halfpenny print and every twopenny critic. Why don't they stone their prophets nowadays as they used to do? It would be far better than reviewing them." Harrison's defence of the gas stokers and Morley's strictures on Brett were still themes of controversy. Public opinion was beginning to move. Would the *Times* veer round? "Delane is a shrewd old worldling, and may well be your warm admirer, as he knows how the wind blows. For myself I would not alter a word of what I said of the gas stokers. The thing was infamy; the *Times* said it was all right: very well, who agrees with the *Times* now, and who does not agree with us?"

In a postscript to this letter he speaks of his wife's illness, and the glimpse of miserable possibilities, which for a time "utterly numbed me". But "the shock has passed and we are both of us now in full possession of ourselves".

After some hesitation Harrison agreed to review *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, and was soon able to send a few specimen pages, cleverly entitled *The Religion of Inhumanity*, which gave our editor an exquisite enjoyment over his solitary breakfast table. It would, he wrote (from Ardock Cottage, Bournemouth, April 20), mark Stephen and his book with exactly the convenient, handy, and befitting nickname that people want; for it had "a double flavour of humour and severity, which strikes the palate with peculiarly telling effect".

You swing off with great force and ease—and if you keep that up, you will make old Stephen's big ribs resound with thwacks—the monstrous Goliah as he is. The Religion of

Inhumanity, or the Gospel according to Goliah! Don't spare him. His book will confirm the worst parts of the English character—and, unless you slay him, the uncritical public will suppose that he has finally knocked the wind out of—not merely Mrs. Peter Taylor, but Comte, Mill, you, and the whole band of us people who have a religion. I think your opening is valuable, especially because it at once unmasks Stephen's heathenism. People think somehow that he is the defender of Xtianity against a pack of milk and water atheists. They should be told, as you tell them, that he thinks as badly of Xtianity as old Voltaire did—and that in fact Codlin's the friend, not Short.

Then he begs his friend to finish off the article for prompt publication, and not to waste a disproportionate quantity of life over J. F. S. "Pray think twice before you let the book grow stale, as it is already unprofitable, if not flat."

At this time the *Examiner* weekly newspaper, edited by Fox Bourne, was on the point of death, and the possibility of restoring it to animation was being discussed. Morley, writing from Bournemouth, advised Harrison to let it alone:

About the *Examiner*, Mill has pressed me in the matter this very week, and I have promised to go and have an interview with Fox Bourne when I am next in town. But I told Mill very decidedly both orally and by letter that I don't see in the least how the *Examiner* is to live, and that we shall all of us only be wasting our efforts. Not only is the paper stone-dead: we're on a slack tide just now, and likely to be for a couple of years to come, or thereabouts. Far better not play ourselves in weekly driblets before an unwilling (and a decidedly small) audience. 2. A weekly paper must apply principles to current events. What principles are "we" going to apply? Who are "we"? 3. Is Fox Bourne strong enough to drive the team? Is he like Hutton or Townshend or Delane? or like Phaethon? 4. Will you swear to write four columns a week, or two columns whether you like it or not? I won't. 5. Are the things, which you want to persuade people to believe, ripe for dis-

cussion in a paper to be conducted with a view to a large circulation among the general public? Of course, whatever Mill chooses to write, and whatever you choose to write, people will read, wherever it appears. But that won't be enough to make the paper a *power*; and if it is not a power, why waste money in supporting a puling journal like that? You don't want a pulpit. The Beehive is the best you could have in one way, and the *F.R.* (thanks ½ to you, and ¼ to me, and ¼ to my other talented, etc.) is the best in another way.

The winds are E. and N.E.—very trying to my wife, as are the hills. But we sit for long hours under the sand-cliffs. I went a long walk, alone unhappily, yesterday among the woods and heaths. They are truly glorious. The gorse is much richer and fruitier than with us—and then the great sheet of green sea in the distance makes such a difference, suggesting the Happy Isles and all sorts of marvels over the edge of the horizon. This morning I went to church. The psalms of old David are really magnificent, and who can write like the sublime Paul? My dear Harrison, we people shall not make much way until some positive David has delivered his soul with that Hebrew grandeur and passion.

While the Morleys were at Bournemouth the correspondence with Harrison about *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* went on. H. intimates that the book has merits.[1] Yes, replies M., but these merits are thoroughly English and make it most desirable to point out its demerits:

If there were any danger of the truth of his contentions being passed over I would not for the world press on his errors—and on this principle I have always condemned Mill's book on Comte. But there is no such danger; for what is true in his book is only after all a sort of long-winded and pompous Amen to a number of propositions which Englishmen have accepted for hundreds of years, and acted on—down to the yell of delight which greeted the sentence on the gas stokers. We have to prove that we are as fond

[1] He calls the closing paragraphs of the book 'really fine, almost poetic'.

of order and good government, and as firm for it, as Stephen is — and yet without bluster, swagger, bounce, brutality; that we recognise as clearly as he does the hard facts of the world, and know as well as he, that they cannot be evaded by fine phrases and soft sawder, but that it is one thing to face them with the dignity and calm of a man like Marcus Aurelius, and another thing to go at them like Bill Sikes. Judge a tree by its fruits. The end of Stephen is seen in the gross articles about Ireland in the *P.M. Gazette*—and the proposition to use the arm of flesh against anybody who insists that 'religion is [no] more than a probability'. No—he is *Bill Sikes* "*converted*" *by Bentham*, that's what he is.

Now, my dear Harrison, you must do this great deed at once. I have a letter from a very sensible man this morning: 'Have you read Stephen's book? How splendidly masculine! What noble common sense!' Do you see? We fraternitarians are supposed to be blown out of the water. If you are out next week, the two will go into society together —bane and antidote: and the public will be able to talk over Stephen's book in the light of your criticism. It will be a great opportunity lost if you delay. And you give the book a name!

On April 25 Harrison wrote that his article could not be finished for the May number. He grieved to cause inconvenience by deranging the editorial plans. The answer came next day:

Bournemouth, *April* 26.—Your "wills" and "won'ts" are as charming as the caprices of a difficult prima donna, flouncing and bouncing at her honest manager, who only wants her to be sensible and punctual and stick to her agreements. The poor woman's throat is out of order. She caught a cold in going from the theatre last week—the north winds of this detestable climate are ruining the upper notes of her register—she has not had time to master this *roulade*, and that bit of *fioriture*—the opera is new and ought not to be hurried — and her dressmaker is not ready with the costumes—and she has a reputation to lose, if the manager hasn't—and what on earth does it matter to her whether the house is ruined or not—and though Mr. Gye is a good

considerate fellow *qua* manager, let him go to the devil and his beggarly opera-house too! That's the sort of thing isn't it? And then there's the *première danseuse*—she won't twiddle her toes and flash her spangles until it suits her highness's conscience, and Mr. Gye may be damned: and she will wear her skirts high; and she won't come to rehearsal; and she will toss her leg over her head; and she won't be ready when the call-boy comes to her door; and she will and she won't, and she won't and she will, and she always said she would and she wouldn't. And poor Mr. Gye knows he can't help himself; so he marches off for a walk in the pine woods. Only mind, if your MS. isn't at Virtue's by the 15th prox., it will have to wait until July, and I should like to have an assurance from you, yes or no, by the 4th or 5th.—Ever your incensed J. M.

A lively interchange of letters follows. The contributor denies caprice. Why this fuss over the difference between May and June? The editor says his new number looks like 'chopped straw'. The contributor asks forgiveness. By May 6 he is diligently reading proofs, 'but you should not jeer or bully me like a cabman with a spavined horse'. Then all ruffles are smoothed out. The review of Stephen is promised and fixed for June. Meanwhile Morley's troubles about a future home are accumulating. He is preparing a series of lectures on positivism, and is distraught by a combination of worries, including a complaint by Hutton of the *Spectator* (a mild Theist) that he has printed God with a small g.

GUILDFORD, *May* 8.—To Harrison:

Where am I to live? Dr. A. Clark's limitations make me regret more than ever the closing of the Garden of Eden, because nowhere else can one find all that he sets down as essential. Why does Hutton rage so furiously because my printer's devil amuses himself by plaguing Hutton's deity? . . . The idea of giving a capital letter to the *Trinity*! Do you write Abracadabra with a capital? If not you are a flippant, etc., etc.

Then comes the sudden news of his teacher's death. Morley writes from Guildford, May 10, asking for the return of his letter on Mill's visit to Pitfield :

> I have no other memorandum of a day that is likely to be so marked to me as the last I spent with the best and wisest man I shall ever have known. I am so distressed I can think of nothing else.

Harrison poured out sympathy and consolation. Mill had done his work, and his power will grow now that he rests at Avignon. Morley replied gratefully. He had written four pages on Mill, and was cogitating over his 'dismal' lectures. He thought of taking a house in Tunbridge Wells, so "alas, you will not see me on my peak again. Morison buys my lease." He is in low spirits. "Never, never", he cries, "were the times so accursedly out of joint with me." Still the sky is not all dark, and on receiving the long-awaited article on Stephen he will "fall into a state of divine calm at the thought that the long missing ship is at length in haven".

Harrison wisely disapproved and discouraged Morley's use of the small g, but told a good story to relieve the author's mind. "Lord Houghton—who was delighted with *Rousseau*—says Tennyson in his 'Northern Farmer' printed 'god', but no one was shocked ; for he printed the Squire with a capital ! "

Morley answered from Pitfield on May 20 :

> Do you think I printed 'god' by accident ? I am right, and you—conventional and lâche people—are wrong. A proper name is the name of a person. The Athanasian creed tells me God is three persons ; Christ said he is not a person but a spirit ; M. Arnold says he is a stream of tendency. These people are as good as Hutton and you and the horde of the truly pious. Is the trinity a person ? Is a stream of tendency a person ? No. Then I won't personify. Hutton's God is a person—but the Xtian god is not a person, because there is no one common account of the Xtian god. Jehovah

is a person, the tribal god of the Jews, and ought to have his big J, like Jeames or anybody else of dignity. But god in the generic sense is an abstract term like power, goodness, truth, knowledge—none the less so because it is a term including all of them.

I'm humiliated to have got my name involved with so ignoble a matter. If I had foreseen all this London chatter, of which I hear echoes, I would have printed his whole name in capitals rather than given people such an excuse for degrading the solemnity of their creed.

Meanwhile he is still waiting for the attack on Stephen, and is longing for the postponed performance to begin :

I am on the tiptoe of high expectation, as when in the days of youth I was taken to the Blackburn Fair. I have paid my twopence—I smell the flaming naphtha lamps—I hear behind the waving entrance curtain the roar of the lion, the laugh of the hyena, the snarl of the ounce. I am penetrated with a delicious creeping sense of crunching bones and mangled corpses, and I know that I shall soon see the wonderful Van Ambrugh thrust his naked arm down Fitzjames's throat—make him stand on his hind legs, sit on his back, twist his tail, and make him roar for mercy. Oh, it is glorious—this battle of carnivores.

A Committee was formed to commemorate Mill a few days after his death. The idea did not at all commend itself to Morley, and he wrote to Harrison (Guildford, May 22, 1873): "To me it is an offensive farce to delegate the honouring of his memory to a body, most of whom were the chartered opponents of every cause in which he took an interest. Not a sixpence from *my* purse. A committee of the Sophists to raise a statue to Socrates ! "

Next day he wrote in praise of Harrison's ' most masterly ' article on Stephen :

Personally, I agree with it all—though Lafitte says, àpropos of previous utterances of yours, that you misrepresent Comte by industriously making room for God. So far as you do that, I don't go with you. The positivist need not say

he is an atheist—but he certainly is one. We can't conceive a god, and ergo we can't help being atheists—negatively tho' not dogmatically. If anybody says you are a theist—then I'm not with you. But if you confess your mind a blank on that side, I'm wholly at one with you ; in any case I shall many a time read your last pages, for they are not without the sacred gift of unction. The distinction between " persuasion " and " force " is crushing—and you have smitten Goliah most vitally there.

The capital letters are clean beyond me. I am unaware whether it is you or the printer to whom we owe this superb blaze. Of course, I shall not alter one—for I've no right to lug you into the atheist boat against your will. . . .

. . . You won't misunderstand my motive for placing my own few arid pages on our good master before your piece.[1] Your splendid and eloquent tribute makes mine superfluous—and I wish I hadn't written it. But as it is done, it must stand—and being what it is, a fragmentary In Memoriam, it can only serve as prologue. Luckily a fine five acter follows. . . .

. . . I'm in deplorably bad sort. I don't think I shall hold out much longer than the Pope, and the world will lose a pair of Infallibilities at a blow.

Harrison, who attended Morley's lectures on Positivism, made some criticisms which did not raise his friend's spirits :

Guildford, *May* 27, 1873.—I will never lecture again after this course. It is not my line. The literary style and the lecturer's style are different as scene-painting from miniature. Your criticism is as just as it can be. The thing is a failure ; I acquiesce ; I knew it would be ; I am not mortified. You have not said a word to me which had not been anticipated by my own consciousness. The fact is I am prodigiously out of spirits, and only want to do my best with this course, and then hide myself in the composition of a grave work in twenty volumes or more. . . .

We went to look at Loppé's pictures at the Alpine Club on Saturday. Have you seen them ? They seem to me

[1] On Stephen's ' Religion of Inhumanity ', in which Harrison stepped aside to pay a tribute to Mill.

devoid of genius—think what old Turner would have done—but they are immensely interesting. . . .

. . . French affairs are as irresistibly fascinating as they always are. Morison, who is a good observer, when he is really interested, predicted the thing for a fortnight before, and for the very day. He thinks some of our friends will be in Vincennes before very many days. Then split in the victorious camp. A Buonapartist refugee in London—a veteran plotter—thinks Parisian risings very improbable for lack—not of arms, of which he says there are lots in cellars, etc.—but of *good* arms, to compete with Chassepots ; the new weapons are hostile to improvised insurrections.

Harrison tried to remove Morley's depression about the lectures, explaining that his remarks were only meant as suggestions. The lectures were ' certainly not a failure ', but good and interesting, though perhaps too Comtist and not quite easy enough for an audience accustomed to magic lantern lectures by Physicists. The only man who had snored on the last Saturday was Lord Houghton, and " he will snore before the Judgment Seat ".

GUILDFORD, *May* 29.—Morley thanks Harrison for his consolatory comments on the lectures, but repeats :

Lecturing is not my line and never more will be tried by me. . . . My heart ached for the poor people on Saturday, and there were children too ! who might have been out in the Park, or on the river or in arm-chairs at home. Never was I so ashamed of my position before. The historic method on a summer afternoon in a stuffy theatre ! And yet I am a humane man, too.

They are leaving Pitfield in ten days " for a desirable mansion on Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells ".

In the June *Fortnightly* appeared the pages on ' The Death of Mr. Mill '. After reading them Frederic Harrison wrote (June 2) :

Your discourse on Mill is truly noble. . . . It is, I think, the most stately and moving thing you ever did. . . . The introduction of the letter is a masterpiece of true art and

sentiment. From the dignified anthem of your opening it would have been impossible to pass to the personal details in any other way, and the letter is as perfect as these details are fascinating.

Here are the opening sentences which Harrison so much admired :

The tragic commonplaces of the grave sound a fuller note as we mourn for one of the greater among the servants of humanity. A strong and pure light is gone out, the radiance of a clear vision, and a beneficent purpose. One of those high and most worthy spirits, who arise from time to time to stir their generation with new mental impulses in the deeper things, has perished from among us. The death of one who did so much to impress on his contemporaries that physical law works independently of moral law, marks with profounder emphasis the ever-ancient and ever-fresh decree that there is one end to the just and the unjust, and that the same strait tomb awaits alike the poor dead whom nature or circumstance imprisoned in mean horizons, and those who saw far and felt passionately and put their reason to noble uses.

A couple of days later (June 4) Morley wrote to Harrison advising him not to reply to Stephen, who " evidently writhes and smarts ". Both had said their say. " Don't treat him to a wrangle. You have castigated him, and he is swearing at you. Let him swear." Harrison's return for this advice is a homily on style :

Your style is not yet fully developed. I have often said, and I wish most seriously to repeat to you, that in my poor opinion your style, which has the elements of by far the best English now written—bar George Eliot alone—is not yet at its best, by reason of its excessive richness, audacity and complexity. I say very earnestly to you, Set yourself to make your style simpler. You are a prose Browning, who delights the cultured, but who is too difficult for the multitude. Speak to the people in words of Cobbett-like simplicity. Practise that simplicity, and you will be one of the finest masters of good English in our literature.

Harrison adds that he often finds Morley's sentences

difficult to construe. So it seems did another friend, W. R. Greg, who called Morley's style 'ambitious and obscure'.

A letter from the new house at Tunbridge Wells (June 21, 1873) describes the horrors of removal:

We have only this day finally turned the decorator and the upholsterer out of the house. The upset has been profound. I had taken a flippant view of moving; the reality has been horrible, and even now, when I have at length got a table at which I can write, I am penetrated with a hideous sense of strangeness, to say nothing of the odious smell of new carpets, paper, paint, turpentine, and the like. But let you and me resume the thread of our correspondence and the world will soon put on again its accustomed face. I don't dislike Tunbridge at all, and our house is very convenient and nice. It rather frets me not to be able to go out without encountering five and sometimes eight clergymen. Really and truly not one of us has yet gone down into the town without meeting one of my men in masks. Otherwise the place is inoffensive.

He hears that Mill's forthcoming books on religion will blow the churchmen out of the Memorial committee and subscription lists, like arrow from bow:

The Memorial will be a failure. Mill's was a kind of eminence which does not draw money out of the British pocket. The only sensible form of memorial in my notion would be a hall in which unpopular lecturers might hold forth and irreligious meetings be held.

A few days later he was studying Stephen's book with a view to criticising his talk about Liberty:

I have just finished a very careful reading of Mill's own book. I am simply amazed at the shallowness, roundaboutness, muddledness of Stephen's treatment of Mill's position. I don't say that position is impregnable. On the contrary I find fault with it. It is vague; it is not perfectly defended. But Stephen misrepresents it—and yet at bottom accepts it. I felt it was bad before—Stephen's reasoning; but not until I followed it line by line with pen in one hand

Book III.

and Mill in the other did I know how thoroughly bad and poor it is. Poor Mill might well say it was neither very instructive nor very formidable. . . . If I do go at it, I shall examine for my own instruction what it is exactly in Comte's talk about freedom of thought that used to revolt Mill so profoundly, and how far Mill was warranted in his violent abhorrence of all that Comte said in the matter.[1]

Harrison had been over Windsor Castle and was struck by the vulgarity of its internal decorations. This provoked quite an outburst from Morley :

I laugh in a Mephistophelian and diabolical manner at the notion of your haunting that dismal centre of national demoralisation—Windsor Castle. . . . If Henry Ponsonby is like a brother of his who used to be a close friend of mine in my *jeunesse orageuse* at Oxford — Fred Ponsonby, he must be one of the best fellows in the world. . . . There is a curious air about the few court people I have ever met : such thorough good manners, with a certain underlying submissiveness and quasi dejection.

He is tickled to think of F. H., the great Communade and loather of Germany, taking a snack within earshot of the Queen ; as amusing as the notion of Maxse going to the Prince of Wales and " habitually trying to persuade him that a Republic is the only decent form of government, which he does ". He has ordered a complete set of Cobbett, to acquire simplicity of style. As to a certain work which the world will not let die—

Let me be the first to know its name, and so I shall get a sniff of immortality. Seriously, what are you going to do next ? Don't think of writing about Rousseau. The press has not treated me very handsomely, but I am fully alive to the fact that I fight an uphill fight, and I am quite content to bide my time. Criticism from you would be very valuable, because you have the ear of the public—or rather the two ears of the public, and devilish long donkey ears they are. But you ought to be doing original work.

[1] The article was written (see next page), and part of it is reprinted in an appendix to his book *On Compromise*.

He was going to spend a few days with Lord Lytton at Knebworth. Then came a letter from Harrison with the news that Maxse was proposing to take over the *Examiner* from Fox Bourne. But he ought to put down £10,000 instead of £1000 and make Morley editor.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *June* 29. — I want to clear up my ideas about liberty and Mill's doctrine; so I have begun and shall complete an article on the matter, containing a close step-by-step refutation of our Goliah—of course always with reference to Mill's doctrine. At the same time I shall state the objections to which the doctrine is open, and the limitations which it needs. Very likely I shall not publish it, after all—but I'll have it set in type, and then send it to you, and hear what you think. Stephen wrote to me that he meant to have a round or two with you, but law business interfered, and now 'tis too late. But if he ever gets a second edition, he'll deal with you in the preface.

Morley published his article, and the second edition of *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* bristled with 'Goliah's' retorts to the onslaughts of his two critics in the *Fortnightly*.

The *Spectator's* criticism of *Rousseau* he finds "full of spiteful innuendo, yet without a single distinct charge. . . . But I'm twenty years younger than Hutton, and shall have the last word. . . . I had a mind to write a private remonstrance—but 'tis more self-respecting to say nothing."

Morley might well be hurt that a book on which he had bestowed so much toil and craft should have met with no generous welcome from critics like Hutton. Of all his writings, none—not even *Voltaire*—is so resplendent with the glory of words or so rich in the musical cadences that delight us as we read and listen to the higher strains of his prose.

Morley's *Rousseau* was published by Chapman and Hall in March 1873. It differed from *Voltaire*, as a prefatory note explains, in offering something more like a continuous personal history. The incidents of Voltaire's life were well enough known; but at that time

there was no good biography of Rousseau in English or even in French. Why Morley chose to delineate a character and expound a philosophy so unsympathetic on the whole, and in some of their features so repellent to him, may seem to need explanation. As a rule he preferred to write about men whose ideas or actions he could admire, not merely about men who set his critical teeth on edge. Partly, no doubt, he took Rousseau as a necessary sequel to Voltaire. They were the two great intellectual and moral precursors of the Revolution, contraries and, at the same time, complementaries. As he puts it in a preliminary chapter: "Voltaire was a revolutionist in one sense, Diderot in another, and Rousseau in a third, just as in the practical order Lafayette, Danton, Robespierre represented three different aspirations and as many methods." To Rousseau he ascribes the glow of enthusiasm that led the French to assist our American colonists in their momentous struggle for independence; he even supposes (erroneously) that "it was from his writing that the Americans took the ideas and phrases of their great charter". Again, we are told, it was due to him more than to any other that France arose from social and political decay and found the patriotic energy which saved her from dissolution. But besides being the most revolutionary of political thinkers he was the most stirring of religious reactionaries. "His influence formed not only Robespierre and Paine, but Chateaubriand, not only Jacobinism, but the Catholicism of the Restoration." If he contributed more sentiment than truth, more warmth than light, more blind enthusiasm than wise guidance, if his personality has "most equivocal and repulsive sides", yet he had the sovereign power of awakening sympathy for the poor and the down-trodden; and "he alone had the gift of the golden mouth". From him polite Europe first hearkened to strange voices and faint reverberations from the cavernous shadow in which the common people move. It was Rousseau

who wrote up " in letters of flame at the brutal feast of kings and the rich that civilisation is as yet only a mockery, and did furthermore inspire a generation of men and women with the stern resolve that they would rather perish than live on in a world where such things can be ".

All this is an eloquent and a sufficient answer to the question why Morley wrote *Rousseau*. To the further question whether the book is an altogether adequate and happy presentation of a genius and a temperament so alien to his own, let every man make answer according to his taste :

Velle suum cuique est nec voto vivimus uno.

In several respects the critic—and it is the most persistently critical of Morley's biographies—was well qualified for the task. He had made himself familiar with the spirit of the times, with the characters of Rousseau's European contemporaries, with the writings that had influenced him, with the system that he did so much to destroy and so little to replace, with the dreamers who fell in love with his Utopias, with the fanatics who were inspired and maddened by his phrases. Morley understood " the musical susceptibility, which is perhaps an invariable element in the most completely sensuous natures ". From his own religious upbringing he could surmise how an ardent imagination might be " strangely compounded with Genevese austerity ". But anything like compassionate toleration for the infirmities and frailties of a genius comparable to Shelley's and a power comparable to Luther's is to seek in such sentences as this : " It is clear that his unlucky career as apprentice brought out in Rousseau slyness, greediness, slovenliness, untruthfulness, and the whole ragged regiment of the squalider vices " ; or in this, touching an odious aspect of his unmanly sentimentalism, " there is a certain close and sickly air round all his dealings with women and all his feelings for them ".

The criticism, always strong and generally cogent, of Rousseau's political theories—especially of the Social Contract on which he founded men's rights, and of the General Will upon which he constructed a republican edifice—becomes rather stiff and unnatural when we come to education. Morley never understood children; and he felt an almost passionate repugnance to all Rousseau's notions about the blissful innocence of either civilised children or barbarous men. Nor does he like Rousseau's disparagement of science, or his vilification of the Greeks, or the abstract doctrine which would have equalised fortunes as well as opportunities, or the slip-shod thinking which allowed Rousseau in another place to urge that children should be taught to love property as a foundation of social security.

A key to many of Rousseau's ideas and inconsistencies is found in the fact that he was a citizen of Geneva, bred in puritan and republican traditions with the love of God and law and freedom and country, transplanted to Paris, a strange city fermenting with ideas that were the direct abnegation of all these. Geneva, said some one at the Congress of Vienna, "is a grain of musk that perfumes all Europe". At all events, observes Morley, Geneva permeated Rousseau's character. "It happened in later years that he repudiated his allegiance to her; but however bitterly a man may quarrel with a parent he cannot change blood, and Rousseau ever remained a true son of the city of Calvin."

One may guess that Rousseau's biographer had more than one mood, varying with his spirits and health from day to day or month to month, as he was writing of this emotional, wayward, impulsive, now superbly rational, now pitifully irrational, child of Geneva; in his exalted moments an austere idealist, with a passion for justice and a republican simplicity of manners and morals, but in practice sadly disappointing, and in private life, by his own *Confessions*, a warning rather than an example.

On the whole, as it seems to me, Morley has presented

a wonderfully just but not too tender picture of poor Rousseau as a human being. To be true to the life the artist must excite in the reader as many conflicting emotions—admiration, pity, contempt—as the subject warrants. If you isolate a chapter or an incident in Rousseau's life, an action, a passion, or an aspiration, you may cry: "How noble, how prophetic! Here is a reformer, an idealist, setting a pattern of perfection, who seeks to make the great ones of the earth lowly, who makes the poor proud, who exalts the humble and meek!" Or again, reading an incident in the *Confessions*, you ejaculate: "How vile, grovelling, contemptible."

Morley seems to apply different standards at different times. Now he is the benevolent interpreter, counsel for the defence; now he is merely a realist, recording the miserable facts without disguise; now he seems to be making the worst of a bad case, acting as it were the part of public prosecutor. On the whole, I think, his character of Rousseau leans to severity. It is as just and fair a one as could be drawn by an artist steeped in the constitutionalism of Burke, in the philosophic Radicalism of Bentham and Mill, in the Positivism of Auguste Comte. Nor ought we to forget that the discoveries of Mrs. Macdonald and the researches of the late Charles E. Vaughan have in some measure rehabilitated Rousseau at the expense of Mme. d'Épinay's *Mémoires*, of Diderot and of Grimm.[1]

Of narrative there is more in *Rousseau* than in any other of his earlier books. Here Morley is good rather than great, interesting rather than exciting. Occasionally we enjoy a pretty landscape or a lively glimpse of society. But our author does not carry us along with

[1] See on this *The Political Writings of J.-J. Rousseau*, by C. E. Vaughan (Cambridge University Press, 1915), vol. ii. Appendix II., on Rousseau and his Enemies. At pp. 557-8, Vaughan, after noting Morley's praise of Grimm's 'integrity' and 'positivity', remarks: "The truth is that, when Lord Morley wrote, comparatively little was known about this highly questionable man."

the animated rush of a Macaulay ; nor has he the simple charm of natural ease and unaffected grace that captivates us in such masters of story-telling as Bunyan, Defoe, Fielding, or Scott. It is in passages of reflective criticism or indignant satire, of moral fervour and philosophic argument, well salted with epigrams and apothegms, that Morley excels. On these we should found his claim to sit in the seats of the mighty with the great writers of English prose—great because in his higher flights he has a message and knows how to convey it with a glory of words and a music of his own.

Lovers of literature know that even the immortals are not always sublime or beautiful. Homer nods. Virgil palls. Milton is often ponderous, Wordsworth flat, Tennyson prettily trivial. In the best prose you may have to traverse long tracts of dull or dreary desert on your way to the felicities. Even a fine piece of narrative or argument is often marred by obvious faults and carelessnesses, which should have been avoided or amended. Let me take an example from *Rousseau* of a passage intended for a purple patch, but spoilt by what the late Mr. George Russell used to call ' a trailing cloud of relatives '. It is the concluding paragraph in the chapter on the Social Contract. I have italicised the relatives and conjunctions :

> In these ways the author of the Social Contract did involuntarily and unconsciously contribute to the growth of those new and progressive ideas, in which for his own part he lacked all faith. Præ-Newtonians knew not the wonders of which Newton was to find the key ; and so we, grown weary of waiting for the master intelligence who may effect the final combination of moral and scientific ideas needed for a new social era, may be inclined to lend a half-complacent ear to the arid sophisters who assume that the last word of civilisation has been heard in existing arrangements. But we may perhaps take courage from history to hope *that* generations will come, to *whom* our system of distributing among a few the privileges and delights *that* are procured by

the toil of the many, will seem just as wasteful, as morally hideous, and as scientifically indefensible, as that older system *which* impoverished and depopulated empires, in order *that* a despot or a caste might have no least wish ungratified, for *which* the lives or the hard-won treasure of others could suffice.

Put beside this the fine concluding pages of a later chapter on the Savoyard Vicar. Morley is contrasting the Vicar's religion with his own idea of the true faith. Such a faith, he says, " is no rag of metaphysic floating in the sunshine of sentimentalism ", like Rousseau's. It rests on a positive base. It is the faith that was in Condorcet, as he wrote on the Progress of the Human Spirit, expecting at any moment the knock of the executioner at his door. In their youth, when the horizons of generous natures are suddenly lighted up with a glow of aspiration towards good and holy things, a priceless opportunity is too commonly lost in a fit of theological exaltation which will be choked by the dusty facts of life and moulder away into dry indifference. Then he concludes :

It would not be so, but far different, if the Savoyard Vicar, instead of taking the youth to the mountain-top, there to contemplate that infinite unseen which is in truth beyond contemplation by the limited faculties of man, were to associate these fine impulses of the early prime with the visible, intelligible, and still sublime possibilities of the human destiny,—that imperial conception, which alone can shape an existence of entire proportion in all its parts, and leave no natural energy of life idle or athirst. Do you ask for sanctions ! One whose conscience has been strengthened from youth in this faith can know no greater bitterness than the stain cast by wrong act or unworthy thought on the high memories with which he has been used to walk, and the discord wrought in hopes that have become the ruling harmony of his days.

Morley's long chapter on the Social Contract is a learned and instructive essay on the political theories

of Rousseau and his precursors. But it is much more. Though written over fifty years ago, it breathes the modern spirit; it moves among the vital problems of modern government and State action. It is not the last word, we may be sure, on Rousseau, or the rights of man, or the true form of democracy, or on the limits and functions of popular sovereignty, or on Fraternity and Socialism. When will the last word be written?[1]

Our critic maintains his strong objection to Rousseau's 'central idea',[2] which represented human society as a melancholy deterioration from the golden age of primitive innocence, and therefore proposed a return to ideal simplicity as the main end and purpose of constructive republicanism. "The picture of a state of nature had lost none of its perilous attraction, though it was hung in a slightly changed light." In the Social Contract it was the starting-point of the constitution-maker, as it had been the starting-point for the denunciation of civil society in the Discourses: "The opening words which sent such a thrill through the generation to which they were uttered in two continents, 'Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains', tell us at the outset that we are as far away as ever from the patient method of positive observation."

It is to this method and to the lessons of history and experience, which proclaim utility as the criterion of reform, that Morley looks for the true progress of society under the guidance of modern statesmanship. One of his complaints as Positivist and Millite is that the Social Contract, equally with the Discourses, repudiates the historic method. Rousseau, he says, "knew hardly any history", and his scanty illustrations "are nearly all from the annals of the small states of ancient Greece

[1] C. E. Vaughan's edition of the *Contrat Social* (Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1918) supplies a masterly introduction to the political philosophy of Rousseau, written from the standpoint of a discriminating admirer.

[2] A little later he calls the Sovereignty of the People 'the central conception of the Social Contract'.

and from the earlier times of the Roman Republic". But surely Rousseau may have preferred ancient history, not because he was ignorant of modern history, but because it provided more and better examples of the kind of political society—the small republican state—which he was recommending. Morley admits that Rousseau was well informed about his own native Geneva and about the republic of Venice, while he knew enough about the parliamentary oligarchy of England to dislike it as whole-heartedly as its tempered Balance was admired by Montesquieu and worshipped by Burke. Nor is it unlikely that illustrations from classical history or mythology were useful in saving dangerous thoughts from the censorship.

If Morley had read the essay on Perpetual Peace more carefully than he seems to have done, he might have seen that Rousseau knew a good deal about the Holy Roman Empire and about the modern history of Europe. Moreover, it can be shown over and over again from Morley's own pages that Rousseau was acquainted not only with Plato and Aristotle but with Hobbes and Locke and many of the French writers on political science—which all goes to prove that he was not so badly equipped even in book learning for the task of constructing a political Utopia, a new Model of Government. Morley, indeed, in the heat of this controversy, lays himself open to objections at least as valid as those he brings against Rousseau; for he seems sometimes to be arguing not only that the Social Contract is historically incorrect, but that a political edifice built upon natural rights instead of experience and utility must be bad. Rousseau says a man ought to be free because he was born free. Morley is so anxious to deny free birth that he refuses to give Rousseau credit for his ideal of a free society. Nor can I for one accept the proposition that Rousseau in describing the state of primitive man as a state of freedom was guilty of disseminating a perilous absurdity. In any case, if he

was right in claiming liberty and equality, instead of political servitude and oppression, for the civilised peoples of his time, and if his argument and his Utopia proved a powerful instrument in releasing men from bondage, why should he be castigated for following Locke, a philosopher for whom Morley had immense respect? "It was Locke," he says, "whose essay on Civil Government haunts us throughout the Social Contract, who had taught him that men are born free, equal, and independent." And was it so very foolish of Locke and Rousseau to think freedom the natural, and restraint the artificial, condition of mankind, as in the case of animals? If this view of Nature sprang from Rousseau's "narrow, symmetrical, impatient humour", what of his master Locke? Was he 'unfitted' thereby to deal with 'the complex tangle' of social growths? Was it essential to Locke's mental comfort as well as to Rousseau's "that he should be able to see a picture of perfect order and logical system at both ends of his speculation"?

Nor do we find it so very absurd to argue, as Rousseau did, following Plato and Aristotle, that a state should be of small size in order that the citizens may be real citizens enjoying a real participation in the sovereignty. For at a time when roads were very bad and communication difficult, representative institutions, then in their infancy, were difficult to work. And even to-day can we say that over a large country the representative principle invariably gives satisfaction? Do not the movements for Home Rule, and for Local Self-Government, and for a Federation of small states point in another direction? Rousseau, be it remembered, was a Federalist as well as an advocate of small states. And are not the recent dictatorships in Spain and Italy, and the acquiescence of two gifted peoples in the loss of political liberty, a proof that representative institutions in at least two large countries have been something of a failure; possibly because the representatives do not represent,

and the leaders of political parties do not abide either by their pledges or by their professed principles?

In spite of 'the desperate absurdity' of his assumptions, Morley has to admit that Rousseau's dogmas and methods and conclusions inspired many with a love of liberty and a passion for political freedom. Nor was Rousseau altogether unmindful of the rights of the individual even in his ideal state. When Helvétius wrote "all becomes legitimate and even virtuous on behalf of the public safety", Rousseau noted on the margin, "The public safety is nothing unless individuals enjoy security". Morley distinguishes between Locke and Rousseau by saying: "We find in Locke none of those concise phrases which make fanatics." But as the essential doctrine was there in both cases, it is rather hard that the disciple should be so much worse than his master because his style was so much more attractive!

In comparing Rousseau's Compact with Hobbes's, Morley says the former was an act of association among equals who remained equals, whereas the latter was an act of surrender on the part of the many to a government of one or more. Then he adds that, "as nobody now believes in the existence of any such compact", it would be "superfluous to enquire which of the two is the less inaccurate". But surely it is not superfluous to remind ourselves that, whereas in Rousseau's hands the Compact opened a road to democracy and liberty, in Hobbes's it pointed to absolute monarchy. If political speculators, like trees, may be judged by their fruits, Rousseau will stand very high, Hobbes very low, in the liberal calendar, even though they were equally mistaken about the origin of government. Our admiration for Morley's lucidity in exposition and for the pungency of his dialectic mingles with bewilderment at his constant assumption that Rousseau is so inferior to Hobbes and Locke that he alone is to be treated with disrespect where all three are wrong. We are told that Rousseau's Social Contract is shallow and mischievous

as well as scientifically valueless; but we are also told that it was "the match which kindled revolutionary fire in generous breasts throughout Europe". In fine, if Rousseau's theory of the Compact was, as Morley remarks, "the starting-point in the history of the idea of the Revolution", can it fairly be called shallow and mischievous? In accounting for the revolutionary Trinity, Morley has himself explained how this 'shallow' theory was especially responsible for Fraternity:

> If the whole structure of society rests on an act of partnership entered into by equals on behalf of themselves and their descendants for ever, the nature of the Union is not what it would be if the members of the Union had only entered it to place their liberties at the feet of some superior power. Society in the one case is a covenant of subjection, in the other a covenant of social brotherhood.

Thus, on his own showing, the French Revolution owed its watchwords 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' to Rousseau more than to any other; and we are again impelled to think that the foundations on which Rousseau built were not quite so bad or so mischievous as Morley represents them to be, just as we feel that his eulogies of 'the magnificent and immortal' pieces of Burke as 'the greatest, widest, and loftiest exposition' of expediency in Government are overdrawn. It is the weakness and strength of our critic that he has a message to deliver. In all these theoretical chapters he is eager to "confront Rousseau's ideas" with "propositions belonging to another method of approaching the philosophy of Government that have for their key-note the conception of expediency or convenience, and are tested by their conformity to the observed and recorded experience of mankind". Morley's radicalism was genuine enough, but it was wary, empirical, utilitarian, inductive, very suspicious of unqualified phrases and general propositions.

Yet with all his prepossessions of temperament

against revolutionary doctrine Morley does not fail to convey, in many a telling sentence and paragraph, the true position of Rousseau both as a political speculator and as a motive force in revolutionary thought. He finds in Rousseau's theories of Compact and Sovereignty a curious fusion between the temper and premisses of Hobbes and the conclusions of Locke. "This fusion produced that popular absolutism of which the Social Contract was the theoretical expression and jacobin supremacy the practical manifestation. Rousseau borrowed from Hobbes the true conception of sovereignty, and from Locke the true conception of the ultimate seat and original of authority, and of the two together he made the great image of the sovereign people. Strike the crowned head from that monstrous figure which is the frontispiece of the Leviathan, and you have a frontispiece that will do excellently well for the Social Contract."

CHAPTER V

NATIONAL EDUCATION

Enter Chamberlain

An Englishman of Liberal opinions, looking back over the history of the last century, can hardly doubt that of all the Governments since the first Reform Bill, Mr. Gladstone's First Administration (1868–74) was the most satisfactory. It laid the foundations for a national system of education, creating School Boards elected by the local ratepayers and supervised by the Central Authority. It disestablished the Anglican Church in Ireland and reformed the Irish Land Laws. By skilful reorganisation it increased the efficiency and diminished the cost of the Army. By skilful diplomacy it saved Belgium and Luxemburg from being overrun during the Franco-German War, and maintained throughout that war a steady neutrality, which left no cause for ill-feeling against Britain in either France or Germany, and saved our nation from terrible sacrifices of life and treasure in a foreign quarrel. The Gladstone Government also paved the way for Anglo-American concord, and showed the world how controversies between civilised nations should be settled, by submitting the Alabama Claims to an Arbitral Tribunal. This was perhaps, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson said, " the greatest thing which Mr. Gladstone ever did ". But he did more. By maintaining peace and practising economy he reduced public burdens to a figure which makes the present condition of the taxpayer

(1926) seem almost intolerable. He threw the Civil Service—with the lamentable exception of the Foreign Office and Diplomacy—open to free competition, and removed the tests that barred Dissenters from graduating at Oxford and Cambridge.

But—and there is always a 'but' in politics—this great Liberal Ministry contrived to irritate powerful interests and to exasperate important sections of its own supporters. A very mild measure of Licensing Reform enraged brewers and publicans without evoking any proportionate gratitude from the friends of Temperance. Sir Charles Dilke's republican lectures, and his attempts to discredit Royalty in the House of Commons, did some damage to the Government; for Dilke was known to have the sympathy of a large group of Radicals, including Joseph Chamberlain and Joseph Cowen, as well as Morley, Beesly, and Harrison. Then there were several small scandals, due to the negligence or incompetence of individual Ministers, which brought discredit and unpopularity on the administration. But its greatest misfortunes were in the field of education. W. E. Forster, the able Minister who carried the Education Act of 1870, was so tender to the Voluntary Church Schools that he gave deep offence both to sturdy Nonconformists like Miall, Dawson, and Dale, who objected to denominational teaching at the public expense, and to Radicals like Chamberlain and Morley, who not only objected to Church rates but demanded a complete system of national education free to all, and purely secular. Forster had his way. But the fighting spirit of the Independents and Unitarians was roused. A National Education League, formed in 1869, resolved to fight the matter out.[1]

An agitation was started for the repeal of clause 25, which enabled School Boards to pay the fees of poor

[1] Its headquarters were fixed at Birmingham. Dr. Crosskey, a Unitarian, and Dr. R. W. Dale of the Carr Lane Congregational Chapel, a most eloquent orator and preacher, became its Honorary Secretaries. Schnadhorst was appointed paid secretary, and so prepared himself for his career as organiser of the Liberal Party.

parents in denominational schools. Several bye-elections were lost by Ministerialists through the withdrawal of Nonconformist support; and so, when the General Election came in 1874, the Liberal Party was split on education, some three hundred of its candidates being pledged to repeal the clause, while a hundred or more, chiefly in districts where Church Schools were popular or Roman Catholics strong, refused to give a pledge. It certainly was a small ditch to divide a great party into two warring camps; for in practice it amounted to little, and the average man knew and cared little about it. When some one mentioned it to Disraeli, that great political strategist remarked: "Ah, the 25th clause; we all go down to our constituents and say that the Constitution depends upon it; and we none of us know what it means."

But the general objection to the Bill—as Morley shows in his *Life of Gladstone*—was much wider than this deep but narrow ditch. A noble opportunity had offered itself for a complete, final, national settlement of the education question, and that opportunity had been lost. As principles were not determined strife was kept alive. During several succeeding decades public education suffered over and over again from sectarian claims and jealousies. Over and over again the real interests of the children suffered, because the Education Bill of 1870 failed, in Morley's words, to erect an educational fabric 'worthy of the high name of National'.[1]

In 1873, when Mr. Gladstone came to grief over Irish University Education, Disraeli prudently refused to take office and left his rival to struggle on amid accumulating difficulties for another year. In the hopes of reviving confidence among the Nonconformists, John Bright was induced to rejoin the administration, though he thought Forster's Education Act 'the worst Act passed since 1832'. But the genius of Reform was exhausted; the middle classes were in a conservative

[1] See Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, Book VI. ch. iii.

mood ; and when Mr. Gladstone, at the end of January 1874, dissolved Parliament, offering, if he were returned to power, to repeal the income tax, the country replied by returning a decisive Conservative majority of fifty. Gladstone resigned, and Disraeli reigned in his stead for the next six years. Gladstone's resignation was soon followed by his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal Party—a retirement which he intended to be final in order that he might arm himself as a theological knight in defence of Anglican Orders and of Christian belief, as he understood it, against the pretensions of Rome and the assaults of Science. If Morley's attitude to Gladstone and his Government seems ungenerous—certainly he gave them little credit for their achievements—it should be remembered that he was a philosophical Radical with no party ties, and that he was deeply disgusted with Forster's mishandling of education. He was impressed, too, by the continued preponderance of the Whigs and by the coldness of official Liberals towards land reform, trade unions, and Disestablishment. When he found in Chamberlain a successful municipal administrator with a practical gift for organisation, eager to frame and press forward a Radical programme, he felt that the fall of the Liberal Government and the retirement of Mr. Gladstone might promote and accelerate the creation of a Radical Party strong enough in a few years' time to form a National Administration. Liberal dissensions, stifled rather than composed when Hartington succeeded to the leadership, promised an official torpor and stagnation on the Front Opposition Bench which would make a constructive Radical policy all the more necessary and all the more hopeful.

Morley had written to Frederic Harrison at the end of June :

> It seems to me that writing about dead Frenchmen is rather a piece of *ignavia* while other men are fighting the political battle. I am trying to get a thorough mastery of the education question. The [National Education]

League distinctly mean to smash as many ministerialists as they can at the next election. You see they made Hughes join them to some extent—and they don't mean to do less with other people. Maxse was one of the chief wire-pullers of the Bath affair, and promoted the compromise which ended in Cox's withdrawal. The League found the money of course. I wish you would interest yourself in this question. 'Tis of consummate importance.

This Nonconformist revolt had brought Morley into touch with the National Education League, and in the spring of 1873 he began to make a careful study of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 with the regulations of the Education Department, hoping to consolidate a political alliance between dissenters and secularists. The design took shape—after some appearances on the platform and conferences with Dr. Dale of Birmingham and other leaders of Nonconformity—in four *Fortnightly* articles (beginning in July 1873), which were published with additions before the end of the year in a volume entitled *The Struggle for National Education*.[1]

Of Morley's controversial pieces no more vigorous specimen can be found than this. But one can easily understand why in later days he did not include it in his collected works. Much of it deals with administrative details, then very much alive but now dead and gone. I can imagine also that the rhetoric was a little too ornate, the history too one-sided, and the invective too strong for Morley's later taste. Nor would he in the 'eighties have cared to revive some satirical sallies at Mr. Gladstone. But no one professing to expound Morley's opinions on education can ignore a work into which he threw so much energy at this crisis. As it is no longer available, there is all the more reason for elucidating the general drift of his argument and his way of looking at the problem.

"We are constantly told", he begins, "by super-

[1] 'By John Morley, barrister-at-law. Chapman and Hall.' My quotations are from the second edition.

cilious and inconsiderate Liberals that the present aspect of the question of national education in England is only a new version of the old quarrel between conventicle and steeple-house"; that the trouble is all caused by 'the spleen of dissent'. If this were a true account, a Liberal might well think twice before taking sides. But from the intensity of the struggle its importance may be presumed. The Nonconformists as a body are staunch and active against a measure 'which a sounder and older Liberal than Mr. Gladstone' has described as the worst passed by any Liberal Government since 1832. Then comes a second reflection:

> Supposing that the present struggle is primarily and on the surface a fresh outbreak of the old feud between church and chapel, which of the two parties to the feud is from its antecedents the more likely to be now fighting on the side of political progress? . . . Putting all the polemics of theology and ecclesiastical discipline aside, which of the two parties has done most for freedom and good government and equal laws in England? Apart from the present issue, is the political tradition of nonconformity or the political tradition of the state church, the wiser, the nobler, the more enlightened, the more beneficent? Let history answer. Its voice is clear and beyond mistake. There is not a single crisis in the growth of English liberties in which the state church has not been the champion of retrogression and obstruction. Yes, there was one. In 1688, when her own purse and privilege were threatened, she did for a short space enlist under the flag which the nonconformists had raised in older and harder days; immediately after, when with their aid and on their principles the oppressor had been driven out, she reverted by a sure instinct to her own base doctrines of passive obedience and persecuting orthodoxy.
>
> Yet this is the brightest episode in her political history. In every other great crisis she has made herself the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage. In the sixteenth century, the bishops of the state church became the joyful instruments of Elizabeth's persecution, and in their courts the patriotic

loyalty of the Puritan was rewarded with the pillory, the prison, the branding-iron, and the gallows. In the seventeenth century, the state church made her cause one with the cause of the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission, with prerogative and benevolences, with absolutism and divine right. The nonconformists shed their blood for law and ordered freedom. The church, when she returned to "exalt her mitred front in court and parliament", retaliated on them for their services in the great cause which she has always persecuted when she could, and always denounced when she could not persecute, and bitterly suspected when she has been unable to persecute and ashamed to denounce, by urging on the most vindictive legislation that defaced the English statute book even in the evil days of the Restoration. She preached passive obedience with an industry that would have been apostolic, if only its goal had been the elevation instead of the debasement of human nature. When that doctrine became inconvenient she put it aside for a while, but, as we have seen, she speedily relapsed into the maxims of absolute non-resistance when power and privilege once more seemed safe. The Revolution was no sooner accomplished than the state clergy turned Jacobite, deliberately repudiated the principles of the Revolution which they had helped to make, and did their best to render the Hanoverian succession impossible before it came to pass, and unpopular after. When George III. came to the throne, and politics took a new departure, the state church clung to her pestilent tradition. Her chiefs were steadfast aiders and abettors in the policy which led to the loss of the American colonies; and then in the policy which led to the war with the French republic. The evil thread of this monotonous tale has been unbroken down to the last general election. That election turned upon the removal of an odious and futile badge of ascendancy from the Irish nation. The dissenters were to a man on one side, and the dignitaries of the church almost to a man on the other. All this, it may be said, is an old story. It is so; but if we are told that the present struggle for national education is only a repetition of an old battle, it is worth while to steady our judgment by reminding

ourselves what that old battle has been about. The story may be trite, but the moral is not yet out of date.

True, high forms of spiritual life and noble sons have not been wanting to the Anglican Establishment:

Human nature is a generous soil even in the baleful climate of a state church. But it is her noblest sons, from Jeremy Taylor down to Maurice, who have ever found their church the most cheerless of stepmothers. It is not they who have shared her power, or shaped her policy, or exalted a mitred front in court and parliament. They have ever been inside the church what the nonconformists have been outside. Alas, they have been too few and too weak. Their names are rightly held in honour among men of all persuasions, but they have been neither numerous enough nor powerful enough to turn aside the verdict of the impartial student that the political history of our episcopal establishment, alike in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, has been one long and unvarying course of resolute enmity to justice, enlightenment, and freedom.

Dissent, it is true, offers little that touches the fastidious and sentimental love, which is so much in fashion in our times, for the picturesque, the gorgeous, the romantic, the sweetly reasonable. Its creeds are said to be narrow, its spirit contentious, its discipline unscriptural, its ritual bleak, its votaries plebeian. As politicians we need not greatly exercise ourselves in these high matters. Intellectual coxcombry and social affectation are welcome to expatiate upon them at length. The dissenters have not been favourably placed for the acquisition of the more delicate graces. To stand in the pillory, to have your ears slit, to lie in bishops' prisons, to be driven forth by the hundred from home and sustenance, to be hunted with Five Mile Acts, Conventicle Acts, Test Acts, Schism Acts,—the memory of these things may well leave a tincture of sourness in the descendants of those who suffered them, and a tincture of impatience with the bland teachers who invite them to contrast their pinched theology and sullen liturgies with "the modest splendour, the unassuming state, the mild majesty" of the church that afflicted and persecuted them.

Dissent is not picturesque, but it possesses a heroic political record. It has little in the way of splendour and state, but it has a consistent legend of civil enlightenment.

Then he comes to the 25th section. The storm might be about a paltry sum, but it represented a principle.

In truth it is only the key to a position. It is a small matter. So was the yeoman's house at Hougomont, and so were Hampden's twenty shillings. The sophists of the press ridicule the dissenters and secularists for raising such pertinacious clamour over so insignificant a payment.

In reality Clause 25 was only "the tiniest element in an enormous process of denominational endowment". Liberals might well have expected that a Government which could achieve reforms even more difficult and complex in Ireland would have handled education with an equally firm command of principle. But

The Statesmen, who had roused the country by denouncing the ascendancy of a denomination in Ireland, forsook their own cardinal principle in a system for cherishing the ascendancy of a denomination in England. There was a political obliquity in this which far surpassed that of the Conservatives in establishing household suffrage. Mr. Disraeli had the satisfaction of dishing the Whigs, who were his enemies. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, dished the dissenters, who were his friends.

Then, after contrasting the excellence of education in Scotland with its pitiful backwardness in many districts of England, he presses the objections to denominational or voluntary schools, and to the teaching of catechisms and formularies :

Yet, because it is the richest sect and is already an endowed church, this is the body which is to receive a further endowment of seventy-three per cent out of the annual grant for elementary education. "If it be said", Mr. Gladstone urged, "that there is a recognition of the church in the liberal terms we propose for the voluntary

schools, such an assertion would only mean that the palm is given to those who win."[1] A poorer sophism was never coined even in that busy mint of logical counterfeits. The palm given to those who win! As if, when the barrier was dropped, the competitors started fair; as if the one had not had every advantage which the public wealth could confer and private wealth utilise and augment, while the other was gleaning for bare subsistence among the lean fields of voluntaryism. The church had gone through a long course of diligent preliminary training in the race for public money, while Dissent had stood with austere self-respect aloof from what she deemed an ignoble chase. Why, the dissenters have in an immense proportion of the parishes in England been forcibly prevented by the landowners from so much as acquiring a bit of land on which to rear chapel or school, and on more than one great estate there has been a sort of private Conventicle Act positively forbidding, under penalty of ejection, so much as a prayer meeting in a cottage kitchen. A strange handicap indeed in which you clap the heaviest weight on to the youngest competitor and give the longest start to the stoutest and strongest, and then magnanimously hail the winner with an unctuous cry of "the Palm to him who wins!"

The second half of the book is largely taken up with quotations to show the amount of illiteracy prevailing in Lancashire and other parts of the country, where clerical control over the schools was strongest. The re-endowment of the group of sects calling themselves the Church of England was not more mischievous in its effect on national instruction than the indirect influence placed in the hands of the clergy, who would thus be provided at the public expense with institutions for 'rescuing souls from dissent'. Towards the end he puts in a plea for Free Schools, a matter about which he says public opinion was ill informed. He quotes Mill on the side of free education, and "Mr. Chamberlain—to whose courage and tenacity the cause

[1] Speech in the House of Commons, June 24, 1870.

of National Education owes so much ". Morley favours compulsory education, not because education is a necessity like food, but because, " being a superfluity, there is here no motive strong enough for us to rely on its spontaneous operation, and its provision becomes a collective interest ". He refuses to be scared by the word Socialism, or by the warning (from Fawcett) that " free education is the first plank in the programme of the International ". Nor is he impressed by the fear that a workman will lose self-respect if he ceases to pay school pence. " Apart from theory are the Americans, Swedes, Swiss, Danes, or Australian colonists wanting in independence or self-respect ? Yet they all have free schools."

We may now return to the correspondence with Frederic Harrison, starting from July 14, 1873, with a letter headed ' Tunbridge Wells. Feast of the Bastille ', which shows that the editor is hard at work on the education question and is also finishing an article on Mill's Doctrine of Liberty. The weakness of Mill's book, he thinks, " lies in the want of definition for self-regarding acts ". A few days later he writes :

July 17.—I paid my visit to Chamberlain last week at Birmingham—decidedly a leader for an *English* progressive party. Enjoys new work. Wants me to fight a seat. Shall I ? Will you pay my election bill ?

I am dull with fagging at the Education Question.

What a pity we have not a record of his conversations with Chamberlain at Birmingham, to set by way of contrast over against his account of Mill's visit to Pitfield ! On July 19 comes a confession that he has not been giving enough attention to the *Fortnightly* :

The fact is I have made it too much πάρεργον, making Rousseau, Voltaire, and Co., my serious work. I now turn over a new leaf. You won't say there is not enough of me in the next number—two articles, or rather one article, and one speech.

The article was his examination of Mill and Stephen on Liberty, now thoroughly revised.

The other is a fiery scream on education: fit to be delivered at 1 A.M. to an excited H. of Commons; no sentence more than a third of a line long; no quarter given to any clergyman. 'Tis the first of a series which will finally blow me out of respectable waters.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *July* 25.—[About Fawcett's speech on the Education Bill.] I think Fawcett was quite right. But to anybody who looks at the question of national teaching as a whole, from the Progressive point of view, it is absurd to consider Fawcett's speech as in the least degree adequate. Then his hypocrisy in calling himself "a moderate Churchman"! Why, he is a notorious free-thinker and religious indifferent. . . . I shall be in London for a day at the end of next week, but I suppose you will be away horse racing. Do you know you are becoming disreputable—Windsor Castle, Archbishop Manning, Goodwood.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *July* 31. . . . I wish you would go into Parliament. You ought to go. You would be popular and influential—making three weighty speeches a year—and abounding in acute criticism in committee. You are meant for the H. of Commons; you would be a power there. I wonder if the bull-headed Philistine, F. S.,[1] will get a seat. He takes care to spell his "God bless you" with a capital "G".

On August 3 he again urges Harrison to stand: "You have qualities that would make you effective in the House, most effective—not only in set speeches, but in that intercourse in the library, the lobbies, the tea-room, which is, so far as I can gather, the real scene of the formation of parliamentary opinion." But then, the "business is costly—say £2000 once in every five years—or perhaps, if you are discreet and lucky, £1000". If Harrison decided not to go into Parliament he should

[1] James Fitzjames Stephen, who was proposing to stand for Parliament as a moderate Liberal.

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write history. "Let us write the French Revolution together in the Erckmann-Chatrian fashion."

Tunbridge Wells, *August* 15.—It is bed-time and I am tired with a day's writing, but I feel that I should not sleep in my bed if I let another day go by without writing to you. So write I must and will, though I have no ideas, no, nor even phrases, which a man of letters who knows his trade can usually pass off for ideas. I am dissatisfied that we did not have longer and more conscientious talks during what was called your visit here—a visit mainly passed in your professional purlieus. A thousand unsaid things about you, about me, about truth, error, justice, Fitzjames Stephen, Gladstone, and all other things infinitely great and infinitely little—have haunted me ever since I saw you mounted aloft on your banquette. What a dismal hurry-scurry our modern life is. One meets one's friend as on the platform of a great railway junction—each waiting for his own train, with a quarter of an hour or so to spare. You call for brandy and water—munch your sandwich—discuss the sublimest themes by the bar counter—the bell rings—and there is an end. Five score such interviews constitute the friendship of a lifetime. The method prevents quarrelling, that's one advantage—unless your friend's name happens to be Herbert Spencer.

Well, at any rate, we are well pleased that Mrs. Harrison had no briefs, and that she did not find us too dull. It was her doing that we were not so. . . . I have plunged into my second piece on education: the villainy of Gladstone and Forster, and the folly of their parliamentary dupes, are beyond thought. I understand, however (but you are on no account to bruit it abroad), that Bright gave some of my Birmingham friends what they took for an adequate assurance on Monday last, that his entry into the Cabinet means the suppression of Forster before parliament meets, and we are to have it our own way. Well, Bright may think so—but I doubt the whole thing. The country is more with Forster than with Bright in the matter, and will remain so until we have educated them. My first manifesto is telling very markedly. All sorts of people are

writing to me—with more or less of sympathy. But what coarse work it all is, eh? I look back upon this time last year, when I was meditating on that poor soul of a Jean Jacques, with the liveliest regret. Nothing sustains me except my holy wrath against these dreadful clergy, and their hypocrisies.

The League agent has been down to Hastings to sound the people there. They decide in a fortnight whether they, *i.e.* the Radicals, will break off with the Whigs and run me to lose, or will persuade the Whigs to throw over Shuttleworth, and run me with Brassey as the regular candidate. The agent saw three Radical leaders; one a Baptist minister, the other an Independent ditto, the third a Rationalist contractor in the building line. He told them that I was also rationalistic, though not in the building line. What do you think the two gospellers said—"We don't care a straw for Mr. M.'s religion—so long as he will vote straight in politics." There are sensible politicians for you!

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *August* 17.—I send you the enclosed (*confidentially*), as you may be interested to know first-hand how little Bright's appointment really means. It is only meant to lull the Dissenting storm for the elections—and Gladstone will give the League not a jot: see if he does. 'Tis a pity the old tribune lets himself be made a catspaw.

Now will you write an article on England's Foreign Policy—and its relations to national life? Will you write it for November or December? I see that now is the opportunity for opening our campaign, of which we spoke together last year. If we keep it up for five years, combining energy with soberness, enthusiasm with common sense, practical aims with political elevation, then the Tories will be by that time played out, the Whigs will have become permanently fossilised, and people will look to the Radicals, who know what it is they want, and are not afraid of saying so. Is this right?

Chamberlain has an article in the next number of the *F.R.*—defending the Revolt and giving some hearty cuffs to Gladstone. I think you will entirely agree with it. Will you read a proof, if I send you one? It will be a pity if the *Review* gets League-y in tone—so do seriously think

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of an article on Foreign Policy. You are the leader in that field—especially when you want us to fight for the blessed land of Henri Cinq, White Flags, and Pilgrimages.

The enclosure was from Chamberlain. Harrison agrees with J. M. that Bright's re-entry into the Cabinet will make no difference. He hopes to write on Foreign Policy, but boils with indignation against Bismarck for his attack on the Ultramontanes—a new question which was to make trouble between the two friends.

Tunbridge Wells, *August* 20.—I enclose the proof [of Chamberlain's article]. After Gladstone's Hawarden speech, I wrote to C. thus: "You see you will have to fight the Education question after all, in spite of Bright's accession. Won't you fight that question best if you abstain from mixing it up with others, like land, etc. Ergo, won't you leave out the squarely drawn Quadrilateral [1] of your article?" Of course, my object was merely to warn him, as a man destined to be prominent, of a possible peril: to me *qua* editor it makes no difference whatever. He writes back, quite understanding my point of view, and in the frankest spirit, to this effect: "The Education question has failed and will fail to stir popular enthusiasm. Education for the ignorant is a very different cry from Bread for the Starving. You want a platform broad enough to unite all the diverse Unions, Leagues, Associations, etc., for all sorts of separate objects. It is of no use to confine our view to the narrow expediency of the hour. How shall we fight a twenty years' battle most effectually? Surely by coming out manfully with our whole hand."

I'm not quite convinced. Englishmen are not touched by big programmes. They distrust *generalia*. They like to go step by step. Fortify me by your opinion of the article and the issue I place before you. Is the article big enough to bear the implied superstructure? Would C. do better to reserve himself until he has got a seat—I mean better, in the interests of radicalism? He is singularly without

[1] 'Free Church, Free Land, Free Schools, Free Labour.' This was Chamberlain's four-plank platform for the new party.

personal feeling in the matter—and that throws more responsibility on me, whom he consulted. My notion is this—"Let half a dozen men win a hearing for themselves on the Education Question—which is the question of the hour, and capable, if properly handled, of raising the broadest issues. Let them with the aid of the Dissenters carry their policy here in six or ten years. Then they will have a standing ground for the rest." Of course, I see the other view very well, and C., who says the Education Question is too narrow a one, knows as well as any man in England what he is talking about.

What do you say, you, whose judgment—saving in foreign politics—is my pillar of cloud by day and flame by night?

Harrison's reply proved to be a hearty approval of Chamberlain's programme. It is far too lengthy for reproduction here; but as Morley thought it worth sending on to Chamberlain, I shall insert a few sentences:

EDEN PARK, *August* 21, 1873.—I have read Chamberlain's article with great pleasure. It seems to me thoroughly worthy of his reputation, and of a coming Liberal leader. There is a sound ring about it, and a well-reasoned vigour which is full of confidence, and strikes home on the popular mind. I am quite of his way of thinking about the breadth of his scheme. And I am equally surprised and pleased to see the League take up a national ground. Do not fear that it is too wide. Nothing less would be a basis for a really national party. I have always feared the result of making too much of the Education matter and the 25th clause. It is too indirect and *administrative* a matter for the working-class body ever to understand and take up as a body, and they will not budge for a sectarian squabble or what looks like it. You see how little enthusiasm Beesly and I can get up for the 25th clause.

Then he goes on to argue that Chamberlain's programme may unite secularists, agrarians, and trade unionists—in fact, all sections of Radicals.

The great thing now is to form a *third* party—that is what we are driving at. Beesly, Crompton, and I all agree in that, and we are pointing in the *Bee Hive* to that need. But at present a mere working-class trade-unionist platform is not enough, it is a little too classy still—partly because the changes in the law, which the Unionists claim, are very few and small in extent, though important in principle (I think I could frame three sentences which would in an Act settle the whole unionist question), and partly because in Church, land, and school questions other classes and interests have so much to say. Chamberlain's programme is wide enough and clear enough for all. Why cannot he make it the new departure of the Birmingham League as well as of the Liberal Party ?

Harrison went on to make the very true and practical observation that any party which adopted secularism in the sense of hostility to Christianity or the Bible would find itself, and would remain, in a hopeless minority. Morley replied at once :

Tunbridge Wells, *August* 22.—I am grateful to you for your long and cogent letter of yesterday. Already I had arrived at the conclusion that Chamberlain must certainly know best what hold the Education Question has or has not over the constituencies, and that, therefore, he was right in going in at once for the broad platform. It is an immense fortification of my opinion that you agree with him, and your reasons are most weighty : I make no doubt that he will make the Labour part of his programme more specific than it was, in the direction of your articles of policy, which I have put before him. You are mistaken in hoping for anything like a reconstitution of the League. That, I suspect, must remain special, but their electoral machinery will work equally well for a broad platform, because hardly anybody will accept the League programme, especially the article of free schools, who will not also be at least ready to accept the rest of Chamberlain's scheme. My apprehensions were not so much lest the scheme should be wide, as lest it should have no proper *definiteness*, which is what serious politicians in England insist upon, and very

wisely too, as I think. I think that Chamberlain's programme when finished will be specific enough.

As for the education matter, Morley explains that free schools are the key and centre, and can be made into an effective political cry. Then he proceeded:

When you say I am consumed with zeal for secular education, you misunderstand me. I am not at all sure that I would not have the Bible treated as part of the regular school course like history or geography. All I contend for is that the religious instruction, properly so-called, should be given not by the lay teacher: I mean the theological and denominational part of the instruction.

All this you will find worked out in my next paper with a degree of passion, invective, sarcasm, argument, and knowledge, that will make your hair curl. I doubt if any of my clerical friends will ever speak to me again. Such an exposure of their hypocrisy in this matter has never been made. I warn you that it is really masterly. What would I give to be able to summon the two Houses of Convention, and there compel them to listen while I poured this tempest of righteous wrath about their great long donkey ears!

Beesly had talked to Maxse once of war against the church and its creeds as "flogging a dead horse". But the church was no more a dead horse than the Beer party. And even if it was dead, "Beesly should remember that many a good man has been killed by a spent cannon ball". Again, "are not we Dissenters, and therefore do we not share any penalties, hindrances, etc., which Forster, or anybody else inflicts on Dissenters; and is not the policy of fortifying the church as odious to us as to them?"

The Church is the religious organ of this country. Well, is it sound positivism to attribute to it temporal functions like elementary instruction, and to associate it with the state by means of Privy Council Grants? Besides, here is my impregnable position, which Beesly has not considered, I think.

1. Our primary instruction is wholly inadequate to the needs of a modern society; it is deplorably bad, disgraceful, non-existent.

2. The so-called great measure of Forster has done not one jot to improve the quality of education.

3. The quality never will be improved, so long as the Church of England has control.

The capital letter controversy is now only half serious:

You see that, though my poor god has no capital letter, you get a big *I* often enough and to spare. Query. Is atheism more than egoism queerly spelt?

Then he turns to *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*

I had a letter from our good Fitzjames yesterday—very genial; he is going, he says, like Warburton, to erect a gallows in the notes to the Second Edition, in which you and I are to take our turn. I hinted to him that it was against all usage for dead men to turn hangmen; and we have slain him; or at least you slew him, and I went and fired an old blunderbus into his ear by way of *coup de grâce.* Yet he is a good fellow of the Johnsonian way of thinking.

The letter winds up with some light sallies about dissensions among the Comtists, and a suggestion that their whole Orthodox Church could be seated in a gig.

During August Harrison had been offered a lucrative position, with a prospect of £6000 a year, which would take him out of politics, force him to give up his books for fifteen years, live in Grosvenor Square. He asks for advice, and here is Morley's response:

If it were offered to me I should at once close with it, because I am a poor man who lives up to his income (save an insurance of £3000) and who will find himself at the age of fifty, sixteen years hence, a worn out, penniless, and resourceless pauper.

But the case of a man with independent means was different:

Moreover you have much to tell the world—much fight in you for good causes—and if you could only go into parlia-

ment, the next twenty years would be full of fruit, for within four years or so our turn will come, I mean the turn of the Left. . . . Nobody understands and respects the power that wealth gives a man more clearly than I. But you have power enough without that, and you are not choked by material exigencies. If the business is a manufactory (not a tannery—mark you, nor anything down at Bermondsey—for there assuredly *nummus olet*) it would be a fine chance. If it is an office, not a great case of employment of labour, you will be extinguished, even if your personalty is ultimately sworn under £1,000,000 like Ld. Wolverton's. No man could be considered to have hidden his lamp under a bushel, who undertook some great administration of capital. Shall I tell you what my dream has always been ? To be the general manager of the North Western. I'd rather be that than a judge. . . . You see my mind. To a beggar, material security on honourable terms is the first condition of his making the best of himself : to a man with an assured competence and great capacity, *c'est autre chose.*

Harrison made the better choice. He was hugely delighted on reading the proof of Morley's second article on National Education. " It really goes with a wonderful rush." It was better work, he declared, than *Rousseau.* " You are transforming the world about you." Morley replied (August 28) :

I am delighted that you do not find my blast too loud or violent. . . . A shrewd Dissenter might wonder whether my alliance was not like the employment of elephants in war—and whether I may not one day turn and give *them* a friendly trample.

Harrison had noted one or two mistakes. One was about the gender of the Caryatids :

I had already considered the matter and should defend myself thus : A Caryatid is an architectural term, and so despite sex may be used of men supporting a heavy superstructure. Still, Atlas would have been better and I shall alter it in the reprint. That other correction sent by a

friendly correspondent fills me with remorse, and I curse the moment of levity which betrayed me into it. I was thinking of my sister, who always tries to pass an excess of luggage on the railway, and thinks that the exaction of income-tax restores to the payer the right of the state of nature.

His next paragraph reminds us of Milton's refusal of toleration to Roman Catholics :

All that you say of Bismarck's policy is most forcibly put, and in point of general principle is inexpugnable. Only it seems to me one must judge the case on its own special merits—and if the ultramontanes are interfering with the existence of national life, they ought to be dealt with sternly, always provided you are sure of defeating them. How far the Jesuits are really and truly dangerous in Germany, I for one have no means of knowing. Meanwhile, I don't see why I should not take Bismarck's word, as that of a man who knows his trade.

Harrison, who at this time was almost a co-editor, and Morley's chief pillar, had begun to do articles entitled 'Public Affairs' for the *Fortnightly*. Concerning this new feature the editor now writes (Sept. 6) to his friend :

1. I think Public Affairs ought not to be less than seven pages or more than ten. Certainly variable. 2. Style. A shade more serious than the *Times* leader on Lowe : a sort of light judicial ; philosophic politics in easy undress ; a mixture of the jaunty and the severe. Above all things direct, not allusive ; no esoteric smirks for this party or that ; but a manly, downright sort of stroke, taking things seriously but not *solemnly* ; putting events in their place and due proportion and relation. 3. An artistic whole certainly ought to be aimed at, as you say, and I think we are both artists enough by instinct to be tolerably sure of coming to this without much deliberate effort.

Turning to Harrison's dislike of Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* : "You will live to see your French friends pursuing the very same policy towards the Jesuits

which Bismarck is pursuing now; indeed, at Marseilles and Lyons, the Gambettist prefects actually did pursue it." He maintains that it is absurd to measure Continental policies and systems exclusively by English Protestant and Liberal standards, "as when the *Times* used to invite the Prussians to treat Bismarck as we treated Strafford". Then he begs Harrison "for God's sake" not to insult Spurgeon. "The whole chance of a third party, with us at least, lies in decent civility to our honest Puritans. Theologically they are narrower than Anglicans, I dare say: but as politicians they are the marrow of any Liberal party that means business. Whether they will follow into the touchy ground of free land and free labour remains to be seen. I am not over-sanguine; if they won't, then there will have to be a revolution when Bernard and Austin [Harrison's boys] are about forty years old."

Your public adhesion to Chamberlain's programme would be very valuable—especially a specific endorsement of the item of Free Labour—you being a semi-official spokesman of the [Trade] Unionists.

. . . The *Scotsman* had a long and carefullish article on Chamberlain's, very hostile to him and it. Our Birmingham friends have somehow managed to set some very influential people on our own side most damnably against them. I almost wish they hadn't put me on the Executive Committee. I'd have fought their battle better from without: not that it much matters. Maxse, *entre nous*, dislikes Chamberlain's programme because it omits reform of representation, and I dare say plenty of the East Wind kind of Radicals will agree with him—but they must be withstood.

In his next letter Harrison regrets the rejection of an article by a friend who might be useful; and says lots of duller stuff has appeared in the *F.R.* The reply came from Tunbridge Wells, September 9, 1873:

I was reluctant as you could be to decline the article, but it was like a good schoolboy coming to politics—an

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exposition of "two root ideas" (that's his title) which underlie the differences between Tory and Radical, and too much in the style of a divine addressing a Sunday School class upon the rudiments. Dulness I never complain of; I like it; 'tis the great guarantee to our public for a murderous profundity. But in politics the *F.R.* is not dull. Readers accustomed to your fine cognac and my red-hot gin shan't have skim milk foisted on them, if I can help it.

Among specific subjects requiring to be dealt with, he mentions Land Laws, Local Taxation, and Disestablishment. Harrison had protested against connecting success with circulation. On this the editor observes:

Mark you, influence is in a certain degree measured, not by absolute, but by relative circulation—by movement in circulation. Therefore I say *to myself* (I never permit my proprietors to take this point of view to me) that the *F.R.* ought, under the new steam apparatus which we are going to fix in her revered hull, to go through the water at so many more knots per hour, preserving her majesty of outline and yielding not a degree to the pressing floods, but still making her way faster. With our present circulation, 2500 in England alone, we count, say, 30,000 readers; and they are readers of the influential class. Therefore if we now begin to address them seriously and steadily and conscientiously, knowing what we want, and saying so, we have a very fair start. A man whom you know said to me the other day: "Though the pay of the *F.R.* is not as much as I can earn by writing in the *Saturday* or *Cornhill*, I value the chance of writing for you, because a thing that appears in the *F.R.* is somehow or other more talked about than the same kind of thing appearing elsewhere." And I believe this is the case, though I barely know how to explain it. The increase of this kind of influence—very slow, very impalpable, very easy to sneer at, very hard to define, but still influence—that's what I mean by success; and that I should have to explain this to you at this time of day is a monstrous and foul hardship on me. So now no more. . . . Won't the visit of Victor Emmanuel to Berlin be a good peg on which to hang the whole politico-religious situation?

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *September* 26, 1873.—After praising Harrison's first article on 'Public Affairs'—his "finished mockery" and "eloquent taunting"—he continues:

I am only sorry you did not give a page or two more to this Ashantee business. Unless my instincts deceive me, it is a cursed blunder and bungle from beginning to end. I am trying as hard as I can to get some good information as to the condition of affairs that led up to the native attack; when I do get it, or if I do, we will meet and discuss the whole situation, and plan a fiery diatribe against the policy of keeping up an establishment in a pestilent hole like the Gold Coast. If people want to trade there, let them look to themselves. Why should honest English troops perish in order that a handful of scoundrels should swindle the natives out of oil, tusks, etc.? Anyhow, if we are to protect the settlements, let us not go disbanding our West Indian regiments. But the whole policy of these outlying dependencies needs to be dealt with.

. . . I had a letter from Goldwin Smith last week. He is coming to England in November for six months. Speaking of our English reaction he says: "The tide, however, advances, though the wave recedes. More is gained in Spain and (notwithstanding outward political appearances) in Germany than is lost in England. Our scientific friends are partly to blame with their extreme doctrines of Evolution. As though a great wrong, in the perpetuation of which powerful classes have an interest, ever evolved itself out of the way without an effort to remove it." I wish he would stop at home when he does come. He would be the natural leader of a disestablishment movement.

. . . On Monday Lafitte and his kind good *entrepreneur*, Morison, come here to stay until Wednesday: and this morning Congreve writes to say that he would fain come also. So we shall have the future of the world under our modest roof, with the two hierarchs. Lafitte has been to Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge. . . . I wish I was at Ventnor with you. In the winter it is a most detestable place, but with weather like this it must be divine. Why can I not

walk with you this very afternoon from Ventnor to Blackgang? How thrice delicious it would be! However, I am getting rather less sulky with our Sussex and Kentish prettinesses. One really might fare worse. I suspect I shall end my days in sooty London, for my crimes. And yet here are you longing—I know you are—to get back to it from the loveliness of Ventnor. We try to recall your address but cannot. Is it high up, or low down? We had excellent lodgings and excellent cooking once at a house called Danebury Villa—from the famous stables of that name.

Tunbridge Wells, *October* 3, 1873.—Morley relieves his weariness by a letter to his friend, whom he pictures lying flat on a sofa in the Isle of Wight. An infernal sense of duty keeps the overworked editor at home.

I am nailed to my table in studies of Robespierre and Danton, to say nothing of my fourth and final paper on Education. The last one by the way I thought very tame and laboured. But 'tis true every word of it, and your word of intercession for the clergy proves you not to have the nerve of a true revolutionist. To revile bad men is easy. Anybody can do that. What demands moral strength is to revile good and kind men, who happen to be doing bad things. You always break down at that. . . . You can't make your omelette without breaking eggs, and I don't try.

Then he tells of Lafitte's visit to Tunbridge Wells. Cotter Morison and Congreve had both been down:

So the two chiefs [Congreve and Lafitte] and I had a long evening together. Congreve was really in good vein: almost sagacious, only narrow sagacity, and not applicable to immediate things. I was delighted to find him hotly with me about this Ashantee affair. I think he is going to put out some sort of manifesto, so you will know his position and the grounds for it without my reporting them to you in manuscript.

For our own affairs he leans far too much on the workmen. He accepts my great combination of Dissenters with

workmen, only says the latter must lead. I say, no—they are even more incompetent to lead than the other. He was bound to admit that the one thing which the workmen are interested in (outside of free labour) is Nationalisation of the land ! ! No class, I say, can now lead, it must be *men* from whatever class.

The new October *Fortnightly* contained an article on India which may "wake Fawcett up to a dim consciousness of his own fallibility" by administering a knock "to his prodigiously hard head". They had been entertaining young Von Sybel, "a nice, modest, and sensible fellow, son of the historian, who helped to win the battle of Gravelotte, and lay in the mud about Metz for weeks, and rode wildly about the north of France for a twelvemonth. He spoke with great moderation and even generosity of the French."

When he bid good-bye to Lafitte on the Tunbridge platform, they saw the 79th Highlanders. "Ah," said poor L., "30,000 of those would have saved France." They certainly are most magnificent fellows, adds J. M. "At any rate they have bare legs, and most terrific busbies. . . . By the way, he expounded to me the exact doctrine of marriage—about which I cordially agreed with him, and I read him a parallel passage out of Mill's Subjection of Women, which edified and pleased the old man much." After some family details, he winds up: "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. Here comes my coffee—so *addio*." Four French verses, apparently of his own composition, follow on 'Final Causes', apropos of De Blanville's final theological retrogression.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *October* 10, 1873.—Mrs. Morley was away.

I am keeping house in savage solitude. Last night I made my debut before my neighbours with an address of sovereign eloquence — a real speech, mark you, delivered with electrifying fervour—without notes, and without much

preparation. The audience was limited, but appreciative: I gave them a good dose of the 25th, and all other clauses of the Education Act. . . . How monstrous is Dizzy's letter! He must have had a cup too much. Poniard him."

Tunbridge Wells, *October* 12.—Mainly about French affairs and Colonial policy.

I don't endorse your counsel to the despondent Gambetta. Now that Thiers has come so firmly to the front, and taken the movement resolutely in hand, it seems to me that the Extreme Left have acted most prudently in agreeing to follow his lead. He is obviously the best chief, and Gambetta's puny speech at Perigueux shows that he is for the moment incompetent to the situation. Danton might teach us how apt the great chiefs of the audacious type are to lose heart on certain occasions. Certainly France is not ripe for Gambetta yet, whatever she may be in ten years, when the Republic has had time to consolidate itself. You may say that Thiers will only restore the 'bascule' system. Very likely—but that is a million times better than the accession of the accursed priests, who, as the fair Miss Souvestre writes to-day, "montrent à toutes les portes leurs visages en jouissant d'une triomphe anticipé". Don't let our outstanding grudge against Thiers for his bloody suppression of the Commune make us disparage his position in this crisis.

I agree with you about the result—not because I have so much confidence in the French people, but because Chambord will certainly show himself impracticable. Hold up the Extreme Left by all means as the party with a programme and a future: meantime the Left Centre is not so bad, if it weren't so easily frightened. A foreign critic of our English affairs would be very wrong if he held up Chamberlain and Leatham and you and me as people of immediate consequence. An Extreme Left is always a party of the future, eh?

I don't want to leave the "poor white merchants"—where the deuce did you pick up that whining way of talking about the rapacious thieves? Have you a second cousin in the palm oil line, or what is it? Well, I don't want to

leave them to be eaten by the Ashantees. We must finish this affair—punishing the government for letting us drift into it. Then we say to all whom it concerns: "We give you five years to clear out: during that time we protect you: after that, we give up the whole concern: we won't send honest English soldiers to certain death of pestilence for all the palm oil in creation. To keep up a pestilential possession like that is not a colonial policy, nor anything else but waste and madness." If you don't agree with that, I brand you as a traitor to the principles of your master, the immortal Comte.

If you don't see your way to taking that line, then *taceas*. The subject can wait.

Bright, you see, is not going to speak at all—because he is ill, or pretends to be. It doesn't matter. He has really nothing to say. Don't bolster up the government. Deal blows all round. Do you see that the *Spectator* gives me the credit of your epigrams? . . .

I've undertaken to take a history class at the Mechanics' Institute here on Tuesday evenings: on the French Revolution: twenty evenings: young shipmen, etc. Of course gratis. If one wants to learn a thing, teach it. Is that right?

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *October* 14.—A paragraph on French politics, with suggestions for Harrison's letter on 'Public Affairs'. Then he turns to education.

N.B.—Hayter is with us on Education; James voted for repeal of 25th clause, and would not have got his 87 majority if the Dissenters had not worked for him. So neither Bath nor Taunton will do Forster any good. Still, I fear the School Board election in November won't do us any good. Our side has been so ill-placed before the public. I think you ought to give a couple of pages to the matter. I send you a *Daily News*, whose second leader exposes the folly and weakness of Coleridge—with my assistance. Imagine a responsible politician talking like that. I hope to have my book, *i.e.* reprints of Education, with No. IV. out by Nov. 1. It may help the School Board elections. The article in the forthcoming *Quarterly* on the

Programme of the Radicals—probably Chamberlain's—will give you texts, I dare say.

On December 24 Morley wrote :

I should like you to answer my question, thrice put : Do you consent to have another man's writing put along with your own under the heading of P.A., if it should ever seem desirable to me ? This requires a reply.

That editorial difficulties should quickly arise over 'Public Affairs'—as the *chronique* was called—is not at all surprising. A comprehensive policy covering all fields of domestic and foreign policy could not long be run in harmonious alliance by a pair of idealistic Radicals, glowing with conviction, sensitive, not to say touchy, far too conscientious to surrender an opinion lightly, confident of their own judgments, anxious to collaborate but not very ready to compromise. It is no wonder that, when a new issue cropped up, their views often diverged violently. Harrison had started writing 'Public Affairs' for the *Fortnightly* in October 1873, and went on until May 1874. But there were constant tiffs between the partners before the final break. After one rather sharp interchange of discourtesies, and an apologetic letter from Harrison, Morley wrote (Feb. 1, 1874) :

On the whole I do think that Cicero *ad Atticum* is a better model for letters between friends than Père Duchesne. And I will frankly admit that in respect of you, and perhaps two other people in the world, my skin is a good deal less tough than it may seem. To the press and the general public I am as unaffectedly a rhinoceros as ever was ; but *you* can put me on the gridiron a good deal more promptly than I dare say you suppose. . . . I wish we could meet more frequently ; I always leave your house with a pleasant glow in my soul—if I have a soul.

Again he regrets that Harrison is not in Parliament, where "you could be of immense service, not less in

teaching some of our crudish Radicals a riper wisdom than in stirring up the obstructives " :

I am really beginning to fear this crude mechanical Radicalism, which is so uncertain of its own aims, which looks at society so metaphysically, and which is moreover so fearfully pliant, and so eager to outbid every higher offer than its own. You would have set a good example to the politicians of this stamp ; and, if you had agreed with them, would have added argumentative weight to notions which they pick up anyhow. However, you are Out and not In, so you must trust to your grey goose quill for power. 'Tis no small power either. If you will only write more and more like the fervent, grave, weighty epistles of Saint Paul, and less and less like the Athanasian Creed. You are so capable of rising to the height of the first, or somewhere towards the height ; only the devil enters into you, and the air thunders with ' Quicumque vults '. Do you know, I think you ought to go through a severe course of Burke. Not everybody can bend the Ulyssean bow, but you could : he is your true model. If you are Ulysses, am I not playing Nestor presumptuously ? I am, however, about ninety years older than you ; having a feeling of played-out-ness about me which your sinewy soul (what a materialist image) will never know. So I'll be Polonius to your Laertes.

Then he talks of G. H. Lewes, and drubs him for wanting a new book he had published to be reviewed and praised the moment it came off the press. Lytton, also, had sent his two volumes, *Fables in Song*, and Morley asks who is to review them.

Do you see, my dear Harrison, what an impossible thing it is for an editor to keep friends with people who write books, and at the same time keep friends with his own poor conscience ? On my word, not a week passes that somebody does not barefacedly ask why we have not yet had an article on his or her book, or his or her second cousin's book. . . .

Morley took no part in the general elections of 1874, but went off to Birmingham to deliver a lecture on

Robespierre. The Liberal losses far exceeded anticipation. Reform Club men returning from the contest told how in many places the middle classes had gone Conservative and how the roughs had rallied to the Tory side. Sheffield, where Chamberlain was defeated, had been placarded by Roebuck with "The Briton's Bible and the Briton's Beer—our National Church and our National Beverage". Harrison traced this Conservative reaction on its intellectual side to Mill. Quiet, comfortable folk had been frightened by some of his seemingly socialistic doctrines, and especially his proposals for confiscating or appropriating to public use the unearned increment of land. There had been a resurrection of Timidity, Stupidity, and Selfishness. But on the whole it was no bad thing. A longish reign of moderate Conservatism would give them time to think, write, and prepare. Morley concurred. It is easy to be philosophical about a general election when you are not standing yourself.

Tunbridge, *February* 11.—I did not get back from Birmingham until one o'clock yesterday, and then I felt bound to go and console with Maxse. Between ourselves, his state was really painful to see—such rage, denunciation, exaltation—stamping, thumping, shouting. I could only sit still and patiently bite my thumb by way of relief.

At Birmingham I stayed at Chamberlain's. He is a lively and cheerful spirit—has already recovered from his mortification at Sheffield, and is intent on great things as Chairman of the School Board and King of Birmingham, which he really is by sheer virtue of initiative, spirit, and acute energetic good sense. His theory of the reaction seems the true one to me—Gladstone and Forster had irritated and disheartened the moral and truly political minority; then the publicans rushed in and crushed the Liberals, thus weakened—that is, gave the Tories decisive preponderance. This, indeed, is virtually your own view, very shortly stated.

In the matter of Education, which I am interested in,

the elections clearly mean this—that the majority of the electors wish Forster's Act to have a fair trial. I only hope that Dizzy will make Forster hold on to his present office, as the Bradford Tories have kept him in his seat. The League have played their game extremely ill. They ought never to have fixed on the 25th clause: I have always told them so, and at the very last meeting of the Exec. Committee, Maxse and I were a minority of two, pressing the modification of our attitude in this matter. So far as the workmen voters have been influenced by the Education controversy at all—and they have *not* been much—they have virtually sided with the people who figured as the champions of the poor man's right to choose his school. However, all this is at an end for some years to come. The electors have made a mistake, but it would be folly not to see that Education is now a hybernating question—until we can point to the inspectors' reports, results, educational failures, etc., after Forster's Act has had a five years' trial or so. If the Tories make W. H. Smith Education Minister, he will do just what Forster would have done. If, on the other hand, they put in some angrier Tory, who yields to the clerical demand for the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause, and so forth—then we others shall get the benefit of the popular disinclination to meddle with the Act in either direction.

For myself, I'm glad I went into the controversy. It is the beginning, as I keep saying, of the mightier disestablishment controversy.

Then, after asking Harrison to write on the political consequences of the elections, he turns to their controversy over Bismarck's anti-Catholic legislation, which Harrison had been comparing to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes! The *F.R.* must keep cool:

You can't settle a discussion like this by passionate declamation like yours, based on a nonsensical preconception picked up out of a French dreamer and system-monger, that everything which is not French must be inferior, paltry, or wicked. I don't pretend to judge the Falk legislation, except in a tentative and provisional way. Neither you nor

I know enough of the actual operation of the laws, nor of the position and wishes (socially and politically) of the Catholics—in a word we are not familiar enough with Germany to have the least right to dogmatise about a complex, far-reaching set of laws like Falk's.

When Harrison talks about England Morley listens to him with respect, because he is a shrewd observer; when he talks about France he listens also, "less deferentially, because your judgment is apt to be warped by an arbitrary and artificial view of French history". When he talks about Germany he listens with "the profoundest suspicion, doubt, and misgiving".

I don't say that a leader of opinion should always pose as a minister of state. But I do say that he should criticise policy, national action, national tendencies, with a careful, and not only a careful, but visible weighing of all that is to be said for one way of acting rather than another. Visible—because it is the business of a leader of opinion in the press to teach his followers mental habits as well as conclusions, to infuse into them something of the true statesman temperament. This does not prevent fervour, earnest preference of one line of policy to another, vigorous condemnation of the worse course. But I'm sure it prevents such writing as your last piece about Germany—especially any such wholesale indictment as is laid in the closing sentence. Talk of German slavishness, etc., etc. Do you see they have got 10 Socialists, 10 avowed Communists, in their chamber? When do you think Versailles will have 10 destructives of the German sort in parliament? Why, I do verily believe there is five times as much democratic spirit—true social-democratic—in Germany as there is in France. You don't know Germany, I tell you. No more do I, but I am always learning and trying to learn, while you are content to take the dictum of Comte as the last word as to the German position in Europe, and you only listen to what supports that.

And then to commend me to eradicate Mill from my mind, and soak myself in Comte! And to talk of Turgot in the same breath with Comte! If I know the work and

character of any man in history 'tis Turgot—and a more ludicrous arrangement could not be imagined, as you will see when my long-digested Turgot is given to an unworthy world.

When you write, I hope you will elaborate all you say about Mill's advent to parliament. I feel very much with you about it; and think it very acute of you to have gone back to that. Only, remember, Mill saw the difficulties, or, I should say, the political issues—land, etc., though his solutions were not wise, as I think—certainly not 'unearned increment'.

On this last point he modified his views later on, as the Radical programme developed.

Later in the month the two begin to discuss imperialism in tropical Africa. Harrison thought that Morley was too humanitarian. A decisive answer came from Tunbridge on March 12:

I never meant, my dear Harrison, any humanitarian nonsense about Coomassie. As you truly say, Moltke was quite right to shell Paris. I always thought so. Only it seems to me that we have broken up the only decently powerful tribe in the district and left an infernal chaos, as in Abyssinia. We surely ought to keep clear of all this entanglement with savages—unless we occupy and administer as in India, which we cannot possibly do from the nature of the case. . . . I'm producing a fierce jeremiad for the next *F.R.* over things in general. I'll send proof to you in a few days. I'm only debating whether to give it a philosophic or political form.

Morley had seen Goldwin Smith at Oxford, and had dined with Mundella, a Radical leader who kept in close and friendly touch with the Trade Union movement. A few days later he reported an evening at Matthew Arnold's:

Extremely pleasant: Huxley and his wife, Forster and his, and Lord Charles Russell. I was placed next to Forster, and after a talk about various matters, he drew on to

Education, and took some pains to vindicate his way of doing the business. I was modestly firm, and we parted good friends. He impressed me a good deal. He is evidently acute—strong—keen—and thoroughly *cunning*: of the last I am as certain as possible—strong slyness—or sly strength, that's Forster.

Arnold was extremely amiable and kind and nice, and I liked him better than I ever did before.

At this time Morley was elected a member of the Athenæum,[1] an honour which his friend thought very significant considering the force of Bishops in the Club. A letter of May 6 from Morley to Harrison describes a conference with Nonconformists on Education and Disestablishment:

They put me up, and I had a very striking reception on presenting myself. They remember the Education Act. I alluded pointedly to my differences from them in theology, and they cheered loudly. These good men have the root of the matter in them; and I have pretty well resolved, after *Compromise*, to paint a picture of the Establishment, and broach a scheme of disendowment—a pendant to the Education papers. I think I see all they want from a national point of view.

This morning I ventured to give your friend, the workman, a friendly kick; if he chooses to act and take his place like any other citizen, good: but I don't recognise the workman as such, except in economic controversy. Do let us try to give a *national*, not a class tone to English politics.

At the conclusion of this letter he remains "ever your loving friend til deth".

Harrison was not enthusiastic about a Disestablishment crusade. "I wish you would turn your mind to founding rather than destroying churches." Soon afterwards another controversy began. Harrison thought he had several grievances against the editor, and was

[1] He was proposed by Tyndall and Maine.

especially annoyed about an article on 'Spiritualism' which had just appeared. At last he definitely refused to go on with his own articles on 'Public Affairs'. Morley, who was much distressed, wound up a long letter on June 9: "I would rather think you right than not, because to lose faith in the firm and judicial equity of one's most confidential friend is no light affair."

The friendship was resumed after a time; but there was no longer that confidential intimacy which had revealed thoughts and emotions with an abandonment rarely practised between men so sensitively independent, so zealous for truth, so full of conviction, and—one must add—so fond of epistolary disputation.

I can only find one more letter to Frederic Harrison during 1874:

5 CHATHAM TERRACE, RAMSGATE, *Midsummer Day*, 1874. —We have been here a week now, and find the air very fresh and fine. . . . The Beeslys are coming down for a couple of days to-day, and Providence has provided a noble S.W. wind for them, and a bold sea.

What have I been doing? Writing a dull chapter on Religious Conformity, full of quite obvious truths, which everybody accepts and nobody acts on. There is only to be one more chapter of it, to the joy of the public. They are beginning, I think, to look on my *Compromise* as natural heir to the interminable dulness of Lady Anne. . . . Congreve's big tome is on my table—and I've only had time to turn it over. It affects me diversely; I admire his courage, I sympathise with a good many of his views,—and yet I come on things which I do not admire at all. 'Tis just the same with all of you. I am so near you, and yet somehow there's a great gulf fixed.

At the end of the year he writes from Tunbridge Wells (December 29) to Mrs. Harrison accepting an invitation. In this note, answering a query about Positivism, he says: "But I *am* a Positivist—and a staunch repudiator of theology, root and branch. Only I am not, you know, of the straitest sect, and I disclaim

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all labels." From this time onwards until December 1885 it was to the Birmingham School rather than to the English disciples of Comte that Morley looked for political inspiration, or at least for practical guidance in party controversy.

CHAPTER VI

RELIGION

In 1874 Longmans published two books on religion, which profoundly interested Morley. The first, an anonymous publication entitled *Supernatural Religion: an Enquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation*, was written partly from the standpoint of a scientific rationalist, partly from that of a classical scholar versed in the new criticism. The book was severely handled in the *Contemporary* by Dr. Lightfoot; and Morley, who had perhaps overvalued it, published a rejoinder from the author, which must have been caviare to the general reader; for it bristled with Greek quotations from the Fathers, and with the incomprehensible erudition of German commentators. The mere fact of its admission to the *Fortnightly* shows what a fascination the controversy between theology and rationalism was exercising over the editor's mind. The other, and far more important work, was a volume entitled *Nature: the Utility of Religion: Theism*, by John Stuart Mill. It was a posthumous publication, though the first part, the essay on Nature, had been written fifteen years before his death. Mill's reserve in refraining from the publication of his religious opinions had, so wrote Morley, "long puzzled Mr. Mill's followers, and perhaps even scandalised some of the more ardent on-pressing spirits". It was not fear of odium. Such a supposition, we are told, would have been inconsistent with the strength and courage of his character. Indeed it was

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quite in keeping with Mill's habitual disinclination to be hurried into premature decision on points to which he thought he had not given sufficient time and labour, or on questions which he had not exhausted to the utmost limit of his own thinking powers. Until he had subjected his conclusions to the test of time and had also elaborated their form and expression, Mill would not allow the curiosity of others to force him into premature publication. This caution, he thought, pre-eminently necessary in the case of religious speculation. At first sight it might seem that Mill's disciple reversed this process; for his own religious speculations were nearly all published before he had reached his fortieth year. But we must remember that from his Oxford days he had been wrestling with high problems of Theology, and had only reached the Lucretian standpoint after much reading, cogitation, and reflection. When he thought he saw the light, or rather the darkness beyond, he felt bound to make his opinions known. Afterwards he altered, not his own belief, but his desire to make converts or to disturb others in their faith.

It was from 1874 to 1876 that Morley gave up most time to the Supernatural, the Unknowable, the Incredible, to Faith and Unfaith, to the mysteries of Life and Death, to Christianity and Christian evidences. In July 1874 he wrote on "Religious Conformity". In the next month he concluded *Compromise*. In October he examined 'A recent work on Supernatural Religion'. Then a criticism of 'Mr. Mill's Three Essays on Religion' was begun in the November number of the 1874 *Fortnightly* and concluded in the following January. After that came a long and arduous study of Diderot and the Encyclopædists.

To these essays on Religion and Religious Conformity, or Compromise, we must add—in order to envisage Morley's philosophy of the Unknowable, his attitude to Christianity, and his conception of the new Religion of Humanity—a finely executed article on Mill's *Auto-*

biography (January 1874), another on Comte written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in 1876, some chapters from his gallery of Frenchmen, and finally an essay on George Eliot, written in 1886, after the appearance of her *Life and Letters*. Three of these pieces, one on Supernatural Religion and two on Mill's essays, he did not republish in his Collected Works, for reasons not difficult to fathom. No thinker of modern times was ever more practical, more in touch with active thought, or more sensitive to the movements of opinion. The dogmas of Catholicism, the elasticity and comprehensiveness of the Thirty-nine Articles, the origin of Creation, the problem of Immortality, the credibility of the Miracles, the controversy between the opponents and defenders of a State Church, and the battle in Germany and Italy between Ultramontanism and the Secular Power, were all living and momentous issues in the 'seventies. They yielded in the 'eighties and 'nineties to another set of issues—the rights of nationalities, the developments of Imperialism, the use of Force, the growth of armaments, the contest between Labour and Capital, between the State and the Individual, between the philosophies of Adam Smith and Karl Marx. In some of these, and above all in the paramount issue of peace or war, Morley found many good Christian men and women on his side and many agnostics among the worshippers of Force. So he came to care comparatively little whether men believed more than he did, provided they were right on the great moral controversies of public life and national policy.

How is it that so many men and women came away from a talk with Morley confessing that he had impressed them with a sense of the spiritual? How came it that Gladstone, devout believer, defender of the faith, devoted son of the Church of England, loved Morley above all his orthodox colleagues—Morley, positivist, determinist, rationalist, apologist of Voltaire and the French Infidels; who, moreover, had been for years one of the foremost

advocates of Disestablishment, Disendowment, and Secular Education; Morley, convinced and unfaltering agnostic, from early manhood to the last days of a long life?

Lord Acton, who knew Morley and Gladstone well and their colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's last two Cabinets, found nothing surprising in this friendship. He once said to an Actonian, Mr. G. P. Gooch, that Gladstone loved Morley because Morley was the only one of his colleagues who really cared for political theory. Morley's opinions had deep roots. In learning and detailed knowledge of history he did not compete with Acton or Bryce —prodigious readers with prodigious memories. But he, too, was a great reader; and if he accumulated fewer facts, he reflected and philosophised more. In these early days he was a bold and eager disputant, combining an apostolic fervour and missionary zeal with the critic's calmer search for truth. An original mind like his would not follow blindly in the footsteps of any one master in philosophy or history. We may call him a Millite, or a Comtist, as we may call Mill a disciple of Bentham or of Adam Smith. He was always willing to learn, to take in new ideas and impressions. But he was not easily tempted, or driven from an entrenched position. His opinions had been too slowly and painfully formed to be lightly relinquished. His enthusiasms were quickly stirred, and his indignation would flame up very easily over a book, a newspaper, or a chance remark in conversation. Then perhaps a cold fit would come, with suspicion and cunctation.

Morley's attitude to religion changed more than his religious opinions. In a sense the average church- or chapel-goer has no religion, because he has accepted everything without examination. His beliefs are mostly conventional. Nothing has been probed. Nor is the creed of the ordinary agnostic much more than indifference. He cares for nothing beyond the veil. His shallow materialism no more deserves to be called

philosophy than superstition, or conventional orthodoxy, deserves the holy name of religion. But to Morley the unknowable was not indifferent. After a time he tired of metaphysics. But a real believer, who had wrestled with the difficulties of faith, always interested him. So did the whole problem of the credulity of the species. At first he thought that a destruction of religious dogmas and of a belief in supernaturalism was almost indispensable to the rapid progress of society—just as he thought that the Disestablishment of the Church should precede and pave the way to political reforms. In this spirit as interpreter of a Voltaire, a Turgot, or a Diderot, he sought to remove the prejudice against infidelity by showing what unbelievers had done for humanity, truth, and justice. But as soon as he began to agitate on the platform he found that God-fearing Nonconformists were his best allies in pressing for a comprehensive measure of National Education; and when imperialism began to menace peace it was from their ranks that he drew most encouragement and support. In short, moral and political progress depended on the aid of Milton's 'true wayfaring Christian'. This did not change his opinions, *de veritate*, but it extinguished by degrees the missionary half of his agnosticism. Even in the early 'seventies, while his private language to intimates, and even sentences in the *Fortnightly*, might well have offended pious people, he could write—as we have seen—of 'the divine mystic of the Galilean hills'; though when a Comtist friend protested against the epithet he changed 'divine' to 'sublime'—as it now stands in the text.

The mellowing process went on until he could poke fun (as he did once with me) at the Disestablishing zeal of Carvell Williams. In later days he would never, I think, have laboured to convert a Christian, Jew, or Moslem into a Lucretian. He came to realise that right and wrong in public and private life are not dependent upon religious opinions or professions. Many

of his loyal and stout supporters (probably most) believed what he thought incredible things, and clung with tenacity to the faith or at least to the Church of their fathers. Of the Comtists, Agnostics, and Atheists, not a few disgusted him by deserting a good cause at a crisis, sometimes swept off their feet by a wave of emotion, sometimes preferring office, popularity, or self-interest to public duty and the still small voice of conscience. You may contrast his deep mystical Lucretianism with the matter-of-fact atheism of Leslie Stephen, who had no bump of reverence and was more concerned to undermine men's faith than to inspire them with public spirit and a sense of duty to their fellow-citizens. It was this sense of public duty, yoked with a public-spirited ambition, that drew Morley into politics and kept him there. By this, too, he was attracted to Positivism; but he never could persuade himself that the Service of Humanity requires the Worship of a Deified Humanity. While he loved church music, and could enjoy at all times of his life the pomp and splendour of a Cathedral service, he drew for himself a severe line, not only between the discovered and the undiscovered, but also between the discoverable and the undiscoverable; and he refused to allow Belief or Faith to exercise itself in his own mind upon mysteries for which his reason could find no evidence. It was at this point, as we shall now see, that he parted company in sorrowful surprise with Mill, his guide, philosopher, and friend.

If Mill's reserve in giving expression to his esoteric opinions about religion had been prompted by lack of courage, it would have been rather from a fear of scandalising his own disciples—the agnostics, rationalists, or utilitarians, to whom he had taught empiricism—than of provoking the Unco-Guid and conventionally religious, or those spiritually minded people who cling to the rock of Holy Scripture and to the Revelations of the New Testament. That is the conclusion to which

Morley came after an anxious and close perusal of his old master's posthumously published work :

On the whole we are inclined to think that comparatively little odium will be excited by Mr. Mill's opinions. . . . At first there may be, indeed there already has been, a certain shock at the outspokenness with which Mr. Mill repudiates some of the ideas which are most cherished by the less instructed or less thoughtful among believers. But it is the foundation of the superstructure about which the wiser heads are solicitous. And of the foundations, I am not sure that Mr. Mill does not leave them as much as they want. Theologians who know their trade, with the aid of no shiftier logic than they and their hearers are accustomed to, will certainly be able to construct a far more respectable kind of defence than they had any reason to hope out of Mr. Mill's concluding admissions. His volume is no doubt thoroughly destructive of the doctrines which the more strict and literal adherents of the current supernatural creed count of the highest sacredness and importance. To the mystic articles of the Faith, which still remains the main organ of spiritual life in the west, his vigorous dialectic gives no quarter. On the common conception of the attributes of a Supreme Being he makes a most unsparing attack. Even the cardinal propositions that such a Being exists, and that this Being has endowed men with the quality of being immortal, he reduces from the august rank of certainties to the humbler place of holy possibilities. To the orthodox believer, however lax the form of orthodoxy may be, Mr. Mill's conclusions will seem objectionable enough. All this is true ; yet considering both the intensity and the direction of the apprehensions of the theological world at present, how terrified men are at the prospect of being driven by science headlong into a forlorn wilderness of atheism and materialism, we may see reason for anticipating a certain sense of relief when it is found that, so far from shutting the door of hope on all the old religious doctrines, the chief English propagator of positive modes of thought in this generation closes his speculative work in the world with the following propositions.

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Here we may pause to remind ourselves of the doctrine taught by Mill and his precursors—that human knowledge is derived from and limited by experience, and that as rational beings we have no right to affirm as true any proposition of which we have either no evidence or insufficient evidence. This was rationalism as Morley understood it, and it was from Mill that he had learnt it. To believe in the incredible—the *credo quia incredibile*—was on this view not a crowning virtue but mortal sin, a crime against Reason, a disloyalty to Truth.

Morley and his school could not deny that there are 'things invisible to mortal sight'—mysteries transcending space and time; nor that behind the marvels which astronomy, geology, biology, physics were explaining, an ever-enlarging vista of new marvels—enveloped in a haze of possibilities, probabilities, and more or less scientific guesswork—was rising up on the dim horizons of our intellectual landscape. But Morley was very jealous of any tendency to allow faith, hope, fancy, imagination, or hypothesis to encroach upon reason and to undermine the fortress of truth by sapping its foundation rock of evidence and experience. The propositions, to which Mill in this posthumous work on religion finally committed himself, seemed to Morley a labefaction, a back-sliding from rationalism to a supernaturalism verging on superstition, an opening of the door to new and illegitimate forms of theological speculation.

In brief, Mill's new propositions could be grouped under four heads:

1. What evidence we possess points to the creation of our universe by an Intelligent Mind, benevolent but not omnipotent. Mill could not concede omnipotence to the Creator, because he could not reconcile with omnipotence in a *benevolent* Creator the cruelty of nature and the existence of so much evil, pain, injustice, and undeserved suffering in this world.

2. It is possible for a rational sceptic to admit that

Christ was actually what He supposed Himself to be— "a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue".

3. Though there is no assurance of a life after death, yet there is no reason why any one, who feels that the hope for immortality will conduce to his usefulness, should not indulge in such a hope.

4. Finally, with reference to miracles and revelation, considering that the order of Nature affords some evidence of the reality of a Creator, of his benevolence and of his limited power, considering also our ignorance of the limits to his power, and of the original plan of creation and of the precious gift which came to us through one man, who openly proclaimed that it came from God to Him, we are entitled to say that there is nothing 'so inherently impossible or absolutely incredible' in the supposition of miracles or of the divine revelation 'as to preclude any one from hoping that perhaps it may be true'.

Morley, as we have intimated, does not welcome these concessions, though he insists on their tenuity:

> Undoubtedly to those who have dwelt with exaltation in the blazing sunlight of dogmatic convictions, these twilight hopes and tepid possibilities will seem miserably desolate. Yet such persons will nourish a certain private thankfulness for the buckler with which Mr. Mill has furnished them against the fiery darts of the dogmatic unbeliever. . . . They will contrast the iron unfaith of James Mill, that more than Roman figure of the *Autobiography*, with the eagerness of his son and most important disciple, to restore the domain of the supernatural, after it has been removed from the region of Belief into the region of Hope. So long as this domain of the supernatural is left to them in one quarter or another, they will feel that nothing is lost. Concede to them the region of Hope, and they will count pretty surely on making the old growths thrive in it with the old vigour of the region of belief.

To sum up Mill's religion. It displaces the idea of providential government by an omnipotent deity, and substitutes 'the idea of the possibility, and in a low degree even the probability' of a universe governed by a deity with limited powers. It admits certain supernatural potentialities, incapable of demonstration, as proper objects of rational hope, and vindicates such hope as a legitimate aid and support to 'that real though human religion, which sometimes calls itself the Religion of Humanity and sometimes that of Duty'.

In fine, Mill, after expelling with keen dialectic the false notions of natural theology, was so impressed by the valuable associations bound up in those false notions that he set himself to transform them, in order to preserve what was precious and helpful to the imagination, while throwing off what was unacceptable to the right reason. This anxiety not to go further in the negative direction than the evidence warrants had, in Morley's opinion, led Mill 'to grant positions which are not at all unlikely to be the springs of a new and mischievous reaction towards supernaturalism'. He was not attracted by this new creed of 'low probabilities and faintly cheering potentialities', nor could he be unconscious of incongruity in the final appeal to a mystic sentiment which in other parts of the book its author had shown good reason for discarding. And so, "with all profound respect and unalterable affection for Mr. Mill's character and memory I, for one, cannot help regarding the most remarkable part of the book as an aberration not less grave than the aberration with which he rightly charged Comte".

Among the adversaries of truth Morley counted those who substitute the history of a conception for a scientific inquiry into its truth or its correspondence with reality. This, no doubt, is one of the sins that most easily beset philosophers of the historical school, who are interested in tracing the growth of an opinion rather than in assessing its value and utility. The influence of such studies,

he said, is to prolong the epoch of decay; for they arrest the mind just when it would have passed forth from declining beliefs to voyage on strange seas of thought in search of beliefs more reconcilable with reason and knowledge. This warning against the misuse of history in philosophy accords with the spirit of Mill's teaching. Not that Mill suffered, as Bentham did, from a deficiency of the historic sense. But he had been too well trained in the characteristic spirit of the eighteenth century to put the history of ideas before an inquiry into the ideas themselves. Whatever might be said about Mill's conclusions, his book would at least bring men face to face with opinions as elements in human life and not merely with their origins in Persia, Egypt, India, or some other ancient country. As Mill himself put it in this very book on religion:

> The most important quality of an opinion on any momentous subject is its truth or its falsity, which to us resolves itself into a sufficiency of the evidence on which it rests.

Morley and Mill were at one in thinking it 'indispensable' that religion should be reviewed scientifically and the evidence for it tested by the same methods and on the same principles as those of any speculative conclusions drawn by physical science.

With the first of Mill's essays, entitled *Nature*, the disciple has little fault to find. It was a critical examination of the words 'Nature' and 'natural', and of their employment—from the days of the stoics down to Rousseau and modern scientists—to convey approval and even moral obligation. Mill set himself to show that the glorification of Nature has been 'one of the most copious sources of false taste, false philosophy, false morality, and even bad law'.

By using 'Nature and natural' as a test of right and wrong for human conduct, philosophers had retarded social progress; for they were disparaging the improve-

ments brought about by man's own effort, when they substituted a fanciful conformity to Nature for utility (or the promotion of general happiness) as the criterion of good and evil.

To look at Nature as she is instead of through the eyes of a natural theologian, or of an emotional theorist like Rousseau, is to see that Nature ' red in tooth and claw ' is no moral guide for human beings, and that the scheme, order, and course of Nature cannot be called providential or consonant with the moral perfection and beneficence of an omnipotent deity. To most of us this almost sweeping condemnation of Nature seems to be overdone. The idea that primitive man had no virtues is hardly more tenable than the theory that civilisation necessarily means luxurious decadence.

John Mill's antipathy to Nature came from his father. The turning-point in James Mill's life had been the reading of Butler's *Analogy*. After that, he found it impossible to believe that a world so evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness. In this way James Mill's aversion to religion in the popular sense came to be comparable with that of Lucretius, to whom the superstitions of Greek and Roman paganism seemed not merely irrational but also morally detestable. John Mill was therefore following in his father's footsteps, when he subjected the doctrines of natural theology and natural morality to a ruthless and destructive analysis. Those who bid us follow Nature, he declared, are laying down a maxim which is either superfluous or absurd. In one sense every human action is an exertion of some natural power, or some natural exercise of the organs of Nature. But it is absurd to tell men to follow Nature as a precept of right action ; for the whole process of civilisation from ploughing to manufacture and to the refinements of art is plainly a process of interfering with, or improving upon, Nature. " The Natural man ", to quote Morley's summary, " is pugnacious and irascible ; but he has

not true courage. He has a bestial lack of cleanliness. He is a liar. He is unjust. He is profoundly selfish, an 'égoiste à deux à trois', or 'à quatre'." Such is, or was, man 'when he was nearest the Creator's hand', before the old Adam had been purged. And if we examine the ways of Nature—the cruelty of animals to one another, the destruction caused by hurricanes, or flights of locusts, or inundations, or storms at sea, or earthquakes—we realise that Nature is often more ruthless and cruel, that she causes more desolation and misery, than tyrants inflict upon their subjects or warring nations upon one another.

Neither Morley nor Mill would accept the argument that natural calamities possess an occult quality of promoting good and wise ends. Even if they did, good ends are no moral warrant for bad means. That good sometimes comes out of evil is no argument for the promotion of evil. If, then, we are to accept a theology, we must either believe in the Manichean theory of a God and a Devil, a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for mastery of the universe, or we must accept the theory that the Creator's power is limited. He could not altogether subdue the powers of evil, physical and moral; but he could, and did, make mankind capable of carrying on the fight against them 'with vigour and with progressively increasing success'. It was in man's instinct and capacity for improvement that Mill found evidence for a divine and benevolent Creator, attaching to it, as Morley thought, more importance than it deserved. But the old theological explanations of the mystery of evil, of free will, and of a divine punishment falling alike on the just and the unjust, are rejected decisively as incompatible with the perfection of goodness which is to be worshipped in the deity. Morley argues that the idea of man's perfectibility by his own energetic endeavour is the true inspiration for life and conduct. To bring this conviction of the improvableness of society and of human character into a

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leading place among our habitual notions we must, he says, displace the metaphysical idea of Nature as a force controlling our destinies and benignly shaping them to higher and more prosperous ends.

From the theme of Nature and Natural Theology we pass to the doctrine of Evolution. Unfortunately Darwin's speculations and theories were not fully known when Mill's essay on Nature was composed. This explained the omission of any reference to them; but "it can never, I think, be sufficiently deplored", wrote Morley, "that the author did not find time to give us the result of his meditations as to the effect upon his own long-settled line of thought of the theory of Evolution and its moral and sociological applications". For since Mill's *System of Logic* appeared, the Philosophy of Experience had been not only enlarged but revolutionised. The experience on which the new dominant (evolutionary) philosophy based itself 'is that of the species, not of the individual'—the experience not of personal observation but of an ascending series of natural phenomena. Morley was not in love with the moral, social, and political theories that were being spun out of the evolutionary idea. For might not this new conception of Nature end like the old one in a disparagement of man's capacity to improve his condition?

There is an ancient story of a creature which had only one eye, and whose enemy was a sea-monster; it was careful then to feed with its single eye turned to the sea; and lo, there came up a monster from the land side unseen, and quickly devoured it. And while Utilitarians have been doing battle against the Nature of theology and of metaphysics, there has sprung up the Nature of evolution, the great self-unfolding force of progressive development. Civilisation on the evolutional theory is no more artificial than Nature is artificial. It is a part of nature, all of a piece, as has been said, with the development of the embryo or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications which our race has undergone and still undergoes are the consequences

of a law that underlies the whole organic creation. What becomes of man's voluntary agency in face of this ?

I don't think that Morley ever quite got over the difficulty of reconciling scientific determinism with the free will doctrine implied in perfectibility. But he remained to the end both a determinist and a perfectibilitarian. He was inclined to think that men of genius are only spontaneous exaggerations or variations of humanity, and he held that progress depends upon the action of exceptionally gifted men in circumstances exceptionally favourable. " The vast majority of mankind follow mechanically ; they lack gifts of initiative." Hence the conservative power of social environment. But as civilisation advances communities become more susceptible of modification, and the share of man in guiding his own destinies increases in proportion to the growth of civilisation. And the mere consciousness that this is so is in itself an active stimulant to intelligent and energetic exertions :

> Human effort is the channel through which the transforming forces are poured. Human forethought, contrivance, energy, sociability, are the indispensable conditions of the continuance of the long process of development. Even if these conditions are, as we know them to be, dependent on a long series of antecedents that were never within the control of us who are now alive, that fact of what is to us as a fatalistic origin of the impulses and circumstances does not commit us to anything like an acquiescence in fatalistic destination. The evolutionist would admit this as fully as Mr. Mill would claim it. And on the other hand, Mr. Mill's contention involves no denial of the truth that the limits of human effort are fixed at any given time by the antecedent social conditions.

From Nature and Evolution Morley passes, in a second article, ' to the two essays which naturally excite the most eager interest in a time of religious fermentation ' :

> To us both the conclusions at which Mr. Mill arrives, and, what is even more important, the spirit of the con-

clusions, are a rather keen surprise. But notwithstanding this, Mr. Mill's treatment of his subject certainly on the whole makes it more interesting, and not less so. We may think the reasoning at some points halt of foot; we may discern arguments unclinched; we may deplore the virtual elevation of naked and arbitrary possibilities into the place of reasonable probabilities. Still it would be mere petulance, even where the pages least carry conviction to those who were fed on the *System of Logic*, not to be sensible of a certain breath of pensive sincerity, a deep-eyed solicitude for tender consciences, an anxious allowance for diversity of mental operation and temperament. There is a meditative simplicity of tone which affects us as if we had overheard the speeches in unconscious soliloquy. But it must always be a poor way of showing respect to one's best teacher, to veil or muffle our strong dissent. Mr. Mill had a greater aversion for nothing than for the spirit of sect, or the personal partisanship of a philosophic school. He would have counted it a great fault if the humblest disciple of Plato had feared to renounce the reactionary doctrine of the *Laws*. He would not have thought less ill of a follower of his own who should be deterred either by the deepest consciousness of intellectual and moral inferiority, or by the recollection of personal kindness, from stating such objections as might occur to him against any new deliverance, with all the freedom and directness at his command.

With the second of Mill's essays, on the Utility of Religion, Morley is in general agreement, though here and there he notes a declension from the old doctrine. But when Mill pronounces it ' perfectly conceivable that religion may be morally useful without being intellectually sustainable ', the reviewer finds a misleading ambiguity. " Does it mean that religion may be morally useful to the man who knows it to be intellectually indefensible ? Or only to people who are not yet alive to its want of intellectual foundation ? Does it mean that a creed may be morally beneficial to us, after we have discerned it to be untrue ? Or that, in spite of its being untrue, it may be morally beneficial to other

persons who have not found out how little true it is ?" However interpreted "the tendency of such a proposition is undoubtedly towards maxims of reserve, conformity, and compromise", because, where a society receives moral advantage from an untrue religion, a serious man, who perceived it to be untrue, would hesitate to say or do anything which might weaken its utility. Among men who are losing their own conviction in old and established beliefs there is already a tendency to lean on the notion that such beliefs are socially indispensable. "That idea enables them to reconcile conformity and its numerous conveniences with the gratification of their intellectual vanity by private disbelief."

Coming next to the questions, "What is religion, and what are its relations to morality ?" the reviewer considers that Mill undervalued the religious sanction—*i.e.* promises or threats of rewards and punishments in a future life—as a moral agency, and that he allowed too little efficacy to religious motives. But both author and critic hold that all moral rules exist independently of religious associations, that they can be maintained by public opinion, and that morality has done at least as much to improve religions as religions to improve morality. Both hold that the principal worth of all religions consists in 'an ideal conception of a Perfect Being to which men habitually refer as the guide of their conscience'. They agree, too, that the sense of unity with mankind and a deep feeling for the general good may be cultivated into a sentiment and a principle which would fulfil the functions of religion better than any form whatever of supernaturalism. But in Morley's judgment this second essay was marred by its failure to provide a true or even consistent account of what religion is. In his opinion the so-called Religion of Duty lacked a vital mark of religion, just as the personification and worship of Humanity in the Great Being of the Comtists struck him as a kind of imposture.

Morley's own contribution to a definition of religion is suggestive :

> Morality is not of the essence of religion ; is not its vital or constitutive element ; does not give us the secret of its deep attachments in the human heart. Religion is not in any way the outcome of the moral part of us ; it is at its root wholly unconnected with principles of conduct ; it has its rise in a sphere of feeling as absolutely independent of all our moral relations, as a poem like Shelley's *Skylark* is independent of them, or a piece of ineffable heart-searching melody by Beethoven or Handel. Why is it that in reading the religious compositions of the eighteenth century (always excepting certain pages of Rousseau) we all feel that the breath of religious sentiment has never passed over them ? In all these books the morality of religion seems to quench that spirituality which is its true essence. The characteristic deliverances of the religious emotions are not to be described in terms of ethics. Take the *Imitatio*, and read that in the light of a guide to conscience, or a direction to an object of the highest excellence, or an exaltation of altruism over egoism. Is not to do this to lose the whole soul of those divine musings, that ethereal meditation, those soft-glowing ecstasies, that passion of contemplation by the inmost eye ? To put the matter shortly, what are we to say is the note of Holiness as something beyond and apart from Virtue ?

An important difference between Mill and Morley rose out of a subtle distinction drawn by Mill between positive and negative truths. Nothing but good can come, says Mill, from rejecting what is positively untrue or from declaring what is positively true. So far, there can never be any conflict between truth and utility. But where the only truth ascertainable is that nothing can be known, it is not so certain that we should reject a guide-mark which—though invisible and unknowable —may have kept us right. To which Morley replies, borrowing from Mill's own philosophic armoury : " A frank recognition that certain subjects are inaccessible to our faculties is the first step towards the positive

process of strengthening and enlarging those other sources of virtue and happiness which stand in no need of the support or sanction of supernatural beliefs and inducements." If supernatural religions, on the whole, " have the effect of enervating the reasoning faculties, of engendering vicious habits of spiritual self-indulgence, of encouraging intellectual and moral sophistication ", then the mere negation of them " will do less harm than good ".

Whereas Mill's second essay prefers the religion of duty to any form of supernaturalism, " the third essay, strange to say, is on its most important side a qualified rehabilitation of supernatural hypotheses ". Enough, perhaps, has already been said to indicate the nature of Mill's evidences for a Creator of the Universe and of the position he assigns to Christianity. Morley's polemics cover a good many pages in the *Fortnightly* for January 1875. The reader is asked at the outset to " bear in mind that the objections which I feel . . . lie only against an avowedly positive and scientific thinker as Mill was, and neither have, nor are meant to have any force against the transcendentalist or the mystic ". It will be acknowledged, I think, by any candid reader that Morley succeeds in his purpose of showing how ' profoundly irreconcilable ' Mill's third essay is with the scientific principles its author had inculcated in previous works. One argument (which might easily be transformed into a plea for the divinity and immortality of the soul) deserves citation :

> Apart from the positive historic evidence against the exalted and absolute isolation in which Mr. Mill insists upon placing the Prophet of Nazareth, is it not contrary to our whole experience that there should be any such prodigious distance in the capacity for noble feeling between a moral teacher drawing souls after him, and the best of those who are so drawn ; between a great master in moral things and the best of his followers ? Those whose hearts were touched by his teaching, so that they gave up all and followed him,

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must already have had within them the stir of the same aspiration to which he had the gift of imparting such pathetic and attaching expression. The Corinthian Vine-dresser, who, after reading the *Gorgias* was so mastered by admiration that he forsook his fields and his vines and fared to Athens and besought Plato to be his teacher, must already have had alive within him the love of virtue for its own sake, before Plato's words thus quickened the germ.

After proving that these posthumous adumbrations of a supernatural religion were inconsistent with his previous teachings, the reviewer points out that Mill's indictment of Nature in the first essay is practically cancelled in the third, where, after 'granting the existence of design' by an intelligent mind, the author discovers 'a preponderance of evidence that the Creator desired the pleasure of his creatures'. In Morley's appeal from the later to the earlier Mill we are reminded of Burke's appeal from the new to the old Whigs. But a disciple who has been abandoned (in a posthumous publication) by his teacher, deserves more sympathy than a statesman who seeks to justify his own desertion of a leader and a cause by historical sophistries such as Burke conjured up from Walpole against Fox. In a previous review (already referred to) of a book on Supernatural Religion, Morley had examined the historical evidence for the current theology and had found the destructive reasoning of the author 'irresistible'. The question whether the character of Jesus was supernaturally gifted and his sayings inspired by supernatural light seemed to be 'of the most pressing interest and importance'; for to refuse to take the trouble to think out whether your religion is a supernatural religion or not 'is either cowardice or else the most ignoble kind of ignorance'. He wanted to brace and invigorate men's understandings by forcing them to confront the confusions and equivocations of half-belief, including 'the faint sentimentalities of *Ecce Homo*'. The substitute he had to offer may be found

in one of the most eloquent passages of all Morley's writings—the 'preliminary' to *Rousseau*. He is contrasting the old order with the new:

> Faith in a divine power, devout obedience to its supposed will, hope of ecstatic unspeakable reward; these were the springs of the old movement. Undivided love of our fellows, steadfast faith in human nature, steadfast search after justice, firm aspiration towards improvement, and generous contentment in the hope that others may reap whatever reward may be, these are the springs of the new.

If it must be said that Morley had no religion in the accepted sense of the term—because for him the Unknowable was also the Incredible—it is also true that he was, if not religious, at least spiritually minded. Let me give one illustration from *Voltaire*, where he finds more edification in the supernaturalism of Bossuet or Pascal than in the irreligious writings of the great Infidel:

> Men who sympathise with him in his aims, and even for their sake forgive him his method, who have long ago struck the tents under which they once found shelter in the lands of belief, to whom Catholicism has become as extinct a thing as Mahometanism, even they will turn with better chance of edification to the great masters and teachers of the old faith, than to the fiery precursor of the new. And why, if not for the reason that while he dealt mainly with the lower religious ideas, or with the higher ideas in their lowest forms, they put these into the second place, and move with an inspiring exultation amid the loftiest and most general conceptions that fine imagination and a soaring reason could discover among the spiritual treasures of their religion. They turned to the diviner mind, and exercised themselves with the weightiest and most universal circumstances of the destiny of mankind. This is what makes their thought and eloquence of perpetual worth, because the circumstances with which they deal are perpetually present, and the elements of life and character to which they appeal perpetually operative. The awful law of

death, the impenetrable secret of the first cause, the fierce play of passion, and universal distribution of pain, the momentariness of guilt and eternity of remorse, the anguish of bereavement that chokes and rends, the hopeless inner desolation which is the unbroken lot of myriads of the forlorn of the earth,—these ghostly things ever laying siege to the soul were known to a Bossuet or a Pascal, and resolved by a series of ideas about the unknowable power and the government of the world, which are no longer the mighty weapons of exorcism they once were, but they are at any rate of due magnitude and proportion, sublime, solemn, never unworthy. We touch the hands of those who have walked with the most high, and they tell us many moving wonders ; we look on faces that have shone in rays from the heaven of noble thoughts ; we hear solemn and melodious words from men who received answers from oracles that to us are very mute, but the memory of whose power is still upon us. Hence the work of these glowing mortals lives even for those to whom their faith is dead, while the words that Voltaire wrote on religion are lifeless as the Infamous which they so meritoriously slew.

At one time, as we have seen, Morley was so deeply imbued with the philosophy of Comte that he was not far from embracing the Religion of Humanity. His correspondence with Frederic Harrison shows how Comte's influence declined, until in 1876—when he wrote on Comte for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—the new Religion is treated with something very like contempt. "The exaltation of Humanity", he says, "into the throne occupied by the Supreme Being under monotheistic systems made all the rest of Comte's construction easy enough. Utility remains the test of every institution, impulse, act ; his fabric becomes substantially an arch of utilitarian propositions with an artificial Great Being inserted at the top to keep them in their place. The Comtist system is utilitarianism crowned by a fantastic decoration."

There is one passage in a self-revealing essay on George Eliot which seems to suggest that Morley, too,

felt the loss of the religious beliefs in which he had been brought up: "She once expressed to a younger friend, who shared her opinions, her sense of the loss which they had in being unable to practise the old ordinances of family prayer." Then, after touching on her obligations to Comte and to Wordsworth, Morley goes on to show how George Eliot advanced to a far higher standpoint than that which consists in demonstrative repudiation of theologies:

> Underneath this growth and diversity of opinion we see George Eliot's oneness of character, just, for that matter, as we see it in Mill's long and grave march from the uncompromising denials instilled into him by his father, then through Wordsworthian mysticism and Coleridgean conservatism, down to the pale belief and dim starlight faith of his posthumous volume. George Eliot was more austere, more unflinching, and of ruder intellectual constancy than Mill. She never withdrew from the position that she had taken up, of denying and rejecting; she stood to that to the end; what she did was to advance to the far higher perception that denial and rejection are not the aspects best worth attending to or dwelling upon.

She saw, too, that molecular physics are no substitute for human love, and had no fear that the doctrine of protoplasm must dry up the springs of human effort.

This fairly expresses the difference between the Morley of 1875 and the Morley of 1885 and onwards. There was, indeed, much in common between George Eliot and John Morley. They had passed through the same kind of religious experience. Both became and remained Rationalists. Both went some way with the philosophy of Comte. Both rejoiced in the march of science, but without exaggerating its contributions to moral or political philosophy. Both rejected those 'afflicting dealings with the world of spirits' which had begun to exercise a strange fascination over some of their friends. As they grew older both abandoned the view that a Rationalist should devote his energies to

expounding the untenability of religious beliefs, in favour of the more tolerant and more benignant philosophy which leaves good men and women to worship the ideal good in their own several ways and to seek Truth, if haply they may find her. Perhaps Morley perceived that only a very few minds in each generation are capable of investigating with profit the theory of knowledge or the mysteries of Creation, and that even those few differ in their conclusions. This consideration in itself is enough to explain why a statesman who aims at promoting general happiness in a tolerant country like England, where superstition is no longer formidable and where Religion is certainly no obstacle to improvement, may hope to find better scope for his energies than in the diffusion of agnosticism.

In this chapter I have left Morley to be his own interpreter. His articles in the *Fortnightly* leave no doubt as to his position in the 'seventies. It is true that those which he did not republish are the plainest, the most outspoken, and the most likely to offend. But the student of Morley's philosophy, who turns to Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and half-a-dozen other pieces in his collected works, will see that his ideas on Truth and Duty, on Mind and Matter, on Good and Evil, on Virtue and Happiness, and on the manifold problems that cluster round the Great Mystery of the Unknowable—whence we came, why we are here, and whither we go—are all of a piece. Sometimes in conversation, speech, or hasty writing his language was as blunt and harsh as that of the French Rationalists, of Tom Paine, or of Thomas Jefferson, when they were warring against hierarchical oppression, the bigotry of priest and presbyter, or the crudities of sectarian dogma. Religious persecutions in the past, the narrow intolerance of some contemporary pulpits, the reactionary politics of the Established Church might well inflame 'the Morley temper'. But these were transient outbursts. In its higher and permanent moods Morley's thought

moved in serener air, above the smoke and stir of vulgar controversy. To him Voltaire's mockery was only less repulsive than the grovelling superstitions and hypocrisies which it had been the task of eighteenth-century Rationalism to challenge and expose. While rejecting the supernatural Morley did not attenuate or belittle the trinity of Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity, though the third became more conspicuous when, as he grew older, his stock of righteous indignation dwindled, and his zest for controversy abated. True, for him Faith was not anticipation of a future and better world after death, but a belief in human progress and in the perfectibility of mankind—in some, perhaps far-off, future when peace, mercy, and good-will between men and nations would be substituted for war and grinding poverty; when science and good government should have removed all undeserved pains and torments from earthly life. On this faith in human destiny, allied with faith in democracy, he built Hope. Without Hope his heroic efforts for the causes he deemed right could hardly have been made. But above all virtues he worshipped Truth. Truth and Veracity, as he understood them, had compelled him to protest against faith in the Unknowable, and not merely to maintain a quietist silence, still less an evasive conformity. For him belief in the supernatural was forbidden by the philosophy and logic of experience. The Christian evidences of Bishop Butler and Paley, and of Mill in his last work, were too shadowy and unsubstantial to depose empiricism or positivism from its throne. It was in public service that his active conscience and strong sense of duty found the outlet and the exaltation which a John Wesley—not so far removed in spirit from a John Morley—sought in prayer and preaching.

END OF VOL. I

Printed in Great Britain by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh.*